SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

September 1928

VOL. LXXXIV NO. 3

The Lost Novel

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

He said it was all like a dream. A man like that, a writer. Well, he works for months and, perhaps, years on a book and there is not a word put down. What I mean is that his mind is working. What is to be the book builds itself up and is destroyed.

In his fancy figures are moving back and forth.

But there is something I neglected to say. I am talking of a certain English novelist who has got some fame, of a thing that once happened to him.

He told me about it one day in London when we were walking together. We had been together for hours. I remember that we were on the Embankment of the Thames when he told me about his lost novel.

He had come to see me early in the evening at my hotel. He spoke of certain stories of my own. "You almost get at something, sometimes," he said.

We agreed that no man ever quite got at—the thing.

If some one once got at it, if he really put the ball over the plate, you know, if he hit the bull's-eye.

What would be the sense of any one trying to do anything after that?

I'll tell you what, some of the old fellows have come pretty near.

Keats, eh? And Shakespeare. And George Borrow and DeFoe.

We spent a half-hour going over names.

We went off to dine together and later walked. He was a little black, nervous man with ragged locks of hair sticking out from under his hat.

I began talking of his first book.

But here is a brief outline of his history. He came from a poor farming family in some English village. He was like all writers. From the very beginning he wanted to write.

He had no education. At twenty he got married.

She must have been a very respectable, nice girl. If I remember rightly, she was the daughter of a priest of the Established English Church.

Just the kind he should not have married. But who shall say whom any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one shall love—or marry? She was above him in station. She had been to a woman's college; was well educated.

I have no doubt she thought him an ignorant man.

"She thought me a sweet man, too. The hell with that," he said, speaking of it. "I am not sweet. I hate sweetness."

We had got to that sort of intimacy walking in the London night, going now and then into a pub to get a drink.

I remember that we each got a bottle, fearing the pubs would close before we got through talking.

What I told him about myself and my own adventures I can't remember.

The point is he wanted to make some kind of a pagan out of his woman, and the possibilities weren't in her.

They had two kids.

Then suddenly he did begin to burst out writing—that is to say, really writing.

You know a man like that. When he writes he writes. He had some kind of a job in his English town. I believe he was a clerk.

Because he was writing he, of course, neglected his job, his wife, his kids.

He used to walk about the fields at night. His wife scolded. Of course she was all broken up—would be. No woman can quite bear the absolute way in which a man who has been her lover can drop her when he is at work.

I mean an artist, of course. They can be first-class lovers. It may be they are the only lovers.

And they are absolutely ruthless about throwing direct personal love aside.

You can imagine that household. The man told me there was a little bedroom up-stairs in the house where they were living at that time. This was while he was still in the English town.

The man used to come home from his job and go up-stairs. Up-stairs he went and locked his door. Often he did not stop to eat, and sometimes he did not even speak to his wife.

He wrote and wrote and wrote and threw away.

Then he lost his job. "The hell," he said when he spoke of it.

He didn't care, of course. What is a job?

What is a wife or child? There must be a few ruthless people in this world.

Pretty soon there was practically no food in the house.

He was up-stairs in that room behind the door, writing. The house was small and the children cried. "The little brats," he said, speaking of them. He did not mean that, of course. I understood what he meant. His wife used to come and sit on the stairs outside the door back of which he was at work. She cried audibly and the child she had in her arms cried.

"A patient soul, eh?" the English novelist said to me when he told me of it. "And a good soul, too," he said. "To hell with her," he also said.

You see, he had begun writing about her. She was what his novel was about, his first one. In time it may prove to be his best one.

Such tenderness of understanding—of her difficulties and her limitations, and such a casual, brutal way of treating her—personally.

Well, if we have a soul that is worth something, eh?

It got so they were never together a moment without quarrelling.

And then one night he struck her. He had forgotten to fasten the door of the room in which he worked. She came bursting in.

And just as he was getting at some-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing about her, some understanding of the reality of her. Any writer will understand the difficulty of his position. In a fury he rushed at her, struck her and knocked her down.

And then. Well, she quit him then. Why not? However, he finished the book. It was a real book.

But about his lost novel. He said he came up to London after his wife left him and began living alone. He thought he would write another novel.

You understand that he had got recognition, had been acclaimed.

And the second novel was just as difficult to write as the first. It may be that he was a good deal exhausted.

And, of course, he was ashamed. He was ashamed of the way in which he had treated his wife. He tried to write another novel so that he wouldn't always be thinking. He told me that, for the next year or two, the words he wrote on the paper were all wooden. Nothing was alive.

Months and months of that sort of thing. He withdrew from people. Well, what about his children? He sent money to his wife and went to see her once.

He said she was living with her father's people, and he went to her father's house and got her. They went to walk in the fields. "We couldn't talk," he said. "She began to cry and called me a crazy man. Then I glared at her, as I had done that time I struck her, and she turned and ran away from me back to her father's house, and I came away."

Having written one splendid novel, he wanted, of course, to write some more. He said there were all sorts of characters and situations in his head. He used to sit at his desk for hours writing and then go out in the street and walk as he and I walked together that night.

Nothing would come right for him.

He had got some sort of theory about himself. He said that the second novel was inside him like an unborn child. His conscience was hurting him about his wife and children. He said he loved them all right but did not want to see them again.

Sometimes he thought he hated them. One evening, he said, after he had been struggling like that, and long after he had quit seeing people, he wrote his second novel. It happened like this.

All morning he had been sitting in his room. It was a small room he had rented in a poor part of London. He had got out of bed early, and without eating any breakfast had begun to write. And everything he wrote that morning was also no good.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, as he had been in the habit of doing, he went out to walk. He took a lot of writing-paper with him.

"I had an idea I might begin to write at any time," he said.

He went walking in Hyde Park. He said it was a clear, bright day, and people were walking about together. He sat on a bench.

He hadn't eaten anything since the night before. As he sat there he tried a trick. Later I heard that a group of young poets in Paris took up that sort of thing and were profoundly serious about it.

The Englishman tried what is called "automatic writing."

He just put his pencil on the paper and let the pencil make what words it would.

Of course the pencil made a queer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jumble of absurd words. He quit doing that.

There he sat on the bench staring at the people walking past.

He was tired, like a man who has been in love for a long time with some woman he cannot get.

Let us say there are difficulties. He is married or she is. They look at each other with promises in their eyes and nothing happens.

Wait and wait. Most people's lives are spent waiting.

And then suddenly, he said, he began writing his novel. The theme, of course, was men and women—lovers. What other theme is there for such a man? He told me that he must have been thinking a great deal of his wife and of his cruelty to her. He wrote and wrote. The evening passed and night came. Fortunately, there was a moon. He kept on writing. He said it was the most intense writing he ever did or ever hoped to do. Hours and hours passed. He sat there on that bench writing like a crazy man.

He wrote a novel at one sitting. Then he went home to his room.

He said he never was so happy and satisfied with himself in his life.

"I thought that I had done justice to my wife and to my children, to every one and everything," he said.

He said that all the love he had in his being went into the novel.

He took it home and laid it on his desk.

What a sweet feeling of satisfaction to have done—the thing.

Then he went out of his room and found an all-night place where he could get something to eat.

After he got food he walked around the town. How long he walked he didn't know.

Then he went home and slept. It was daylight by this time. He slept all through the next day.

He said that when he woke up he thought he would look at his novel. "I really knew all the time it wasn't there," he said. "On the desk, of course, there was nothing but blank empty sheets of paper."

"Anyway," he said, "this I know. I never will write such a beautiful novel as that one was."

Of course when he said it he laughed.

I do not believe there are too many people in the world who will know exactly what he was laughing about.

Four Hearths

By Lucy Barnard

Spring's wood was all too green to burn,
But fires in summer hotter grow,
And autumn's flames leapt up to set
These stern hillsides aglow.
Now through the silent valley drifts
The winter smoke of snow.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Vote: Our First Comeback

BY ALICE CURTICE MOYER-WING
Director Industrial Inspection, Labor Department, Missouri

Are women to continue to be fed with honeyed words and small jobs while they work for the men politicians? Mrs. Moyer-Wing, whose other articles in SCRIBNER'S on women in politics have attracted wide attention, here goes to the bottom of the problem.

IT was early morning in our St. Louis office. The phone rang. "Hello," said a voice. I recognized it as belonging to a woman prominent in a political organization. "I've just read your article," she continued; "do you want me to tell you just what I think about these political things you are writing?"

"Yes," I said; "tell me."

"Well"—she hesitated a moment—"they're too—true. That's the trouble—too true."

"Don't we want truth?"

"Of course we want it. But we mustn't have it. You better watch your step, old dear. I hear that the men aren't a bit pleased."

"What men?"

" 'The' men."

"Because I'm truthful?"

"Yes. It takes molasses and honey to catch flies."

"Honey," I replied, "has been woman's age-old weapon and see how slow she has been."

"Yes. They even recognized the honey as bait, and steered clear of it, except when they didn't wish to."

"Won't they do the same thing in politics? Aren't they doing it?"

"Yes."

"Then whether we do or do not speak up, our political fate is settled."

"Yes."

"Thanks for the information. We're damned if we do and we're damned if we don't."

"Exactly."

"But I worked for woman suffrage, believing——"

"That's another thing they have against you. Watch the few women that have been elected to something. See how almost every one of them disclaims all former interest in the vote. Never, oh, never, did they ask for it. But now that they have it . . . you know the line."

"Yes," I replied, "I do know. It reminds me of the viper that bit his rescuer after having been warmed in his bosom."

"Yes. And you notice how these women talk about the 'chivalry' of the men that 'selected' them, don't you? Always they are selected by chivalrous men."

"Yes."

"Well, that's the kind of talk that catches 'em."

"Can't the women ever hope to do anything about this selecting business?"

"Were you born yesterday?"

"But I have the vote, haven't I? What is it for—the vote?"

"Well—to elect the ticket, of course, for one thing."

"Whose ticket?"

"The party's."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Isn't the party mine?"

"My dear, my dear! Maybe it is today that you were born. Good-by. See you soon—wait a moment. 'Honey versus Fact' might be a good title for your next article—or turn it round and call it 'Fact versus Honey.' "

Again the phone was ringing. The voice of a little woman from the north side greeted me—precinct worker.

"You've been at it again I see—writin' 'em up."

"Well?"

"Watch your step, honey. The legislator from my district says there's others wantin' your job. I told him you were tellin' nothin' but the truth, and he said that if I wanted to canvass my precinct again at three dollars per day I'd better keep quiet myself; so you see how it is."

"What do the men get for canvassing?"

"Five dollars."

"Why this two dollars more for the same kind of work?"

"They're men."

"What, in your opinion, is the purpose of the vote?"

"To elect the ticket, of course, and to——"

"Whose ticket is it?"

"Why—why——"

"How many women have there been on the ticket?"

"Why—you know what the men say—that it is still too early in the game for women to try for office."

"Very interesting."

"This legislator is the man, you know, that got himself into the papers, on his fight against class legislation. Remember?"

"Yes."

"Well, I asked him who was goin' to take up the cudgel against class organization, which reminds me: 'Class Organization in Party Politics' would be a good subject for another article. When I explained to the legislator what I meant by class organization he was hoppin' mad. I told him that the men are hinderin' themselves by gobblin' up everything in sight and that the party that sees this first will be the winner. But you see how I am placed. I have to keep still if I want that job again."

Before the hour was gone I talked with a third person on the same subject—my most recent article appearing in SCRIBNER'S. This woman had no position to hold in any party organization. She had no political place to fill except the free and independent position of a voting citizen.

"I am not advocating a separate organization of women as women," she said in the course of our conversation. "What I hope to see is a realization by women of what the vote can mean to them. For one thing it ought to mean working with the men; not everlastingly for them. When I, merely an interested voter with no strings tied to me, can see this, surely those of you in or near the organization should be awake to it. The trouble is, women are blindly afraid of their shadows. The vote is the first genuine comeback that we have ever had—and somehow we don't see it. Politics is the great, glorious wide-place-in-the-road where we may face about and head in another direction, and we aren't making the turn. By the way, 'The Great, Glorious Wide-Place-in-the-Road' would be a good title for an article when you write another."

The hour had furnished the inspiration. Whether I shall be able to put honey in my ink or bathe my typewriter in molasses will depend upon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

how much truth I shall dare put into the article, or how much I can keep out of it. Then there is the problem of the editors. I am told that the truth about certain things scares the few women among them half to death and makes the men tearing mad. Serious for the writer.

It's a fact that comebacks for women have been few and far between. We all know that men have "got by" in their opposition to them in business, in the professions, in the arts and sciences, to such a degree as to have made women's progress slow, cruelly slow. Sometimes this opposition has been open antagonism, but very often it has been a seeming quiescence so deceiving that an individual woman has awoke to it only after a long period of servitude has advanced all her male associates and left her own position the same as in the beginning. And there has been no direct remedy—nothing but slow, torturing, heart-break.

With the influence of the centuries heavy upon us, it is not surprising that we have been slow to believe that the same undercurrent of determined resistance is against us in politics, and particularly are we slow to see the remedy —the first concrete, workable remedy that women have had. So accustomed have we become to playing second fiddle, so borne in upon our consciousness is the thought of inferior positions, so ready are we to wonder with the world's head-lines over a forward step for women, that not only are we not quick to recognize opportunity; we do not even believe it when we see it.

The cheaper grade of the male in things political, and even some of those from whom we have a right to expect something better, are keeping their fingers crossed, hoping that we shall never open our eyes to this comeback in politics; praying that we shall never come into a realization of just what the vote can mean to us, that we shall not recognize it as a lever. And their prayers are being answered their way to an amazing degree, for these men are engagingly clever. Nobody makes quite such a display of regret over women's non-participation at the ballot-box as do they, nor in quite such a disarming manner.

I do not say that they are insincere in their wish to have us vote, now that we are voters. No matter how opposed they may have been to woman suffrage, when it came in spite of them they climbed into the very front seat of the suffrage wagon. They were among those who "welcomed" us most heartily into party affiliations—"full participation in the privileges and responsibilities of party membership." Wonderful words! How we thrilled to them!

Yes, they do want us to vote, now that we are voters. But here is the "fly in the ointment": we are invited only to vote. And the reason we are invited to vote is because each party fears the voting strength of the women in the opposing party. Nobody invites us to any sort of an equal opportunity. No, indeed. Our duty as voting citizens is to work ourselves to a frazzle getting an all-men ticket elected. Our job then is to sit down and wait till they need our votes again.

Oh, of course, in the meantime a few crumbs will be dropped on the floor for us to pick up. The honor of a place on a committee of hard work and no pay will be thrust upon us, and we must be very grateful and humble. I have in mind, as I write, the picture of a man standing in the rain, head bared deferentially, as he talked to some women in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an automobile. There was a movement on to secure a political place for a friend of his, a relative, in fact. Would these women form themselves into a committee to work for him? Nobody, he assured us, could do it so well. This "nobody-can-do-it-so-well" salve has a most lavish spread.

I was one of these women. We got the place for the relative. Later, when one of the women wanted something for herself—and she was entirely qualified, needed the job, and was entitled to it—this man again stood in our presence, this time with his hat on (though it wasn't raining), "explaining" why it should go to a certain man, another friend of his—in fact, another relative.

We are getting a lot of advice and criticism along the way—we women. Men writers and speakers are telling us all about our faults, our failures, our possibilities—but there never was a time when men have not told us all about our faults, our failures, our possibilities.

Party men among these writers and speakers declare that women are too prone to vote their individual convictions. To reach the best results, they tell us, we should choose a party and stick to its ticket. Other writers and speakers, less partisan, are imploring us to step out and away from party organization and register as independent voters. But there is one point on which all of them agree: for the present, and yet for many years to come, women are to spend their time merely in the education of women, educating them along political lines. And not by any means—oh, no, never—should women, at this time, try to get "nominations" or "jobs" or "recognition"!

Somehow they expect us not to notice how men welcome a man to a job, push him into a nomination, heap recognition upon him, without ever asking how much political education he has had or how well qualified for the job or the nomination or the recognition. He's a man.

They expect us not to see how these men who have just welcomed the man face about, then, and push a woman out of a job or nomination or recognition without a thought of appreciation for her qualifications for said job, nomination, or recognition. She's a woman.

A woman member of a party organization didn't know any better than to question the education and qualifications of a man selected by men members for a prized position. She was glared at. "How do you expect a feller to learn if he don't get a chance?" roared the leader.

"Exactly," replied the woman. "That is what I was thinking about the woman that wants the place."

The artist learns to paint by painting; the writer by writing. We have got to learn politics from politics. There is no other way. Men know there is no other way, but to discourage women and turn them away from political aspirations is a part of the class-organization process the little north-sider referred to.

We have heard a great deal about and against a species of legislation designated as "class legislation." It is an old subject, having to do with things political. Maybe it ought not to be surprising that a new subject is arising, also in things political, with a "class" label. Subjects designated "class" are frequently things to stay away from. This new class organization is equally dangerous, favoring as it does just one-half of a party's qualified voters.

I have opposed the non-partisan or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all-partisan women's parties as separate from men's. I am a strict adherent of "party" organization. But class organization in the parties cannot fail to force women eventually into an understanding among themselves. Indeed, I do not know of any other existent reason or force with equal power, at this time, to bring about that unhappy state. And if it must come—if the men-controlled organization cannot be brought to a sense of the situation by any other method, even then let us hope we may not need to resort to a party, separately and distinctly a women's party, embracing the women of all parties.

As a party woman, I would wish this to be, if we must have it, an understanding among the women of each party—women of one political faith; and then only in case the regular party organization, with its "class" methods, continues to fail its women members. I am not referring to a temporary campaign club for an immediate campaign only. I refer to something permanent—as the regular organization is permanent.

Already there has been some party-organization work among the women that is separate and distinct from the regular party committees, in the formation of Democratic women's clubs and Republican women's clubs. But the trouble with these clubs is that they are organized for the sole purpose of working for the men, the very same purpose for which women are permitted on the regular committees of the regular organization. Note the preposition. We do not work "with" the men. They won't let us. We work "for" them: to carry out their plans, to elect their men, to listen to and agree to their excuses against women for office, etc.

Party women want party solidarity. They love their party. They love peace. But the boiling tea-kettle eventually pushes off the lid.

When women recognize the power of the ballot, when they shall have gotten their fill of all this manœuvring, when they have become fully fed up on working "for" instead of "with," then and then only will we uncross the fingers of the political pilferer. And if we must have a visible or invisible Republican women's organization, a visible or invisible Democrat women's organization, to bring this about—whichever it may be, a visible organization or an invisible agreement, whether the women of the regular, political, elected committees or a separate women's organization within each party—it will actually represent women just as all political organizations have so far represented men.

These women's organizations, through their representatives or committees, will be heard with respect in party councils and will treat on an equal with the party men. There will be a satisfactory division of party honors and party candidates—and the men will work for the women candidates just as women work for the men candidates. That is all that is necessary to elect women—just that the men work to elect them the same as women work to elect men. And the men must do this, when women have opened their eyes.

"Hard-boiled?" Yes. A hard-boiled solution for a hard-boiled problem. It would establish a hard-boiled precedent, and the party women don't want to do it, objecting as they do to party "class" organization.

But as long as we permit ourselves to be wheedled and flattered and argued

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out, just so long will we be flouted after we have done the men's bidding and got them all in office.

The operation necessary to the change needn't be a cataclysm. It won't break the earth's axis. Men, the majority of them, are good sports, and when they see that we mean business they will again sit with us on the front seat of the wagon—this time in fairness and frank sincerity. For they will know that the meaning of the ballot, our first lever, has finally dawned upon us.

And that's that. It can be—will be, if it must. But why must it? Why need we have this test-out? Why must we fight? In the old pre-suffrage days I never could understand why we had to ask and plead and fight for something that nobody had a right to withhold from us. A little farther back the women could not understand why they had to beg and fight for permission to attend college. And away, way back women could not understand why souls were denied them.

And now why must we plead or fight, or both, for political recognition, withheld for no reason on earth except that we are women? With the vote in our pockets the fight will be swifter and shorter once we make up our minds to it, but why must we do it? Cataclysmic or not, the operation need not be.

Let me again quote the little northsider. "Men," said she, "are hinderin' themselves gobblin' up everything in sight"; and she continued by remarking: "The party that sees this first will be the winner."

How I should love to see my party step out into the open, lay its cards on the table, and "divvy up." As an ardent Republican I should like exceedingly to have us beat the Democrats to it. There are some superb leaders in the Republican party. How easily they could lead the way from out this morass of party class organization to the safe and sane method of team-work. Uncle Sam *does* need a wife. The double harness makes for better work and farther going than the single driver. Class organization is the single driver, or, in what is possibly a more understandable language of the day, class organization is something hitting on none of its cylinders.

How joyously—and gratefully—women would face about from the old molasses route that has meant but little to them and nothing to men! Politics *could* be the great, glorious wide turn in the road, leading to a more self-respecting highway, all of us going better and going farther in the use of a different preposition—"with" instead of "for."

When this article appears the two great national conventions will have taken place. We will have seen how many women were sent as delegates to these conventions.

All the primary elections and other preliminaries, probably, will be occasions of the past and we will know how women fared in them.

There will be, yet to come, the general election in November, when we shall see how women not lost in the shuffle will be treated.

All that is necessary to elect women to official positions is that men work to elect them just as women work to elect men.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Writing and Playwrighting

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

The agonies of a playwright as seen by the author of a Pulitzer Prize play, who has also achieved success in fiction-writing.

THE difference between writing a story for publication and writing (the same story, perhaps) for theatrical production is like the difference between painting a picture of a house to be looked at and designing one to be built.

When an artist completes his canvas —there is his finished product, ready to be framed and exhibited. And when a novelist delivers the MS. of his book to be printed and published, that, too, is a finished product, exactly as it comes to the consumer, except that it is typewriting instead of in type.

But a dramatist's script is no more of a play than an architect's blue-print is a house for people to live in. Plans and specifications, dialogue and stage-directions, are conceived and executed not as ends but as means to a happy consummation as yet non-existent. House and play are still on paper.

Potentially they are all there, or ought to be. The architect, if a good one, has provided practically and beautifully for every square inch of the building to be erected, inside and out, from cellar to attic. In his architectural imagination he can already visualize what we may behold later, even to the shadows under the eaves and the vines clambering up the walls, and the tone of time over all. But no one else can see it as he sees it—not yet.

Likewise, the playwright, if he knows his job, not only plots out the crossings, the groupings, and the stage business, he premeditates and provides for every effect that is to be produced in the theatre from the wording of the programme to the ringing down of the final curtain in time for the commuters to catch their trains. In his theatrical imagination he visualizes each scene and the lighting of it as beheld from the front. He hears his lines as they should be spoken, with proper emphasis, timing, and tempo. But no one else can see and hear all this—not yet. The author even hears laughter and wild applause in his imagination, and sometimes never elsewhere.

Now, an architect does not exhibit his flat, two-dimensional drawings as works of art, though he hopes that his three-dimensional finished product may prove to be one, a different kind of art. Neither does a playwright regard his MS., even after he releases it for publication, as a literary effort or as reading matter at all. If he wanted to tell his story in type, he would not use such an awkward, inflexible form—two-dimensional dialogue, colorless, toneless, often ambiguous until incorporated in the finished three-dimensional production. He would not sprinkle his text with italicized stage-directions which interrupt the rhythm, even when they do not confuse the reader to the skipping-point. Such work is not done as writing but as playwrighting.

I am using that phrase to emphasize

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the difference between what is wrought out for acting and written out for reading. Those who have worked at both crafts find, when we dramatize our fiction, that we seldom save so much as a line of the original dialogue, though written and approved by ourselves—as fiction. Plays are not written to be read, any more than the score of an opera is composed for perusal. They are written to be played. That is why they are called plays. Drama means the thing done, not the thing told.

In one of Clyde Fitch's comedies, I don't remember which, there was a nursery scene. In those days it was not such a universal custom for dramatists to publish their work, and literary reviewers did not know what to make of them. This one came to the desk of a caustic young critic on the New York *Sun*. "So this is what they call Clyde Fitch's brilliant dialogue, is it?" he said, and quoted the following bit, or something to this effect. I myself am quoting from memory:

GRANDMOTHER. (*To 1st child*) Now tell Grandma whose boy you are. (*She kisses him. 1st child is silent.*) Whose boy are you? (*1st child same business. She X-es to table, kisses 2nd child. He does not respond. To 2nd child:*) Good-night, sweetheart. (*2nd child silent. To both:*) You must eat your little suppers now. Good-night. (*Exit* GRANDMOTHER.)

1ST CHILD. Grandma's gone! (*Beats on table with spoon.*)

2ND CHILD. Grandma's gone! (*Beats on table with spoon.*)

Quite right, nothing very distinguished about such dialogue, as read in print. But if the supercilious *Sun* man had seen it on the stage as directed by the author—the dour little faces scowling while the sentimental old grandmother gushed over them, the glad relief and sudden transformation when the old lady left the room; if he had heard the comic clatter of the spoons upon the resounding table while the shrill treble voices shouted joyously at the top of their lungs, "Grandma's gone! Grandma's gone!" and if he had heard the audience roar—he might have had a better appreciation of stage dialogue and of the difference between writing and playwrighting.

Presumably, the art critic of *The Sun* would not have been so stupid as to seize upon an architectural drawing—say, the full-sized detail of a newel-post made for the boss carpenter—and jeer at its lack of luminosity. To this day, however, there are still those who naïvely try to appraise dramatic writings by literary standards, including some who profess to teach writing to our impressionable youth.

Very likely this traditional confusion arises from the historical fact that once upon a time playwrighting was indeed mostly a matter of writing. All drama, of course, used to be done in verse. But for that matter, it used to be done in church, too. Neither metre nor morality seem to be requisites for modern drama. When the theatre was evolved, plays and piety were separated, like Church and State. Later, plays and poetry also became estranged, and now, for better or worse, have been divorced.

All through the evolution of the arts we see similar separations and specializations of function, due to natural selection and the acquired characteristics of changed environment. Finally, a clean-cut differentiation comes about and, behold, the origin of species. Those interested in such processes can watch a new one forming to-day before their very eyes. Look at the cinema—the despised movies.

At first, picture plays were pale pan-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tomimic imitations of the spoken drama —an incongruous attempt to reproduce in silence things conceived in sound. Soon, by the process of trial and error, they began specializing in material which could be utilized more effectively with camera and screen than in a medium as small and limited as the stage. And now, more and more, they are going in for things the spoken drama has never used at all and never could. Eventually, they will have evolved something not only strange and new but great and beautiful, and they can call it an art, if it makes them feel good. Both stage and screen will be better, not worse, for the survival of the fittest of the other species, because each will thus be compelled to stick to what is inherently its own stuff.

When laymen inform me that they "get more out of reading plays than seeing them acted," I am always impressed but not invariably convinced. To be sure, my personal taste is no criterion. I see very few plays, unless written or acted by my friends. If I can possibly squirm out of it, I never read any at all. But to "get more out of reading plays" I should say that it would be necessary to read not only the author's MS. but his mind. So much of drama can never be read because never written, values which cannot be written, nor suggested by writing, or imagined by reading, because they are not literary values, but theatre values. These do not emerge until acted.

Nor does this mean merely the niceties and nuances of a perfect production, the latent undertones and overtones of sparkling dialogue, or the crash and bang of good melodrama. The main intent of some plays is not recognized from a mere reading. There was a certain social satire put on in New York a decade or so ago, high comedy played to the accompaniment of genial laughter. It reads more like an austere polemic. It is now sometimes played that way, too, in Little Theatres, unless the director has seen the original production. Once the author of this piece was helping some amateurs rehearse it. The players were surprised at his conceit when he stopped them to say: "Better not take that cue so quickly. You will step on a nice laugh." They were still more surprised when this came true at the performance. It was not because they were amateurs; professionals had made the same mistake at first.

Actors, the greatest actors, cannot "get" all that is in even their own parts by reading them—reading them intensively for three weeks during rehearsals. For that matter, the author himself does not know all that will be contributed by his players and the director until the finished production is brought to life or death by an audience. For the only true test of how a play acts is how the house reacts. I shall speak of that unknown X again.

It is a mere impertinence to judge plays by literary standards, but a sheer impossibility to judge them by dramatic standards until they become drama —the thing done.

Those unfortunates who have to read scripts in their business—the producers, directors, stars, play-brokers, and paid play-readers—develop an expert projective imagination. They know how to read plays, if any one does. But few of these puzzled professionals pretend to get as much out of the most careful reading and rereading as out of watching a try-out on the road—as much understanding and appreciation as well as commercial appraisal. From a reading, they gain little more than a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guess, and then lay their bets accordingly. That is why they are so reluctant to pass judgment. "I know my magnificent limitations too well," as William Gillette once wrote to a young aspirant who had the innocent audacity to induce that distinguished actor-author to criticise a first effort before it was produced. (I still have that letter somewhere.)

All this is adduced not as an argument against amateurs reading plays, if they enjoy it. Very few dramatists object to the public's buying their works. I am merely pointing out the difference between writing and playwrighting, and venturing to suggest that there must be some reason for the existence of the theatre. For when an author can convey his ideas through the two processes of reading and writing, it seems a wicked waste of time, thought, and money to employ actors, directors, scene-painters, costumers, electricians, musicians, carpenters, ushers, and ticket-sellers. In short, why bother with the theatre at all?

Incidentally, a growing number of authors who have tried both writing and playwrighting feel that way about it.

II

Telling a story, like painting a picture, is a one-man job. But the playwright, like the architect, arrives at his objective only through the work of other craftsmen, expert and otherwise. What gets through the three-ply screen —manager, director, and actor—may be better, but it is not so much his own.

Most of those playwrights who were trained in the freedom of the fiction field, accustomed to independence and self-sufficiency, find rehearsals an agony. Many a good writer has proved a bad playwright because he plunged into the unaccustomed medium of the theatre with amused contempt. A champion runner has good muscles, lungs, and heart, but when he plunges into the water he will sink unless he has learned to swim.

When a novelist finishes his book, his work is over. He can run away and play, or sit down and write another. When a dramatist turns in his script, he can do so too, but it is like abandoning an unborn child. Unless he takes a hand in the casting, rehearsing, costuming, staging, and everything else in connection with the production, it will not be his offspring that is produced, but a bastard.

When you publish a book, it stays put, but every performance of a play is a hazard from the first night to the last, because, unlike books, buildings, and moving pictures, which are produced once for all, drama is reproduced every time it is performed. Its nightly existence depends upon a group of highly sensitized human beings who may be suffering from overwork or overpay, bad direction or bad digestion or hurt feelings; who are liable to attacks of grippe or of matrimony without a moment's notice; who may leave you for a better engagement, or be run down by a taxicab on the way to the theatre when the understudy is not up in the part.

It is this aspect of the matter which drives confirmed dramatists to drink, and occasional dramatists out of the theatre entirely. From the point of view of those who have other things to write, successes in the theatre are worse than failures. A failure is soon over with, but successes are likely to drag on indefinitely. And the longer the run of the play, the more likely the players

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are to slump in that subtle scene in the second act. Road companies have to be cast and rehearsed. Maddening business details have to be decided—foreign rights, picture rights, stock and amateur rights. All of which require time and the playwright's presence just when he would like to run away and do his own work. His life becomes a theatrical life, his avocation a vocation, and the tail soon begins to wag the dog.

To the people of the theatre "the mysterious lure of the stage" is not behind the scenes. That is all dust and disillusionment. The fascination is out in front. You and I who make up the audience are the mystery.

No one knows exactly what an audience is, but a play is not born until it receives the quickening that can come only from the psychological, perhaps psychic, current that flows back and forth between players and onlookers.

In a general way, we know something about this thing called mob-psychology. We know, for example, that a theatre audience is entirely different from the public which reads your books—even when it is composed of identically the same persons. The whole is not equal to the sum of its parts. Books are read by separated individuals. Plays are seen by groups massed together, an emotional mass. We know that the fundamental instincts are nearer the surface in a crowd.

But no one can predicate with certainty how an audience will respond to the fresh combination of the old stimuli contained in every new play, because there are so many unknown and psychologically unexpected permutations in every fresh confrontation of play and public.

If those who work in the theatre knew as much about the psychic laws involved in the first night of a play as a schoolboy knows about the laws of physics, they would know in advance of production how the audience is going to react. If they knew that, they would put on six out of six successes instead of five out of six failures. But they only know that a play really cannot be played without an audience to play it on. It would be like playing a piano without any strings. You may touch the keys and work the pedals perfectly, but there is no response and, therefore, no music.

I presume that I might be called hard-boiled, having been "in the business." Yet at the theatre I have been betrayed into laughing at jokes so banal that if seen in print I would yawn. I can be seduced into tears by situations so simple that if read at home I would fall asleep. For in the theatre I am a different person. At home I am an intelligent person, or try to be. There I am a primitive person, even though I try not to be. Whatever the playwright does to my intellect must come through my emotions to my mind, if it ever gets that far. What the novelist does to my emotions must come through my mind to my heart, if it ever gets that far.

I am not talking about "giving the public what it wants," but a different and far more difficult task, making the public want what you give. Shaw, a Puritan according to Chesterton, makes us look at our social institutions. He is so serious that he is willing to be funny in order to make his public think—the most difficult thing in the world to do in the theatre, as every one who has tried it knows. Most dramatists do not even try. You have to beguile your audience into the unaccustomed process, trick them, tickle them, relax them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with laughter, and then when they are off guard, their mouths open, inject the virus of an idea. One in a hundred will swallow it. The rest will spew it out or forget it by morning.

Of course there is no need to consider your audience if you "write to please yourself," or think that the object of art is self-expression. I don't know what art is any more than what God is, though I imagine they both come from the same place and have similar objectives. But I observe that all through the history of this thing called art, most of our greatest were consciously concerned with creating not only a fine piece of work but an audience for it. I fancy that is where the art of it comes in. The subjective concept is not a work of art any more than love for a woman is a child. It is merely the cause, not the result.

Those who write to please themselves must be easily pleased. But if that be the idea of "creative work," why endure the travail of creation? Why work? Why express? You've had your pleasure already with the conception. You still have it, in your memory or your note-book. Let it stay there. If, however, you are going to write it or paint it, your task is an objective, not a subjective, one. You must write or paint in such a way as to make others feel what you have already felt, either actually in your experience or vicariously in your imagination.

If you do that well enough you will make us forget that you are a writer writing, a creator creating, forget that we are reading a printed page of self-expression or witnessing an acted scene of expressionistic drama, and derive that mystic satisfaction which comes only from the inherent beauty and pathos of living.

Ships

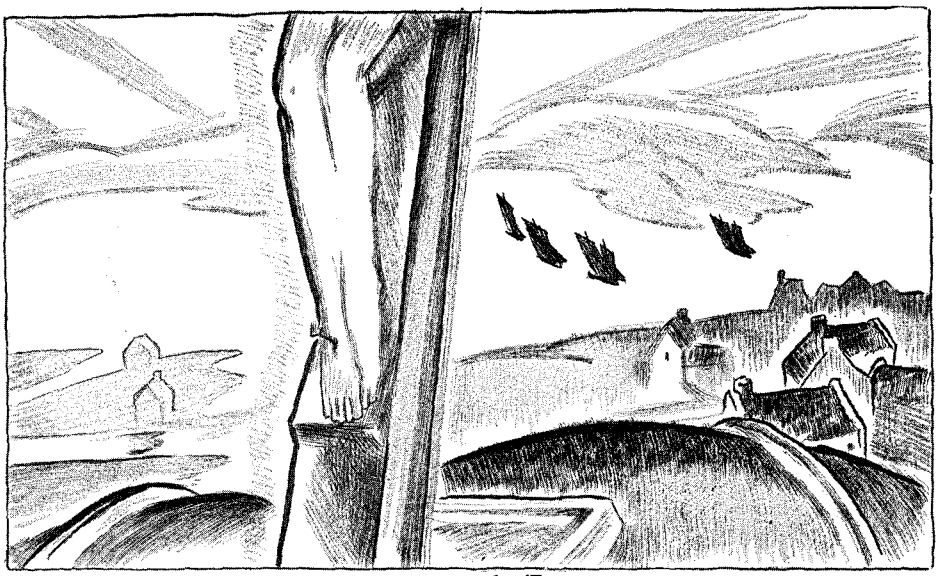
By Margaret Widdemer

You love ships.
—Tall-masted schooners lifting
Sideways up and under as the deep wave dips,
—Little sly fishing-smacks with small sails scuttering
Tinily to windward, low along the sky-line . . .
So that they adventure out, freed, on the water,
Released, swift, springing—so that they are ships!

Stately forthright steamers, with smoke far-streaming,
Starry-necklaced ferry-boats, lacing like a tale
Happily ended, across and back the rivers,
—Racing-boats, many-oared, flashing down the morning,
—Dark canoes with lanterns and a stencilled sail. . . .

Your quick eyes follow them, lighted like a lover's,
The ships that bear a lifetime of your city-bound desires:
You love ships. I watch you, wistfully.
You love ships. . . .
I love hearth-fires.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Côte d'Émeraude

Drawings and Text by

EDWARD SHENTON

I

ALL the world is emerald green and silver. You take the petit tram at St. Malo, perhaps, under the gaunt brown wall, leave its fantastic crown of roofs and chimneys, its portcullis of masts where the Grand Banks schooners idle in the basin, pass along the pink villas and emerge, suddenly, into a country of green silences, of silver stillness reaching to the sea.

This is the Emerald Coast, a verdant quiet between Finistère and the gray north regions. It is a fragrant pastoral of small thatched cottages, of tilled fields edged with poplar-trees and stone walls, of red cattle and black goats, apple-orchards, windmills, inns smelling of cider, and fishing villages redolent of tar and brine, and salt-crusted nets spread to dry in the sun.

The towns are old and clean and beautiful. And St. Michael guards its peace from the incredible pinnacle of the Mont.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II

THE tide recedes swiftly. At one moment the water is deep and surging restlessly against the stone wall of the harbor; you go into the dim Café de la Marine for a cup of bitter coffee or a glass of beer and when you come out the sea is a distant glimmer of silver, a thin edge of light between the tawny sand and the sky.

There is something of magic in the rise and fall of the tide. It gives a new meaning to all the actions that you associate with the shore. There is no feeling of friendliness. The sea seems more treacherous here, more inconstant. You walk the hard beach with a wary eye on the far line of water.

There is something miraculous about all the Emerald Coast. Old enchantments linger. The trees bend, in mystical pointing, in one direction. Even on days of stillness their warped boles give the sensation of a great wind blowing, wind unfelt, unheard, a wind conjured by some mad magician wandering the soft rolling hills. Twilight is an ancient rune and sunrise a miracle of silence. . . .

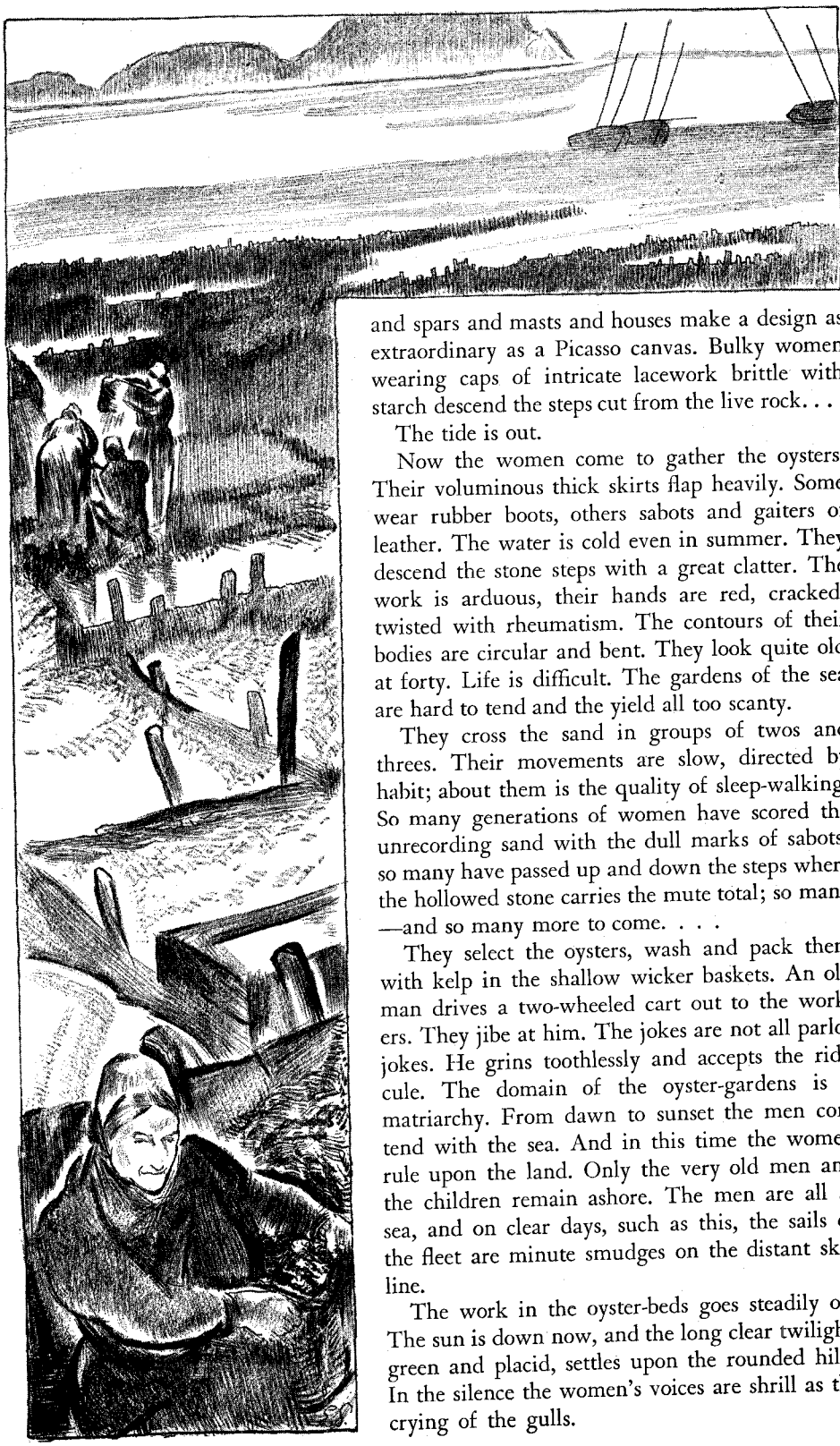
The tide recedes. . . .

The boats settle, props of timber are dropped over the rails to support the larger vessels. The little boats recline languidly on their sides. Gulls follow the departing water. The oyster-beds on the sea-bottom are disclosed and immense areas are covered with small rectangular gardens built of planks held between stakes or walls of woven boughs. The sooty pattern, checkered with pools of bright water, extends a half-mile from shore. All the wooden frames are heavy with mussels, dark as though charred by fire, eaten and twisted by the salt tides.

From the cliff above the harbor you can look down on the red-tiled roofs and the huge arc of shining sand. The stranded hulls tilt at all angles,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



and spars and masts and houses make a design as extraordinary as a Picasso canvas. Bulky women wearing caps of intricate lacework brittle with starch descend the steps cut from the live rock. . . .

The tide is out.

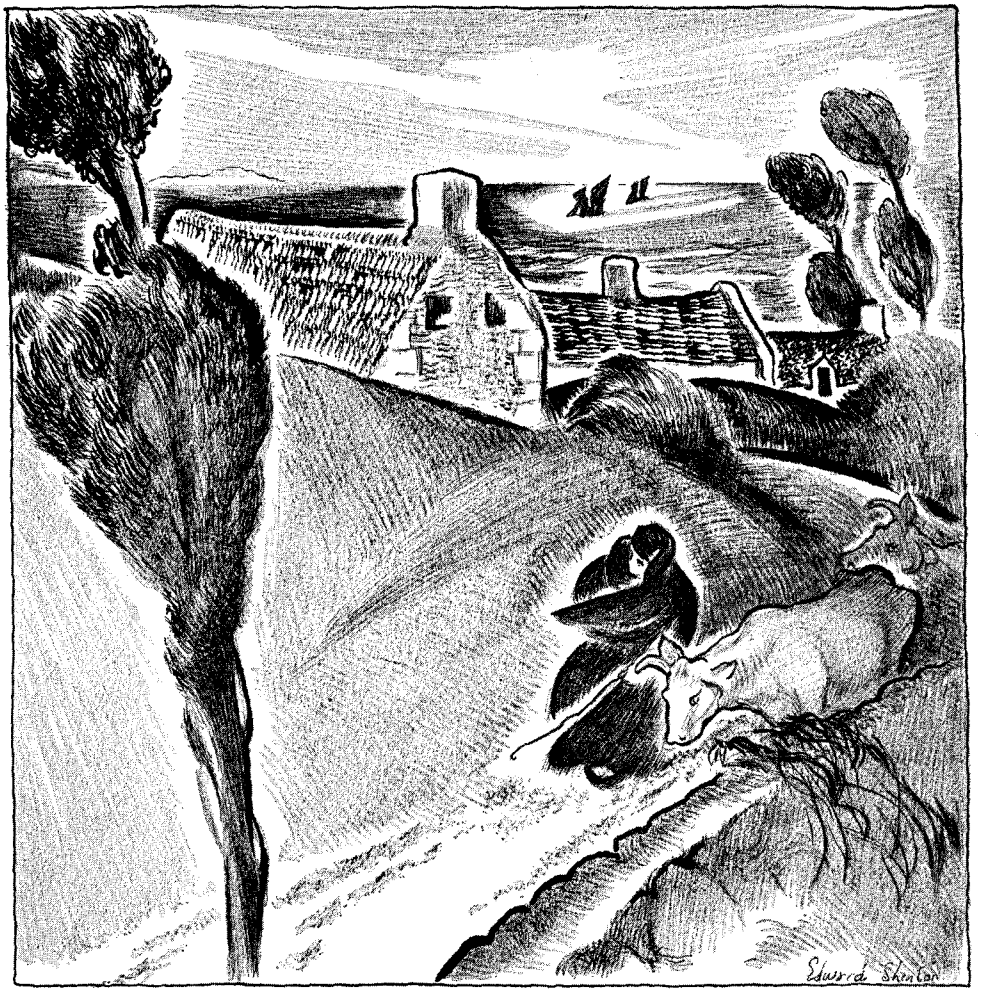
Now the women come to gather the oysters. Their voluminous thick skirts flap heavily. Some wear rubber boots, others sabots and gaiters of leather. The water is cold even in summer. They descend the stone steps with a great clatter. The work is arduous, their hands are red, cracked, twisted with rheumatism. The contours of their bodies are circular and bent. They look quite old at forty. Life is difficult. The gardens of the sea are hard to tend and the yield all too scanty.

They cross the sand in groups of twos and threes. Their movements are slow, directed by habit; about them is the quality of sleep-walking. So many generations of women have scored the unrecording sand with the dull marks of sabots; so many have passed up and down the steps where the hollowed stone carries the mute total; so many —and so many more to come. . . .

They select the oysters, wash and pack them with kelp in the shallow wicker baskets. An old man drives a two-wheeled cart out to the workers. They jibe at him. The jokes are not all parlor jokes. He grins toothlessly and accepts the ridicule. The domain of the oyster-gardens is a matriarchy. From dawn to sunset the men contend with the sea. And in this time the women rule upon the land. Only the very old men and the children remain ashore. The men are all at sea, and on clear days, such as this, the sails of the fleet are minute smudges on the distant skyline.

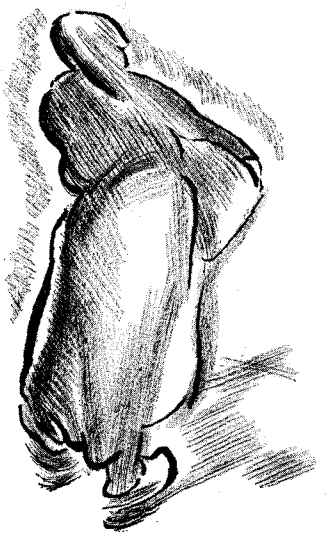
The work in the oyster-beds goes steadily on. The sun is down now, and the long clear twilight, green and placid, settles upon the rounded hills. In the silence the women's voices are shrill as the crying of the gulls.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The countryside is quiet, but the edge of water is no longer still. It vibrates curiously, and all at once it is quite close, moving with astonishing rapidity. Then streams detach from the curling flood and spurt in advance, filling the hollows of the beach. The oyster-gardens are swallowed so quickly the eye retains their image after they have vanished. The boats lift uneasily. The last of the women hurry clumsily. . . . The waves break crisply on the stone retaining wall. Once more the gulls soar overhead. The boats are all afloat.

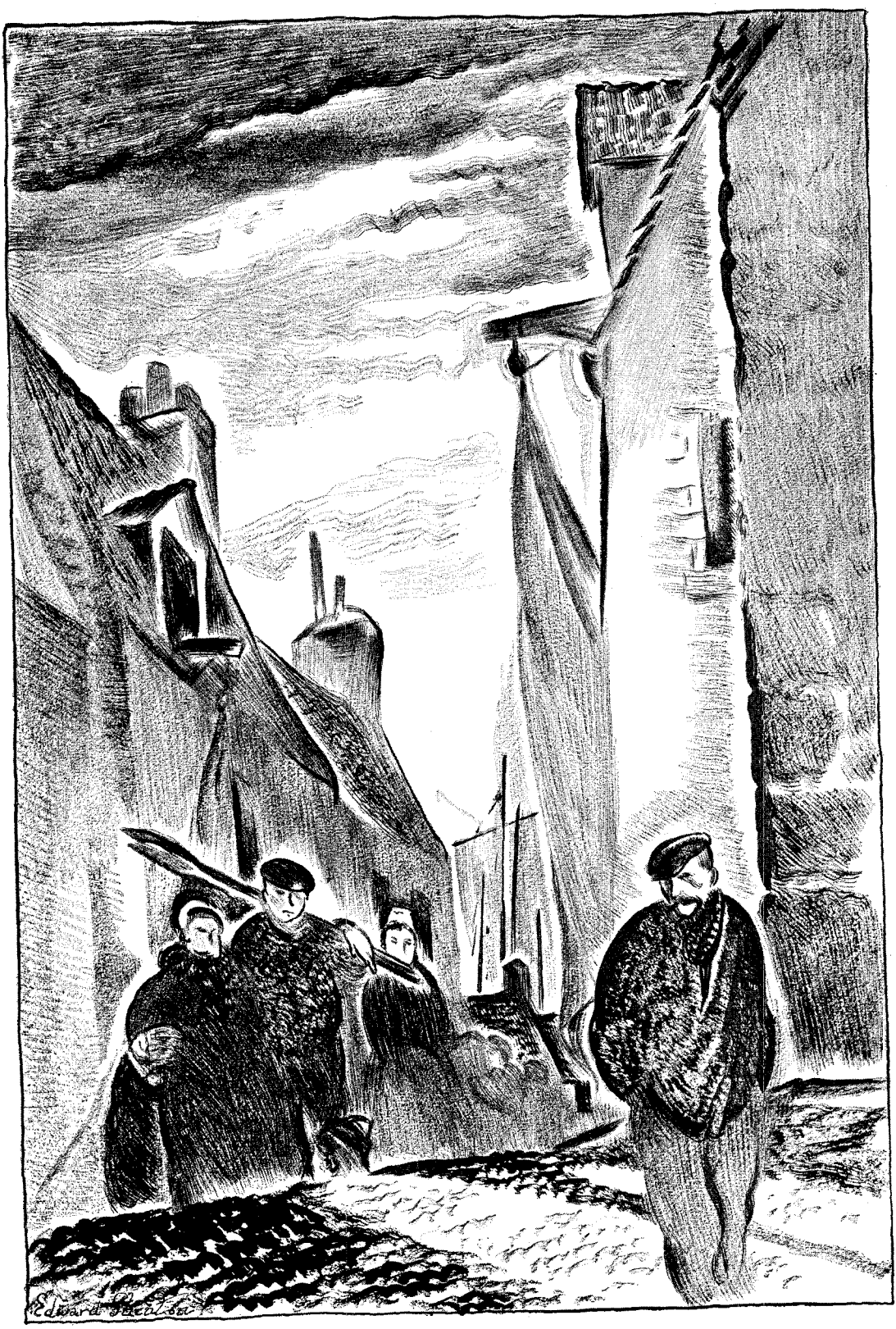
The tide is in.



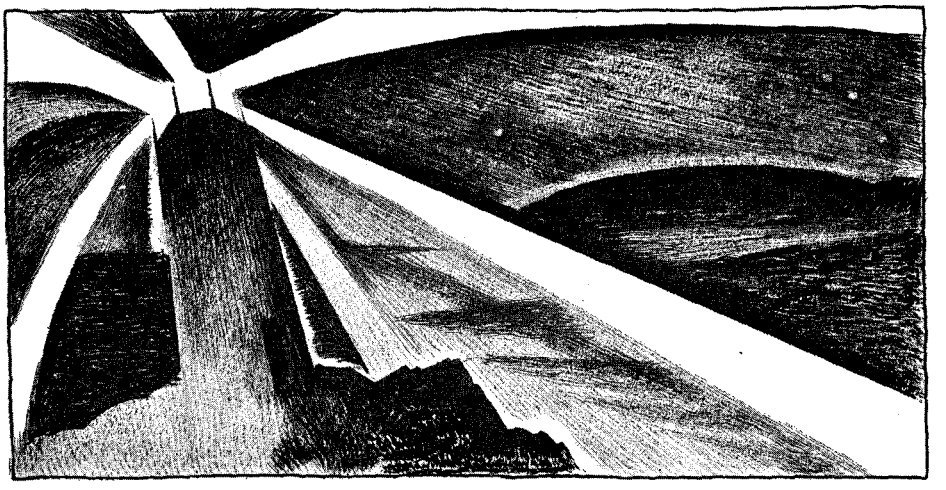
III

THE sea is dominant. No matter where you go, suddenly, through some wedge of hills, between the tilted stone chimneys of the cottages, amid the foliage of the wind-pressed trees, there glitters a splinter of gray silver and you become conscious of the sea dominance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Every one and everything knows the sea. The farmer plants rows of poplars to protect his fields from the bite of the sea gales. The cattle wander in the tide-meadows. The goats browse in saturnine wisdom on the slopes above the sea. Far inland the sea-birds build in the trees and bring the vision of open water.

The land is controlled by the sea and the winds from the sea. Sails hang from beams down over the fronts of the houses. Nets dry on fields above the harbor. The women spread the wash on the warm sand. Bent old women huddle in the sheltered lee of the tide-deserted fishing-boats and repair nets and sails, or knit the black sweaters for their sons and husbands to wear on their voyages.

"The sea is our garden," said one. "It gives us food and work and takes our men in payment, if it pleases."

Living is still hunger and work and sleep. Few tourists reach the small villages on the coast, and those who come remain only a short time. There are fancy resorts along the Côte d'Émeraude, of course, but the people who belong to the sea give them brief notice. Children are born, grow up, and die knowing only the stone floor of a cottage and the wood deck of a boat.

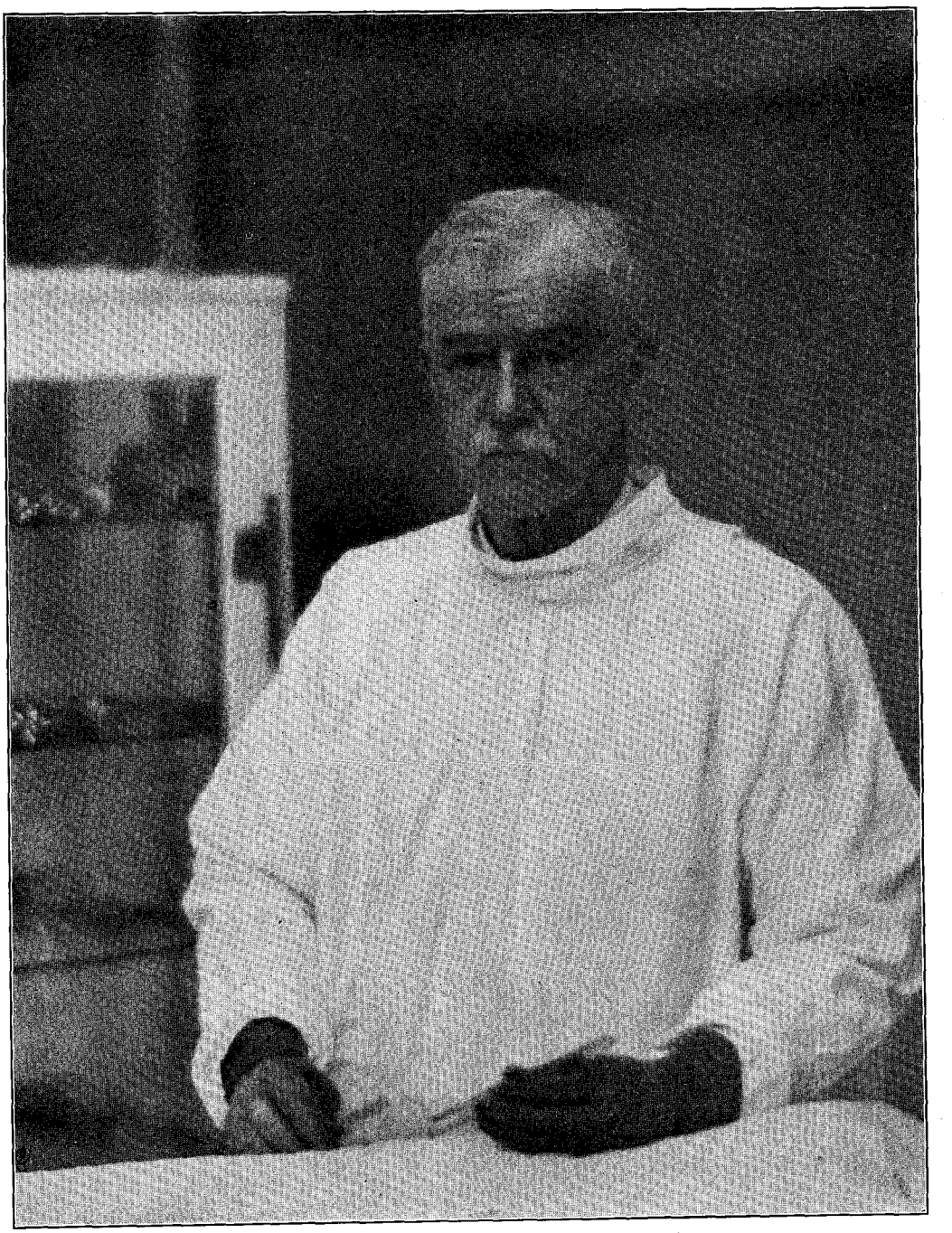
The days come clear or stormy. The sea is placid or angry. Tides rise and fall.

At night the small white lighthouses spin their wheels of light from the dark headlands. By day the crucifix broods down upon the water, for the church, like all else, is concerned directly with the sea, and in the worn chapels prayers request the blessing of a pleasant voyage and a full hold. . . .

The fleet returns. The clumsy, capable boats wallow back on the failing wind. Their rigs are curious with great single jibs and sails hung from a long gaff. The women and children descend to the stone quay, and shouts pass from shore to vessel. The russet and tan and amber sails drop heavily, and the huge antiquated blocks scream as the ropes are loosed. The crews come ashore; up the steep streets they pass, their sabots loud in the silence. Presently the quay is empty and the harbor holds only the idly rocking fleet.

Dark now. Dark above and dark below. Night over the sea except in the pale recurrent pathway of the light.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Doctor Howard A. Kelly.

From a photograph by Doris Ulmann.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doctor Howard A. Kelly

BY HARRY S. SHERWOOD

PORTRAIT BY DORIS ULMANN

The famous medical scientist has for many years been a unique figure in the life of Baltimore. Engaging in the hurly-burly of politics, tilting with Mencken and other opponents of reform, preaching Sunday observance, Doctor Kelly has always maintained his scientific integrity.

WHILE scientists throughout the world know the great services to American medicine of each of the four men who formed the original faculty of the medical school of the Johns Hopkins University, Doctor Howard A. Kelly, now professor emeritus of gynecology, and one of the two survivors of the group referred to as "The Big Four," has probably had a more picturesque career than any one of his colleagues.

He has been at various times: a member of an expedition studying Indian skulls in Canada; a cowboy riding the plains in the West; a watcher at the polls in Baltimore in the days before the Australian-ballot law, when physical violence played a large part in elections; the champion swimmer of Philadelphia; a crusader in the cause of religion with habits which suggest the clergyman; an expert canoeist shooting dangerous rapids in this country and Canada; a botanist of whom it has been said that he would have made a career in that science if he had elected to major for life in it; a candidate for membership in the Maryland Legislature; an expert on the deadly reptiles of America, handling snakes as if they were familiar animal friends; an author of great versatility and productiveness; a potential candidate for governor of Maryland; the father of a family of five sons and four daughters—and at all times a scientist of the first rank, whose zest for athletic sports and for adventure led him on one occasion, when he had passed his sixty-fifth birthday, to make a dive into a Canadian river which resulted in a fractured vertebra, and led him on another occasion to fly by airplane in response to a call for the relief of human suffering. (This latter adventure occurred several years ago when flying was not as commonplace as it is to-day.)

It is as a surgeon of the abdominal region that he is known chiefly in the profession. Competent men have declared that no man in America has done more for abdominal surgery than has he. With others of "The Big Four" he came to maturity at the apex of one of the richest periods in the history of medicine. Pasteur and Koch had laid the foundations for the science of bacteriology and for the germ theory of disease. Lister had adapted their theories to the technic of the operating-room and the hospital, to prevent the infection of surgical wounds, until that time one of the most terrible handicaps of surgery. Modern methods of anæsthetization had been proved out of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

experimental stage, making it possible to keep the patient anæsthetized for hours while the surgeon worked deliberately. The broadening horizons had meaning for each of the first Hopkins faculty: Sir William Osler, professor of medicine, now dead; William S. Halsted, professor of surgery, known for his work on the thyroid gland and because he was the first to use rubber gloves, who is dead; and William H. Welch, the pathologist, whose great work for public health was recently described in this magazine and the second of the two survivors of that early group. The gifts of the time were especially rich to Doctor Kelly. The handicaps and dangers surrounding surgery of the abdominal region in the decades preceding the eighties of the last century had been as a closed door to bar surgeons out. That door was now opening and offering opportunities for men of daring and of skill. Doctor Kelly seized those opportunities.

Prompt decisions, self-confidence, and an enthusiasm which, to some of those who have observed him for a long period of years, seems to be always marked by a religious note are characteristic of the man. The religious note is present whether the surgeon is discussing religion (which he often talks) or science. One gets the impression that the boy survives in the man, in the case of Doctor Kelly, to an unusual degree. Born in Camden, N. J., in 1858, the son of a merchant and the only boy in a family of several children, his father was away serving with the Union armies during much of his early youth. His mother was deeply religious. Her father was the Reverend A. B. Hard, a graduate of the theological seminary at Alexandria, Va. His grandfather's sister was the wife of the Reverend Henry Coit, of New York. Tradition did not lead him to study medicine. If he had followed tradition he might have become a clergyman. In a recent volume, "A Scientific Man and the Bible," Doctor Kelly tells of himself that his first impulse to study medicine arose from a boy's interest in the natural sciences—in "bugology" as he described it. His mother was attracted to the science as much as was her son and encouraged him. Members of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences visited his home, and thus religion and science stirred his childish imagination while his mind was forming. He turned to medicine for his life-career, he says, because it combined association with science with the opportunity to make a living.

One can imagine him growing through boyhood under the two influences of church and of science; at one time going to church and being stirred imaginatively by what he was told of the spiritual life and of the life to follow this, and at another roaming the fields in search of new specimens of plant and animal life. One can imagine him returning home to share his discoveries with members of his family; at one time religion, at another bugs. That disposition to share with others spiritual as well as material things and to do it in an intimate way has been marked throughout his career. When he was only seventeen years old he went with a party to Orillia, Ontario, Canada, to study Indian skulls. When he was nineteen years old he took his bachelor's degree at the University of Pennsylvania and began the study of medicine. His studies were interrupted for a year by impaired health. It was in that period, a part of 1880 and a part of 1881, that he became a cowboy. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

went to Elbert County, Colorado, and rode the range. He and another man drove a herd of cattle through Ute Pass and around Pike's Peak. He mingled with other cowboys in spring and fall round-ups and, in the ranch-houses and around camp-fires, discussed Tom Paine, Ingersoll, and unbelievers' literature.

Restored to health, he returned to Philadelphia and resumed his study of medicine, taking his degree at the University of Pennsylvania in 1882. His first work after taking his degree was as a resident of the Episcopal Hospital in Philadelphia. There he built a gynecological clinic which immediately attracted attention.

Then this man who had roamed the ranges and talked religion with cowboys began his professional career in earnest—in an environment differing as widely from that of the plains as one can imagine. He established a two-room hospital on the second floor of a two-story house in that picturesque section of Philadelphia known as Kensington—a community of mill-workers whose small homes dwell constantly in the shadow of huge mills which cover whole city blocks, and whose lives are dominated by the mills; a place of brilliant contrasts of light and shade by day and by night. The hospital was crude as compared to the hospitals of to-day. The mill-workers were his patients. There were no nurses. The wife of a working man took care of his sick. He moved this hospital twice in two years, each time to enlarge it. Here he began to perform the daring abdominal operations which made his name known in Philadelphia almost immediately and which presently led surgeons visiting Philadelphia to ask to be taken to see him operate. He was known to succeed in cases which had been regarded as inoperable.

Doctor Kelly went abroad in 1886, when he was only twenty-eight years old. He travelled through Germany, meeting the great figures in medicine there. Then he went to England and to Scotland. Invited to a meeting of the British Medical Association at Brighton, the young American surgeon and gynecologist reported a case in which he had performed a difficult operation. Lawson Tait, described as the dominating figure in abdominal surgery in England at that time, heard the paper. He is said to have treated it lightly, but not to have shaken the confidence of the young American in himself.

After two more years spent in the Kensington Hospital the doctor went to Germany for a second tour. It was as a result of work done in that period that he devised the open cystoscope, a means of introducing a light into the interior of the body so that a surgeon might see the parts which were diseased and make his diagnosis with a certainty which had not been possible before. This device has saved many lives.

On his return to America in 1888, when he was just thirty years old and when he had been out of the medical school only six years, he became associate professor of obstetrics in his alma mater. Doctor Osler was a member of the faculty of that school. One of the prized possessions of Doctor Thomas S. Cullen, a close associate of Doctor Kelly, is a letter from Sir William Osler written in 1919, when Sir William was Regius Professor of Medicine in Oxford University, in which he tells how Doctor Kelly was called to the University of Pennsylvania. Sir William said:

"Goodell had resigned and there was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no end of discussion as to who should take his place. On several occasions I had gone to Kensington to see Kelly operate, and I happened to mention to Pepper that I had never seen anybody do abdominal work with the same skill. He knew Kelly, but had not, I believe, seen him operate, which he immediately arranged to do. Then one evening at the Biological Club Horatio Wood and Mitchell were discussing Goodell's successor and I said that Pepper and I were backing a dark horse—a Kensington colt. With that Leidy chipped in with the remark that if it was young Howard Kelly, his former prosector, he would back him heartily. That is how I remember the story.

"How extraordinarily successful he has been! Only those of us who know the work as it was realize how much the profession (and the public) owes to such men as Kelly."

That is at once the story of his association with the faculty of the school from which he took his degree and the explanation of how he became one of "The Big Four" of the Hopkins. A year later, in 1889, he became professor of gynecology and of obstetrics in the Hopkins Medical School, then organizing and actually opened in 1893, and gynecologist-in-chief and obstetrician-in-chief in the hospital, which was opened in 1889. He held these two positions until 1899, when Doctor J. Whitridge Williams, himself widely known for his work in obstetrics, took over the obstetrical department.

In the same year in which he joined the Hopkins faculty Doctor Kelly married Letitia Bredow, whom he had met abroad. They were wedded in Danzig. The surgeon plunged into his work in the new field among the Baltimore people with the exuberance of a man in the rich thirties. It was an era of great activity in connection with the medical school. Busy as he was about his duties in this connection, he began the assembling of material for his "Operative Gynecology." But he also undertook other adventures. He felt that a scientific man owed some public duties to the city in which he lived. Baltimore expected to derive certain definite benefits from the group of scholars assembled by Daniel Coit Gilman, the first president of the Hopkins. That expectation was realized and is still being realized. The professions of some of the men led them easily into work of a public nature. Doctor Kelly's did not. He sought public service. And it was found for him.

The nineties marked an era of political reform in Baltimore. The community was then, as it is now, a Democratic community under normal conditions. The Democratic bosses, of the hard-boiled variety, were strongly intrenched. Organized gangs of young political toughs who were ready to go into any section and beat voters of the opposition away from the polls formed a part of the machinery of the party. In 1895 the Baltimore Reform League undertook to restrain these gentlemen, to prevent intimidation, to prevent the use of repeaters, and to clean house. They asked citizens to volunteer as watchers at the polls, to see that those who wished to vote were not bullied by the toughs, and to prevent repeating. Doctor Kelly volunteered as a watcher, as did a number of young lawyers, some of whom are now leaders of the bar. The surgeon was assigned to Marsh Market Space, one of the toughest sections of the city. The files of the Baltimore papers record that he appeared that morning dressed in golf clothes,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which, in that neighborhood, was like inviting a fight. He did mix it once during the day with a tough, apparently without serious result to either surgeon or tough. The election resulted in an overwhelming defeat to the gang. The strong-arm method of conducting elections was given a body blow from which it did not recover. Doctor Kelly's name is written into the record as having assisted at this important accomplishment in Baltimore history. Baltimoreans who have watched the doctor since have wondered if he did not get there and then a taste for politics the edge of which has not yet been dulled.

It was at this period, when he was aiding in getting a medical school started and making excursions into politics, that he took the first steps toward actually realizing one of the great works of his life. He went one day to Franklin P. Mall, then professor of anatomy at the Hopkins, and asked Professor Mall where he could find a man to make drawings to illustrate his "Operative Gynecology," which he was now ready to publish. Professor Mall told him that in Leipzig, working under Karl Ludwig, the great physiologist, was a young man named Max Broedel. Perhaps, suggested Doctor Mall, Doctor Kelly might persuade Broedel to come to this country. Doctor Kelly did persuade Broedel to come to America and thereby founded a new art—art in medicine. When the book was published, illustrated by Broedel's drawings, it revolutionized the practice of gynecology in this country. That was about 1895.

Apropos of this an interesting story is told here for the first time. The time came, about fifteen years later, if one may run so far ahead of the story, when Doctor Kelly had finished publishing the books he had in mind and no longer needed many illustrations. Some Western surgeons were anxious to secure Mr. Broedel's services for their clinic. Doctor Cullen, previously mentioned, had been associated with Mr. Broedel for years and, realizing what this talented artist meant to the Johns Hopkins Medical School, felt that his services should not be lost. One day, while sitting alone in his camp in Canada, Doctor Cullen visualized a department of art as applied to medicine at the Hopkins, with Mr. Broedel at the head. Here artists who wished to make medical art their life-work could get training in medical illustrating. The spare time of the art-director could be taken up in illustrating papers published by members of the medical faculty. Doctor Cullen went to work. Four days before Mr. Broedel was pledged to give his answer to the Western surgeons a man whose name has not been disclosed promised the fund to support the department for three years. The donor continued this support for ten years and then endowed the department permanently. It was the first of its kind in the world. To-day the pupils of Broedel are in medical schools all over this country and Canada. While the larger number of the illustrations from his hand are in black and white, some are in colors. In both mediums they are said to be splendid examples of the illustrator's and the painter's art. Incidentally Mr. Broedel has done some splendid bits of landscape.

Doctor Kelly has been a pioneer in the use of radium in the treatment of cancer. He has seen much of this dread disease in his practice and has been for a long period with that majority of scientific physicians who believe that cancer is not caused by an undiscovered

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cell but by certain forces operating on the normal cell to make it become abnormal and run riot. Doctor Kelly includes an understanding of mineralogy among his accomplishments. When experiments were begun about 1913 in Paris and in New York in the use of radium in treating cancer, Doctor Kelly, knowing the men who were doing the work, began the use himself. First, he obtained a supply from Vienna. Later, deposits of pitchblende, from which radium could be extracted, were found in Colorado. Doctor Kelly and Doctor James Douglas, of New York, were associated in the work of getting radium from that source, being assisted by Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane. Doctor Kelly wished to have supplies placed in various parts of the country where physicians could obtain it easily. A member of Congress suffering from cancer went to the Kelly hospital in Baltimore for treatment. This centred much attention on Doctor Kelly and on his attitude toward radium. The newspapers were eager for the story. The doctor is frank of nature, democratic of manner. He talked frankly. The writer of this article, a member of the staff of a Baltimore paper, wrote much of what was printed. There was some criticism of the doctor for the quickness with which he seemed to accept the efficacy of the new agent. He did not at any time maintain that radium was a sure cure for cancer. He warned that it was useless in certain cases. He said that it was undoubtedly valuable in others. It is interesting to record that some of the physicians who criticised him then now admit the healing power of radium and are using it. And it is also interesting to record that Doctor Kelly told the writer, within a few days of the writing of this article, that in treating cancer he rated radium of first value; diathermy—applying heat to the body through electricity under certain conditions—second; and surgery a very important third.

Almost from the beginning of his residence in Baltimore Doctor Kelly has been an unique religious figure; and a figure only a little short of unique in politics. For years he has been interested in the suppression of gambling and vice in river resorts. For years he has travelled about, chiefly on Sunday, accompanied by the secretary of the Maryland Lord's Day Alliance, delivering speeches on Sunday observance from automobiles. At intervals in political campaigns, when he has been silent for years, he makes shivers chase each other up and down the spine of some political stalwart who has served in the ranks for years and who has at last been rewarded by the organization backing for a fat clerkship, by asking publicly if this is not the man who ten years ago figured in some incident which was malodorous. The politicians do not remember him in their night prayers. He speaks frequently in churches. In physical appearance and in technic he fits into such a rôle as few men, and especially few surgeons or physicians, could. He is tall, substantial and athletic of figure, well clad but clearly indifferent to clothes. His bearing is that of a kindly, fatherly man. His face is frank, the eyes responding quickly to impressions made on his intellect or his feeling. He is an enthusiast. He leads. He does not follow. He associates himself with other men, but the movement to which he gives his aid is one for which he supplies the initiative. Having finished one task he is off to another. He is indifferent to public praise or blame. There is the sugges-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of the youth returning enthusiastic to the family about the manner in which he says: "I want you to help me in this." His voice has a clerical note when he discusses religion. He has studied the Bible thoroughly and quotes chapter and verse frequently. He has made it clear that he accepts the Bible almost, if not quite, in the manner of a fundamentalist. He is concerned about the spiritual welfare of his fellow man. That his religion is absolutely sincere every one who has been associated with him knows. Some of his fellow townsmen, men who have not met him, call him a fanatic. He is in fact a Christian who feels that he must express his faith in deeds as well as in words. Some say, in whispers, that his religious eloquence must sometimes embarrass his less energetic clerical brethren. One of his most remarkable characteristics is his sometimes explosive directness in saying the unexpected, often the unconventional, thing. There is no venom in his speech, however. He fights conditions, not individual men. I do not believe he has ever indulged in a public quarrel. He differs sharply with a man in controversy, meets him face to face with a handshake.

On several occasions the doctor has made public declaration of his intention of praying for those taking the opposite side in a debate conducted through the newspapers. He offered once to pray for H. L. Mencken, the critic of arts and affairs. The critic was respectful, although he showed no signs of special gratitude. But when the doctor announced that he would pray for Judge N. Charles Burke, one of the most prominent of the Catholic laymen of Baltimore, Judge Burke's friends protested. The propriety of the offer was debated for days by the Baltimore newspapers. Judge Burke is now dead. While Doctor Kelly's religious activities are interdenominational, he is reported to be an Episcopalian.

Such activities led Doctor Kelly in 1912 into one enterprise which few men would have had the moral courage to attack. Baltimore tolerated three or four areas of commercialized prostitution. Each was several city blocks in length, with houses of infamy operated openly. Each was marked by the gaudy features of such a quarter: a blaze of lights, cheap music, courtesans in gay-hued gowns, foolish male youth travelling in groups. At intervals desperate parents descended on a house, accompanied by police, seized their daughter by physical force, and took her from the quarter against her will. At intervals mature older men murdered their light loves and killed themselves. Respectable Baltimoreans who gave their time and their talents to improving the life of the city in other relations turned away from this problem, for the same reason that one avoids picking a gold piece from a sewer. They did not want to soil their hands. Indifferent to the matter of what his professional brethren might say, Doctor Kelly flung himself at the business of closing up these quarters. He did not organize slumming-parties. He did not go to the districts and pray with the women. He gave large dinners to clergymen and to social workers, paying for the dinners himself, moving around among his guests, talking about the problem when that was tactful, talking about other things when that was more tactful. He delivered speeches at other assemblages. He gave interviews. He wrote letters to the newspapers. Governor Phillips Lee Goldsborough, one of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the few Republican governors who have occupied the executive mansion at Annapolis, appointed a vice commission. The commission made one of the most thorough studies of urban vice ever made—of all aspects, not merely of the house of prostitution. In a year or so the quarters were eliminated, black, silent. Doctor Kelly did not serve on the commission. Doctor George Walker, a well-known Baltimore physician who later did an important work in France in controlling venereal diseases in the American Expeditionary Force, was the chairman. Doctor J. M. T. Finney, the Baltimore surgeon who was the chief surgical consultant of the A. E. F. in France, was a member. The accomplishment was not regarded with universal favor in Baltimore. Some said the surgeon had not removed the malignant growth but had merely scattered the cells. Baltimoreans are too sophisticated to attempt an estimate of the extent to which this reduced vice in Baltimore. But there are those who thank Doctor Kelly and members of the commission, if no more was accomplished than the removal of an offense to the eye or than to make bestiality in the folly of youth more difficult. So far as the writer knows, neither the clergy nor the laity has publicly acknowledged the great gynecologist's part in this accomplishment. He has not shown any desire for such acknowledgement.

On another occasion he stepped out before the public in a rôle quite as unusual for the surgeon and scientist—as a candidate for the House of Delegates of the Maryland Legislature. In 1909 he had permitted friends to talk of him in that relation, even to suggest that he might be backed by the Democratic organization. Little attention was given the matter then. Twelve years later he gave the politicians a shock by actually filing his papers. He wanted the church people to unite for a programme of social welfare. Large numbers of persons not allied with the churches wanted to see him elected. They said he "would give a good show." Then one day the doctor delivered a verbal broadside against the political bosses. A day later Miss Margaret Konig, as she then was, stepped into the arena and attempted to engage Doctor Kelly. She is the daughter of one of the most picturesque men Maryland ever sent to Congress from the Third District. The bosses had been her father's friends, said Miss Konig. Would the doctor meet her on the public platform and debate their merits? It fell to my lot to ask Doctor Kelly if he would accept the challenge. As a reporter, seeking a statement for his paper, I called him on the phone and put the question. It was at an hour of the day when he was busy. He laughed and said that he could not debate with every young woman who challenged him. I wrote the interview. It was only after the words were staring back at me from the typewriter, with the suggestion of contempt for Miss Konig's debating powers which any one might read into them, that I realized their bearing on the doctor's candidacy. Miss Konig was not any young woman. She was the daughter of a congressman who had been very popular. Many who had known the father would resent this attitude. I wondered if it was my duty to call the surgeon again and remind him of this. Just then the city editor demanded the copy. I was sure that the doctor had said exactly what I was quoting him as having said. He was a person of public experience. I released the story. But I was dissatisfied. The doc-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tor was entertaining a number of clergymen at his house that evening. I went there, with another newspaper man. Some reference was made to his candidacy. He laughed and said: "Oh, I shall not go to the legislature now; my friend here has settled that." I attempted to say something. He waved me aside good-humoredly. He was defeated. I have talked to him many times since. He has shown no signs of resentment. I tell the story merely to indicate the good-sportsmanship of which he is capable. Two years later the doctor's friends started a boom for him for governor. He permitted them to do it, although he did not put the Kelly energy behind it One wonders if some day he will renew it, as in 1921 he renewed the suggestion originally made in 1909 that he run for the legislature. The doctor would undoubtedly give a good show if he were elected governor.

It should be remembered, in connection with these extrascientific activities, that Doctor Kelly did not abandon his work as a surgeon and a gynecologist, his devotion to botany or to snakes, or his labors as an author, to devote himself to them. He added them to his fixed labors. They were to him what golf might be to another man. During the greater part of this period he was the active head of the department of gynecology at the Hopkins and spent hours each day in the operating-room, which he still does both at his private hospital and the Hopkins. He became professor emeritus of gynecology in 1919, being succeeded by Doctor Cullen. In the same period he wrote many books and shorter papers. They range over a wide field in medicine and also deal with such subjects as hypnotism, mushrooms, poisonous snakes, church and civic duty, success in life. He has been the president of many learned bodies and has travelled much to deliver addresses before them. He was given a mark of distinction by British surgeons which has been given only once before to an American, on that occasion to Doctor Finney. Early in 1928 he went abroad at the invitation of the Royal College of Surgeons, and delivered the Hunterian lecture before that body in London. It must have been an interesting moment in the life of the great surgeon who, forty-two years earlier, a young, unknown American surgeon, had crossed swords with the great Tait.

Here is one story of an address which has suggestion of both the dramatic and the humorous. It is from Doctor Cullen:

"At a Hopkins medical meeting years ago he [Doctor Kelly] brought a rattlesnake in a bag. With a pronged stick, he held the snake and then grabbed it by the neck and the tail and with one finger of the hand holding the tail directed attention to the essential points of the snake's head. Everything went well until the snake was safely back in the bag. It bit Doctor Kelly through the bag. He turned pale, sucked his finger and went on talking. The snake had been teased and had discharged its venom before the meeting. Nevertheless it was a narrow escape for Doctor Kelly. During the entire performance I sat on the back of a bench, my feet firmly planted in the seat, ready to jump from seat to seat at a second's notice."

Many stories are told in Baltimore illustrating the surgeon's kindness of heart, his indifference to money, and his physical courage. There are stories of his kindness to children, to a small invalid daughter of one of his friends in particular. He once pledged property

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

valued at $50,000 as bail for one of his negro servants, a man involved in a fight with another man. He has often acknowledged his debt to the people of Kensington, describing them as the people who first believed in him. He has given generous financial aid to the hospital which he founded and which is still operating. There is a story of how Doctor Cullen, then a young man with his professional career still to be made, once said to his chief that he wanted to publish a book but had no funds. Doctor Kelly said at once he would back him to the extent of $10,000, did lend $6,000, and was amazed when reminded of the incident years later when Doctor Cullen paid the loan. Several years ago a physician friend called Doctor Kelly over the phone from the friend's home in Cambridge, Md., hours distant from Baltimore by train, boat, or automobile, and told the surgeon of a patient whose condition was desperate, who must be operated on at once if his life were to be saved. Doctor Kelly flew there by airplane, arriving in a little over an hour, operated, and flew back to Baltimore.

The surgeon's summers are spent with his family and his friends at a camp on Lake Ahmic, near the village of Magnetawan, Canada, in the Georgian Bay region. I know of one man whom he rescued from drowning, when the man fell overboard from a canoe, by leaping after him and dragging him to shore; of a companion whom he may have saved from the same fate by his quickness as a canoeist when their craft struck the rocks. It was at this camp that he insisted on being the first to dive from a new diving tower, and as a result suffered a fractured vertebra. Tales are told of long automobile drives made at night in response to appeals from natives that Doctor Kelly give their sick the benefit of his skill. He is up early in the morning when he is at this camp. Morning prayers are his first concern. Then he is ready for any adventure which long days in the open may offer.

The doctor passed his seventieth birthday recently. Although his hair is white, his tall, sturdy body, lacking the rotundities which sometimes appear with the years, seems to house the same energies which have marked him throughout his life. His step is as quick, his interest as keen, his enthusiasms seem as fresh. He comes from robust stock. His parents died in 1926 at advanced ages, the one within a few months of the other. His life has been too crowded with serious labors to permit the jovialities in which some men indulge. His convictions forbid others. He differs with some of his professional brethren in that he favors prohibition and says strong drink has no medicinal properties which may not be found elsewhere. Apparently he finds his relaxations in his home, in his books, and in his out-of-door pursuits. Now, when he is a grandfather, religion, natural science, and medicine are dominant interests in his life, as they were when he was a youth.

For years it has been Doctor Kelly's habit to serve afternoon tea in the library in the rear of his Eutaw Place home—a place piled with books, sometimes decorated with rare plants, sometimes with rare snakes. Its windows command a view of the western sun, the silhouettes of church-steeples, hotels, homes black against the red skies. It is a privilege to meet him here when the day's work is finished and he is in the mood for talk.

It is a significant fact that for all his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unconventional activities, for all the diverse influences he has met, no man questions his eminence as a scientist. The most severe critics of his religious activities do not do that. Each of "The Big Four" received a rich scientific heritage from those who preceded him. Each has made his contribution and passed the enriched fund on to succeeding generations. Doctor Kelly's associates declare that his contribution has been magnificent.

Incidentally he is the only one of "The Big Four" whose name will be carried on by a son practising medicine. Doctor Halsted died childless. Doctor Osler's son, Revere Osler, was killed in action while serving with the British army in France in the World War. Doctor Welch is a bachelor.

The Dower Chest

BY McCREADY HUSTON

Author of "The Big Show," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY L. F. WILFORD

STEVENS RIDERWOOD did not care whether he reached a hotel by nightfall or not. Driving from the West, he was taking the slopes of the Alleghanies, content to be at home, musing comfortably on the accomplishment of a long-held purpose.

He could have made time. Under his foot he had whatever power he needed. But his journey was unwinding before him exactly as he had hoped it would, so he chose not to break the charm by measuring his progress. He was expected in New York, where he had business engagements, but he intended to appease his desire for the mountains regardless of appointments.

He took time on the summits to read the names and heights on the signboards, placed there by the States as if to impress while they informed the travellers from the prairie country or the Mississippi Valley. He enjoyed noting the warnings to descend in second gear; and, after noting, enjoyed ignoring them, slipping around the ribbonlike turns overlooking far-spread valleys with his splendid car in high. Riderwood had confidence in his driving. He did not need to be told how to cross mountains.

That was why, making an unexpectedly sharp curve at the foot of a particularly long declivity, he found himself resting with his machine in a ditch of soft earth against the face of the hill. He turned off the engine and lighted a cigarette. A year or two earlier he would have climbed out anxiously to appraise the damage and calculate the probable delay; but now he was irritated only by the demonstration of the superior wisdom of the highway commissioners who had placed the warning signs. They knew, he now admitted, more than he did about driving hills.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the damage did not disturb him. He had discovered how cars, factories, houses, large amounts of money, could be replaced. One put one's talents to work, and a day, a week, brought the objective. It was no trick for him to get things.

From where he sat he could see a picture-book village on the slope opposite. He did not know its name. That did not matter. He could make it respond to his needs or, if he found its lodgings unbearable, he could take a bus to some habitable town. So he got out of the car, saw the axle was sharply bent, and, taking the least of his bags from the rear compartment, stood by the side of the road waiting for the next tourist to carry him across to the village.

He looked as a man should for motoring back to his boyhood country after making what is commonly termed a success. His suit was of a brown woollen that spoke of expensive tailoring. The cap, of harmonizing material, accented his dark, ruddy skin. The hair that could be seen at the temples was black and gray. He was of a good height and gave the impression of a deep chest and powerful arms and hands. The eyes, which stopped the oncoming driver with a frank smile, were an enviable brown.

And so, after being dropped by a traveller from Kansas at the door of the village garage, Riderwood saw that a man in overalls climbed into a wrecking-car and started for the mountain. Then he turned into the single street to decide the matter of a place to sleep.

Because he was used to flattering care in his bachelor home in Chicago, he felt an aversion to houses with signs at their gates inviting tourists to lodge. The village had no hotel, however, and the garage man had recommended "Miss Way's; last house on the street." So he strolled along the sidewalk of packed earth in the direction of Miss Way's, intending to view the place and then decide whether to stay or go on by bus to the next city.

The quiet of this hamlet, lying in the crook of the mountain's arm, astonished Riderwood. In his car he had missed one of the things he had driven East to find—the scent of the woods, the soothing balm of the high air, remembered from boyhood. He took off his cap, stopping before the last house on the street, admitting that he was not sorry his automobile was disabled. He had been forced to pause, something he had not done for years. He had always intended to do so, and, at times, had felt that he must; but the opportunities of doing more and more work, with increasing returns, had kept ranging ahead. He had been persuaded by circumstances to repress his desire.

At last he had compromised, giving himself three weeks in which to return to the atmosphere of his youth, imagining that by driving through it he could renew himself, pulling himself free from the inertia, the absence of vital interest in things and people, that had been with him now for two years. He knew he was not putting into his work the zest which had distinguished him. He was stale. This breath of mountain air proved it, for it made him recall with aversion the air he had been breathing.

Miss Way's was a white frame house of wide siding, standing many feet above the highway, and reached by steps of ancient masonry. Small-paned windows gave upon the narrow porch which ran the width of the building, forming a gallery from which one could

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

look south across Maryland. The door was flanked by lights of blue glass which gave Riderwood, as he waited for an answer to his ring, oddly shadowed glimpses of the hall. Through this he could look through the house and see another gallery that seemed to belong to an ell. Thus he had his first sight of Honora Way. She came toward him along that other gallery.

Standing framed in the entrance, the dusky hall behind her, she was, Riderwood thought, just what such a place required for its mistress. Afterward he wondered why he had not expected Miss Way, who took lodgers, to be an elderly spinster; but he had not. He felt no surprise when this young person with the clearly pencilled profile, the calm hazel eyes, and the translucent skin said to him: "I am Miss Way; did you wish a room?"

He did. His car had broken down; he would stay until to-morrow. Miss Way indicated the stairs and presently opened for him a room that evidently filled the front of the house, a room giving an impression of austerity but which, on account of its appropriateness to the scene, invited repose. Riderwood thought that neither here nor on the porch below would anybody be likely to talk a great deal. To sit and watch the varying lights across twenty-five miles of hills would be more probable.

Suddenly he knew he was weary. After all, he had driven from Central Ohio since morning, practically without rest or food; and behind that lay fifteen years almost without recreation. He seemed to feel that here, in this room, he had an eon of postponed resting to do.

"If you will come down about seven, I shall have some supper for you," Miss Way said. The guest thanked her absently. He was so tired he thought of something oppressive in connection with supper. He would rest until then. When Miss Way had gone, he drew a deep chair before the three front windows and sat there, his eyes on the landscape now fading softly in diminishing light. He would sit there and smoke a cigarette and rest until supper-time . . . it was so peaceful.

At seven o'clock Miss Way was forced to knock repeatedly, for Riderwood was asleep in his chair. A tension seemed to have been relaxed. Lines long drawn taut had been cast off. He turned that idea over while he was getting ready to go down. Stretching those lines again by resuming ordinary pursuits was repugnant. He could not entertain that.

His place had been laid at one end of the long rear porch, which, while it did not give a view into the valley, was intimate with the face of the mountain which swept upward from the yard. The guest saw where he was expected by an elderly woman, evidently Miss Way's cook, who was placing a hot plate on the cloth as he appeared. He sat content, watching the changing values of the light, studying the arrangement of the dishes and flowers, and noting with deepening pleasure the steep green meadow. The noise of the Pike, with its double line of tourists' cars, was cut off. Here everything was still, touched by the last true warmth of the sun, which was ready to be gone.

He was impressed by the dinner-service, taken from a set of old china in flowing blue. He had not intended to buy anything on this journey; he already had, from dealers, more authentic early pieces of furniture than he had room for. But to discover that he was in a house likely to hold something im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portant—the dishes were a clew—suggested that he should at least question the owner. So he asked for Miss Way.

She appeared some minutes later and came to the table, where, coffee before him, Riderwood was smoking musingly. She had changed to a simple dress of soft rose that gave a suggestion of light to her ivory skin, causing him to notice details of her fine, slightly detached beauty that had escaped him. He stood, drawing out a chair as he might have done in a restaurant.

"Sit down, Miss Way," he said cordially. "I should like to talk with you."

Instead she looked at him gravely. "Was there something about your dinner or your room?"

He was not dense. The rebuke, though gentle, was inescapable. He answered quickly: "I wanted company, although I did want to ask about furniture. This old ware suggested it. I am used to asking for what I want. I did not mean any offense."

She smiled faintly. "I am willing to talk to you. Let us go to the front porch. Alice will bring the coffee things there. You seemed not to remember you were in my home; that was all."

She led him through the house to the porch above the highway, seating herself at one end of a decorated bench. From there, in a moment, she handed Riderwood fresh coffee from the tray the cook had brought.

"I don't buy china or glass," he began; "but where there is so much of that blue, there must be some good furniture. Every place along the road that takes lodgers seems to be selling antiques. I am interested chiefly in early Pennsylvania; Dutch things if possible."

He employed unconsciously the emphatic, almost brusque, tones he was accustomed to uttering in business, a direct manner that had made it possible for him to convince hundreds of canny men with money to lend.

"I have nothing to sell," Honora Way replied. "We are Pennsylvania people. This Maryland location is accidental. I had to support myself and my young brother, so I looked for a place to rent on the Pike. I have a few Pennsylvania pieces, of course; family things."

"Pennsylvania is what I want," he insisted. "I've got some. They've run into money, buying from dealers, so you understand I'm prepared to pay for anything I want."

"Do you know, Mr. Riderwood, you are talking like so many men who drive through? Tell me; is there something about owning and driving an expensive and powerful car that makes men feel so confident?"

Riderwood was grateful for the increasing darkness, for he felt himself flushing under Miss Way's unexpected comment. She added:

"Forgive me. I think I was protesting against the assurance of a kind of man who comes through here, certain of himself just because he has made a great deal of money. You must be lenient with me. I know I have no right to resent the conditions when I am bidding for trade; but this is only my second year in business. I have entertained men who ride over everybody."

He saw he would have to be more careful of what he said to this sensitive girl. She could not be more than twenty three or four. It was a hard life, taking the tourists as they came along, putting up with their rudeness. He would like to give her more than enough for one of her pieces of old furniture, overpay her to the extent of a profit on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whole hotel season. He studied her through the dusk. She was lovelier than he had detected; delicate—that was the word; like the restrained line of Heppelwhite.

He thought he would like to break down her prejudice against successful men; but that would take time and he had to push on.

"I used to live in the mountains," he said. "I was a boy in Pennsylvania. This is my first trip back; a kind of pilgrimage, though I have to go on to New York on business. I didn't remember that the road dipped out of Pennsylvania so soon. I must go west by the Lincoln Highway—see more of my own State."

"I wonder you don't stop longer; not here, of course; but if, as you say, it is a pilgrimage . . ."

"I would if I dared. But a man can't lose touch and expect to keep his place. He does so much this year; next year he must do 10, 20, per cent more; and still more the year after. To let go is fatal."

Honora rose and walked to the railing of the veranda. Below her passed the belated tourists in their automobiles. Beyond and below them, deep in the valley, moved a line of lights that was a train.

"Only the mountains are still," she said. "Everything else is in a hurry. You are a little untrue to your hills to revisit them like this when you cannot take time to be respectful to them. You should have gone straight to New York by train."

Riderwood started to explain, to dispute her contention, but her remoteness, as she stood gazing into the starlit vista, checked him. Instead he said: "I must go down to the garage and see if my car is ready."

"Good night." She said it calmly, not turning her head.

The car, Riderwood found, was suspended ignominiously by its front truck, its forward wheels missing. The mechanic on night duty said he didn't know; he thought the proprietor had sent to Cumberland for a new axle. It should be out on the eight-o'clock bus in the morning. Riderwood saw that if this vague programme materialized, he might get away by ten o'clock, perhaps by noon. He took a bag out of the humiliated car and gave the attendant a dollar. "I wish you'd tell them to let me know at Miss Way's when the car is ready," he said.

Returning along the little street of a few stores and gasoline stations, he discovered he was not displeased by the delay. Another day at Honora's was inviting. Reminded by a familiar sign, he turned in at the village telegraph office and sent wires east and west, letting certain men know where he could be reached. Then he went back to the house with the high porch.

His sleep that night was of that especially profound quality that comes when men have been too anxious too long. He did not waken until somebody knocked on his door at a quarter before eight, and even then he did not hurry. As he shaved, he found himself looking forward to breakfast with his hostess. His mind refused to consider any engagement beyond that.

Honora, wearing a blue linen frock, was in the steep garden cutting yellow roses. When she saw her guest on the side porch she raised her shears to him in greeting. This, he thought, was in pattern with his mood; and, as he passed the table, he saw it was laid for two. She held her bouquet up to him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and smiled in such nice friendliness that he wondered what could have happened to her antagonism of the night before.

"I am going to have my breakfast with you," she said.

"I counted the plates," Riderwood replied as they moved back toward the house.

"There was a telephone call for you quite early. Whatever it was they ordered for your car is here. It will be ready some time this morning."

She was arranging the roses in a low blue bowl, making Riderwood think how difficult it was going to be to drive away and leave her on such a dazzling morning. The things just ahead—conferences, luncheons, dinners, plays, talk, persuasion, argument, compromise, trading—oppressed him and made him desire to prolong this hour in Honora Way's mountain garden, where he was being vitalized by the atmosphere and stimulated by the association. She poured coffee from a silver pot and handed him the cup. He would stay another day, he decided.

"I feel as if I had never slept until now," he remarked gravely. "When I left Chicago I did not expect to find anywhere the complete rest I have had here. I think I should stay here a month —no papers, no letters, just the garden and the porch."

"You must be very weary of whatever it is you are doing."

Riderwood looked at her inquiringly. She seemed to be alluding to something just beneath the surface of his own thought. She meant, he was certain, that he might be losing confidence in his habitual pursuits. He must clear that up.

"I haven't explained clearly about myself. I am not boasting, just stating the case, when I say I have an organization in the West that is the financial web of a hundred businesses. When I get to New York, I shall draw in a hundred more. We will be the largest concern of our kind in the country. I made it; I am the company. It is not likely that I should be tired of it."

"You must be careful," Honora responded, her serious eyes on his, her hands clasped before her. "If you were to lose confidence in your work, it would be unfortunate, since it is all you have."

"You speak as though it were not enough."

"That depends upon the man, I think. If you feel it is enough for you, it probably is. I am sorry; we seem unable to keep away from this personal issue. I regret this . . . conflict; but something about your being back home on a pilgrimage makes me wish to . . . be very honest with you."

Riderwood, in spite of her explanation, was angry. He rose, his eyes flinty. But, standing there, he was instantly sorry for losing his temper, so small, so humble, Honora looked, sitting with her fair head slightly bowed. He took a step, but Honora, moving a hand and touching one of his, stopped him with a contrite word.

"Please don't be so terrible. You have no idea how stern you look. I want you to see my furniture before you go."

Unable to account for her swift change of mood, he was, nevertheless, mollified, wondering the while that he should let her divert him from his course so easily.

In the house he immediately forgot his displeasure in what he found there. Either from a memorable family back-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'll write you a check for five thousand dollars for this little chest!"—See page 297.

From a drawing by L. F. Wilford.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ground or with exquisite taste, Honora Way had assembled a number of precious objects. They were principally walnut, some veneered, inlaid, articulate in line, color, and feeling. A highboy with a Revolutionary date inlaid across the front; a tavern table; a pair of delicate range tables, their oval ends translucent; a slant-top desk; a corner cupboard with a broken arch and an eagle—these to Riderwood were exceptional pieces. He wanted them all immediately. He saw them now recreating in his Chicago house, his native State.

"You haven't noticed my bride's chest," she said quietly. "I thought you would see that first. You are a man who likes color."

He turned and exclaimed:

"That's what I want!"

In a moment he had crossed the room and was kneeling to examine the object she had indicated. "You know," he added over his shoulder, "I have an ungovernable craving for the Dutch. This is a jewel; the name and the date —Louisa Auer—1790—and trestles instead of feet! What panels and what color!"

He stood and turned to his hostess.

"You have nothing to sell, you say. Perhaps you never had a customer like me. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll write you a check for five thousand dollars for this little chest!"

He gazed expectantly at the girl on the stencilled chair. It was, he knew, more than even such a fine piece was worth; but he wanted it, and he also wanted the opportunity of revealing to Honora something of his scope. She had confused him with upstarts, fellows of no taste. Riderwood saw now how the presence of this specimen of old joiner's art had worked into a design by which he could make himself clear to Honora.

But instead of responding with appropriate warmth, she only smiled, a little wanly, as one does who is masking pain.

"Don't you see what it is? A dower chest—some little bride way back there. It was a box for her wedding-clothes. Could I sell that for five thousand dollars, or any other sum? My remote ancestor—it would be untrue to her. It belongs here, with me."

Stevens Riderwood's expansive moment was past. This might be, he decided, a patrician attitude that he knew persisted here and there in spite of poverty, but which, he felt, was out of tune with the America he knew. Such people did not live in America; theirs was an America of the mind. He would be on his way. This conflict was getting on his nerves. He must move on to his engagements; return to his own.

"Probably you are right," he assented. "I must go to the garage for my car. I shall stop and settle my bill on my way up the mountain."

Honora nodded, remaining where she sat among her things, as Riderwood went out.

When he stopped a few minutes later, the gray-haired Alice was waiting in the front of the house, and it was she who named a price for his lodging, took it, and watched him stow his bags and disappear up the highway.

Nobody passed Riderwood on the rest of the way to New York. He rested on no heights, idled through no valleys, dreamed over no views. He drove as he was accustomed to driving on business in the West. And at nightfall he wearily

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turned his car over to a garage attendant in Jersey City, taking the tube to Manhattan.

The mountains and Honora Way were behind. He now wanted a hotel that was expensive, and where people would be obliging for a price. Telegrams and letters waiting for him there were brought to him in his room, and he dropped into a chair immediately to reconnect himself with his affairs, looking to see what his associates and correspondents had to say. He was tired, more tired than he had been the night he had stopped at Honora's; but though he had infinitely more artificial comfort than he had found at her house, he did not drop asleep in his chair, nor could he sleep when he finally snapped off his bedside lamp.

He had never noticed before the oppression of that pocket of unmoving air which a hotel room can be. He had rushed away, obliterating as he went all pleasing thoughts of Honora; but he could not obliterate from his subconscious mind the impressions of the timbered heights, the cool, sweet air of the hills. A fragrance was in his memory. When he relaxed, it climbed to the surface, then seemed to envelop him while he lay and tried to imagine that his room was not stifling. He had not escaped from her, for he remembered the lulling, suspended silence of the previous night while listening to the screams of fire-wagons below and the crazy tunes of a roof-garden band above.

Morning, of course, found him at least temporarily in his normal, competent mood. He went over his list of appointments, all of them complimentary to a man who had begun a few years before with nothing. Recalling Allen A. Piper, of Piper and Morrison, who had called on him in Chicago, he decided to be fifteen minutes late for his engagement in the office-building that was a white, terraced tower so near his window that he wondered if he could touch it.

Piper and Morrison's desires were simple. They wanted to duplicate Stevens Riderwood in New England. Representing the money of wealthy clients who liked a high rate of return, they might put in a quarter, perhaps a half, million to induce him to place his own system in operation for them. He knew all about advancing money to motor-car dealers who, in turn, let their customers have the machines on payments; he knew all about the profits in fire and theft insurance on the cars and about the rates of interest the instalment plan would bear. He could be trusted to lay the ground plan of an immensely profitable structure. Every step in his system had been tested; all the losses had been taken.

Allen Piper was a spare little man of such mild mien, such gentle voice, that few could chart his cold, clear depths. To Riderwood he simulated warmth of greeting and told his secretary to ask Mr. Morrison to come in. This Morrison was a little more obvious. He was more the salesman, younger than Piper, better dressed. Piper outwardly was negative, while Morrison looked as if on occasion he might actually feel. Piper might have been fifty-five; Morrison was fifteen years younger, the kind of substantial-looking man, with just the touch of the gambler, that one sees among the outside spectators at the more important football-games.

Sitting behind a wide, bare desk and tipping back in his chair, Piper thought they might get down to business. As

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their caller knew, they were interested in incorporating for an Eastern development of Riderwood's business, and they had clients who were willing to pay for the privilege. They were willing to offer Riderwood two hundred thousand dollars in hand, stock in the new company, and a salary, provided he would give the undertaking his services as manager for five years.

"You see," added Morrison, "we could go into this ourselves, but there are a lot of little companies in the field. To put them out of business or absorb them without getting into litigation or running up against the Federal Trade Commission, we need expert management."

That was cold-blooded enough. These men evidently were prepared for extremities. He probably could ask them for any terms he desired and get them. They assumed he knew how to destroy competitors without fouling the Trade Commission. That proved they ranked him high.

"You understand," he countered, "I have no experience in putting competitors out of business. I entered a virgin field in the Middle West. I was the first man to think of banking a promise to pay for an automobile. I have grown up with it. I don't crowd men off the road."

Piper gave a short, flinty laugh.

"You would not be expected to. However, the introduction of your name as an operator would bring around a half-dozen little fellows wanting to sell out to us."

Piper evidently meant that. It was a surprise to Riderwood to learn that he had become so powerful that his name would mean surrender to anybody. He did not intend that it should. The idea made him decidedly uncomfortable; and, oddly, caused his mind to revert to Honora Way.

"I shall be here two or three days," he said. "Suppose you let me study the territory a little. I must arrive at my own conclusions. I may as well say, however, that two hundred thousand, going in, is not enough. While I am thinking it over, see what you think of three hundred and fifty thousand. That would be more like it."

Duncan Morrison walked with him into the reception-room, thumbs caught in his waistcoat pockets, lounging a little, relaxed and friendly. "What do you say to luncheon?" he asked.

The other had no intention of being trapped into a three-hour debate among loaded ash-trays in thick air. He detested the metropolitan junior executive's noonday rite. He knew, however, that as Morrison coveted his good-will, he could end the meeting if it should be too wearing; so he said thanks and agreed to meet Morrison at half past one.

A room much too full of eating and smoking men, much too bright and noisy, and Duncan Morrison examining a great green booklet that was the restaurant card. Wishing that his host had chosen a simpler, quieter place, Riderwood indicated on his host's inquiry two or three things he liked to eat, and surveyed the room while Morrison instructed the waiter. This, he knew, was in the best business mode. But it neither rested nor pleased him. He could close Piper and Morrison in five minutes and be gone. Why should he spend hours in this haze being polite to a man in whom he had no personal interest? There was not even a conflict here, nor an obstacle.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You know," Morrison was saying, "I've been wanting to see you alone so I could put a proposition up to you. I've got a scheme that is going to make somebody a lot of money."

He evidently thought that was the determining appeal. Everybody talked to Stevens Riderwood about making money. Anything was thought to be all right so long as it offered a long profit. Damn it! didn't they suppose that he lived outside of making money?

"This is something new. It's sure-fire. The first man in the field can double a hundred thousand the first year and make a quarter of a million every year after that."

Riderwood wanted him to get on. Morrison was showing amateurism in presenting foremost the thought that the probable profit would lure his guest.

"You like old things, don't you? Piper told me antiques were your hobby."

"Don't tell me you are trying to interest me in a dealer proposition."

"Nothing of the kind. But you've toured, of course; you drove East."

"Yes; I came over the mountains. But . . ."

"Exactly; and of course you noticed the old homes along the way where old maids sell chicken dinners and advertise antiques."

"The highways are lined with them."

"Well, my idea is to buy a hundred such places, strung along through Pennsylvania, across Jersey, up the Hudson, and into Connecticut and Massachusetts. We'd keep the present owners as caretakers, but I'd put in travelling managers and install a system. First I'd double all the prices that the little old ladies charge for food and shelter; treble them in some cases. All prices, meals, and services would be standardized. It would be a farmhouse chain."

Riderwood tried to interrupt him, but he went on.

"We'd have a couple of firms of first-class furniture reproducers in New York or Boston to ship out stuff to be placed cleverly in all these houses, mixed in with the genuine. Each place would be expected to pay its own way in food and atmosphere, but the big money would be in the furniture and glass we'd sell. It would be lots of fun; that's one thing about it that appeals to me. It would give a man a chance to use his imagination; it would be something different. And you, with your knowledge of antiques, would be just the man for it."

Riderwood suddenly felt an aversion to the rich food, the breathless room, the assurance of the full-fed men near him. Anger and resentment were burning their way down through him, though he knew it was quite reasonable for him to be listening to such an outline. Men were constantly bringing him schemes by which money might be made. To Morrison there was nothing worse about a chain of fake farmsteads than one of hotels. That was it; Morrison was unable to discriminate. He would take a hundred poverty-ridden women and make them lay figures in a large-scale system of misrepresentation just as quickly as he would take a number of old taverns and modernize them with near-metropolitan conveniences and services. The women would sell his counterfeit antiques and keep the secret; he was assuming they would do so for pay. That, the assumption, the assumptions all along the line, were what angered Riderwood most.

He was drawn from his revery by Morrison asking: "Don't you think there's something in it?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Riderwood had not touched his food. "Has it struck you," he asked, "that your set-up has two or three weak spots?"

Morrison, the sarcasm lost on him, immediately looked pleased. His face had a suggestion of the fatuous, the servile, Riderwood had often noted in men with whom he had had dealings.

"And you imagine that I would take up a scheme that involves cheating?"

"Cheating? Wouldn't we be giving the present owners a chance to make more than they ever dreamed of?"

"You propose selling faked antiques through the use of faked atmosphere and you want me for your partner. You assume I am a crook."

"You misunderstand me, Riderwood," Morrison defended himself. He was now worried because his mind had flashed back to the fact that Allen Piper and he were expecting to bring this man into another, a legitimate, enterprise.

Lighting a cigarette and pushing back his plate, Riderwood contemplated his uncomfortable host. His anger had evaporated. Morrison did not matter; he was merely a symbol. What rasped his mind was the realization that this was what he had come to. Men assumed only one thing about him—a desire for money. This was the meaning he had achieved. He was not a person but a clever manipulator. Others in his world called him a great success because at his kind of chess he was a champion. And as a result a man calmly presented a crooked scheme. He would have to do something for himself and do it immediately.

"I've been thinking over your proposal," he said, " and I want to give you my answer. It's no; no for your homestead chain and no for your motor financing. You can tell Piper I'm off that, and you and him and the whole damned business!"

He pushed his chair back and rose.

"And let me tell you," he added, "if I see traces of this scheme to link up a lot of fine old places to a Windsor-chair factory, I'll know how to expose it. To hell with all of you!"

He walked rapidly to the entrance, took his hat, and passed into the street.

In his hotel room his determination to act did not waver. He even knew where he would like to go. He remembered a New Jersey highway marking showing the turn toward the seaside places. By four o'clock he was leaving Jersey City in his car to find that turn.

He unpacked that night in a wide, airy room that looked out on the Atlantic. That spaciousness of view and the zestful tang of the breeze told him that his decision to leave New York had been wise. Standing at a window, watching the limitless water, he had a presentiment of having been true to something. And that night he slept as he had in the house on the mountainside. Next day he wrote to Honora:

"Instead of being in New York, I am here. I found I could not go into what they had waiting for me there. In fact, I decided suddenly not to take on anything more. What I need to do, it seems, is to learn to use what I have. I am down here, doing nothing for the first time in my life. I wanted you to know it, and to know that I am beginning to understand about the Dutch dower chest. . . . I expect to stay here until I go back to Chicago; and I am so comfortable and drowsy I can't tell when that will be."

When he left the sea three weeks later, it was to drive only as far as Philadelphia, where he took his automobile to the maker's agency and left it, to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taken in on a new one to be delivered to him in Chicago. Then he left for home by train. He had considered driving back past Honora's, and then had rejected the idea; he did not want to risk an anticlimax.

The next evening found him sitting at dinner in his house in Astor Street, Chicago, waited upon by his colored man, Brady, who had been thrown into pleased agitation by Riderwood's return. After dinner, leafing idly through the accumulation of personal letters, he called Brady to inquire about the state of the household. The negro liked to be consulted, and, in return for friendly deference to his opinion, gave a priceless service. Everything had been quiet, he reported. A box of antiques had come, but he had not opened it.

Riderwood said he had bought nothing on this trip. It must be the Queen Anne chairs he had ordered from a dealer some time ago. Brady had better open the case and let him know.

He tossed his letters aside and lighted a pipe. Whatever had happened to him in the East had been good for him. He had found repose. He pictured writing to Honora. This house he had been perfecting for himself through three or four years—fine, small, and simple—would have a message for her. He would like to describe it to her. He wondered if she and her stern companion, Alice, could be persuaded to visit Chicago. Probably not. Brady, returning, said he had the case open, and Mr. Riderwood had better come and look at the things himself. Riderwood replied that he would later; just now he was too comfortable. He had never sat in his house in just this way before.

He was going to bed three hours later when, passing the storeroom, he remembered what Brady had said and, switching on the light, stepped in to have a look at his Queen Annes.

There were no chairs, however. What Riderwood saw, standing there in his storeroom, was something wholly different. It was the dower chest.

Trembling with a sensation of realization and delight, he strode to the little chest and knelt before it as if to confirm by touch its presence in his house. She had sent it to him, and that act could not fail to mean something, something which he saw now was needed to complete his new being. Touching the chest, he saw the edge of an envelope which had been placed under the lid.

"I have your letter from the seashore," Honora wrote. "If I understand truly what has happened to you, I want you to have my chest. I could not sell it; but now I feel that I will be very happy if you will let me give it to you."

That was all. She had given him the dower chest. Thinking about him, she had desired him to have it, expressing herself with serene fidelity.

He folded the note carefully and placed it in a pocket, studying the lines and painted decorations of the faithful Pennsylvania chest, thinking of what it had meant to Louisa Auer in 1790; what it meant to Honora Way now.

He walked thoughtfully back to his chair in the library and picked up his pipe, wishing to think about this extraordinary gift. But before he struck his match, before he even found his tobacco, he saw that this was not a time for sitting and thinking.

He was up again instantly and hurrying to the telephone. It was a railroad-station he wanted, and information about trains; trains East, to-night, at once. He wanted a berth on the next train.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Borgia

BY ZONA GALE

Author of "Miss Lulu Bett," etc.

MARFA MANCHESTER had taken Paul Barker to the house of a friend of her own, where he contracted an infection from which he died. In the depth of her self-accusation as his destroyer, Marfa met Marcus Bartholomew, who arrived in Old Town to persuade her father to join a Field expedition to the interior of China; and she encountered quite casually and even momentarily Max Garvin, who was also interested in the exploration. With her mother and her sister Luna, Marfa had been engaged in beseeching the badgered Louis Manchester not to undertake this journey to China, when she realized that it was really unimportant to her whether her father should go or stay, and that she was merely using the whole incident to further a faint affair with Bartholomew. From a visit to his house she returned with her family, much shaken by the knowledge that she was, in all her particles, instinctively fraudulent at the simplest dealings. Even her misery about Paul Barker was a species of escape. Luna was also finding emotion in the belief that she herself was responsible for Paul's death. To their neighbors they all seemed normal, and even agreeable. And Marfa meant to be so right. . . .

THE Manchesters' house had belonged to Mrs. Manchester's father, who—a clergyman—had built to adjoin his study a tiny chapel, no larger than a cell. It had one bench, a *prie-dieu,* and an altar—above which hung a passable oil of "Behold, I Stand at the Door." Charged for two generations with the current of those in prayer or meditation, this place had not yet lost its voltage, even though it was never used. Mrs. Manchester was too busy, Luna, who looked as if she would frequent it, called it the vault, and to Marfa the place never even occurred, save semioccasionally, when she was in some sorrow. But on her return home that night, and on going to the study, now the den, for a book, she paused before the door of the chapel, never heated, never lighted, and lifted the latch. A breath, cold, close, came out of the darkness. She shook open her matches, lit a candle on the altar, threw up the narrow window, sat down. Instant stillness folded her. The place had the silence of the unused, the deserted, the dead. The motionless became the positive; empty air became affirmative. Some inner core of the place opened and let her in. She passed from the mere stillness into a tremble of the vibration of all space raying into the little room, unvexed by the radiations of any used articles. She began herself to tremble with the onslaught of this terrific silence which was alive and pulsing. Even then her attention did not leave herself.

"Now I'm Marfa," she thought. "Now I'm really Marfa. . . ."

To herself she now felt untroubled and smooth, nothing pricking, stinging, goading, teasing. She herself was beaten upon by nothing, was free to go out and move in slow spirals about this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

charged stillness. She felt herself exploring it, feeling its textures, its many textures, its curves and surfaces of pulsing molecules. Her eyes went to the window and her thought streamed into the darkness, feeling the fine waves of space meeting the fine waves of the little room. But all this she received as emotion which released her to enter in and in, to herself. She breathed deeply, felt herself to fill the air about her with her expiration, felt no difference between herself, the air of the room, and the darkness washing against the open window and retreating before the soft volleys of her candle-light.

Very slowly all this flowing and beating of the silence worked itself through her physical envelope and into her understanding. Not her mind—Marfa knew that her mind was not good for much, and never received anything unique. But it was as if something else within her, which need not form words, began to reply to the pulsing stillness by a pulsing stillness of its own. As if the molecules without her were able to impress some body within her, independently of the use of words. So she "thought" (but with no words):

"I shall do everything well. I shall harm no one. I shall find good things to make come true. I shall move through my life shining. There will be only light, for that is all that I shall make. I shall give out blessings. . . ."

Wind blew the candle-flame, and the line where the candle-flame met the darkness wavered like a scarf. Marfa straightened, rose, feeling bathed, feeling as if she had been running. That little breath of wind, producing obvious motion, seemed to have changed the quality of the silence, as if finer vibration withdrew before the coarser. Rising, Marfa saw on the altar a rectangular white surface, leaning against the wall. She lifted it, and it was a photograph of Paul Barker. Luna must have brought it there, none knew why. Marfa held it and sank down on the *prie-dieu*.

Paul, whom she had killed. He had come up to town from his university where he had toiled through his law course. Thirteen years of schooling. Twenty-two years of hopes and plans. His mother and father sending him up to town with the money that they could spare. . . . (And he "all they had.") Then she took him to call on Stella and there was no more of him. Diphtheria from that house, death from Stella's house, with its huge floor-cushions and its rich copper lamps. In a week he had been dead. Not Stella, not the doctor, not Luna and her orange bathing-cap—but she, Marfa, killing Paul. Her green georgette gown she had wanted Stella to see, had wanted Stella to see Paul, with his jests and his blue eyes and his good clothes and his love for her. Paul had loved her at once, she had wanted to show to Stella Paul, his love for her, and to show the green gown. So she had killed Paul by taking him to Stella's.

"How could you let me do that?" She hugged Paul's picture and stared up at the oil above the altar. Her sense of God and of Jesus and of the Christ lay in her as she had received them at adolescence. She stared at the knocking figure accusingly, felt crude to be thus accusing him. Had he called Paul to himself and used her as the instrument? But he had no right, God had no right! No, no. It wasn't God. It was she and her pride and her green dress. A month ago Paul was alive, hoping, happy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now she saw his tie as it had looked in his coffin. What should she do who was so wicked that her pride and vanity had killed Paul? . . .

She said over what she would do: "God, I will do right. I will do right. I swear it. I will do right. . . ."

Something thumped on the wall outside. She sprang up, shut the window smartly, let fall the photograph, blew out the candle, and ran into the den.

In the morning sunlight she came down-stairs with a sense of entering life with vigor because something important had happened. She thought that it was the hour in the cell, that she would go there often to sit alone with Paul's picture, that everything would be different.

Luna was crossing the hall, dressed for the street. Mr. Manchester had just brought the car round. "I'm to begin getting my hand in the business," Luna said, with a glint. Marfa cried: "Luna —you don't really think papa'll go?" Luna said tranquilly: "He's going. Mama's reconciled. Now don't stir up things, Marfa."

Marfa lifted her hand to her father, watched them drive away, thought: "Yesterday in the car I *wanted* him to go. That was wrong. I know that he's not strong, that he hasn't courage, hasn't endurance. I must want him not to go, just as I said at first." Her mother would be useless in this; their family physician would be useless because his advice was invariably against taking risks; she thought of their friends—the Montes, who were always urging him to travel, the Barrets, who were incredibly thrifty, Mr. Bells, who never let anything interfere with business. The Montes would encourage her father and the others he would discount. She thought, "I am alone in this. I shall have to have judgment for all of us . . ." and she felt that she had the judgment. But somebody must help her to make her father see reason. If only Mr. Bartholomew could see reason himself . . . Mr. Bartholomew. Perhaps he could be made to see reason. . . .

She looked him up at once in the Chicago telephone-book. She could go in for shopping, go and reason with Marcus Bartholomew; and be at home for dinner. She put in the call from the telephone in the den, had him on the wire as if she had reached into space and twitched his sleeve: Marfa Manchester, who must see him about something very important. Would he be in his office at noon to-morrow?

His voice came, thick, electric, like substance springing with vital life.

"Can't it be to-day?"

"You'll not be there to-morrow?"

"Of course. I'd make it a point to be. But can't it be to-day?"

Marfa thought: She could catch the ten, be in town by twelve . . . "Half after twelve to-day then." "You'll lunch with me?" "I'm not sure. . . ." "Do lunch with me. But I must know, because I'll have to break an engagement." Marfa said: "Don't break an engagement." His voice came: "I'll break it, on the chance." She sat staring at the door of the cell-room. What had she done? Made a path, built a wall. . . .

Her mother came down the passage with a telegram, and her voice was high and hurried: Aunt Phœbe and Uncle Marshall and Ben and Bessie were coming in a car—they would be here this afternoon. . . . "You must help me. . . ." Marfa said: "Sorry, darling, I'm going to town for all day . . . Luna'll help." "Luna's gone with your father. You can't go!" "Lover, I've just

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

promised. I'll be back for dinner. . . ." The trebles of the two voices rippled on the air like bright rain on water, almost visibly the vibrations rose and spread, the passage brimmed with them, and they died on a note of: Marfa had promised. The mother wrung her hands like Rachael, like Niobe; and Marfa ran to dress: Her tangerine sports suit, her black hat, her bag from Morocco. She disappeared into a taxi like an oriole into a swinging nest, flashed the fifty miles to town on the express, was set down at the door of Mr. Bartholomew's private office, and faced him thinking: "What have I done?"

Not much, to judge by his indifference.

He was resting his chin on his collar and looking at her with a light frown, when she said without preface: "Mr. Bartholomew, I couldn't tell you yesterday—papa was there. But he's no man to take on a journey. You must help me—you and I together can keep him from it. . . ." Marcus Bartholomew put his head down and listened. His listening was as positive as pleading, or as scorn. ". . . never can even find his place in a book, never can find an address, never can remember a figure or a place or a date or where he has left anything, or what to take if he's sick or . . ." She opened her hands. "You see? And he *is* sick often . . . he eats like a wild man . . . no sense of diet . . . no sense . . ." Her pause denoted the planetary, the universal. "Papa," she ended, "is a precious. But on such a trip he would be nothing more." Mr. Bartholomew murmured: "We're all like that . . . men. In private life, I mean. It's only publicly that we can locate anything. And not," he sadly added, "often then." She wasn't listening. "He will certainly break his leg or fall off his camel or miss the party and wander into the desert and *die*. . . . Mr. Bartholomew, you don't know what you're letting yourself in for by taking papa." Marcus was three spots of high light . . . his face tilted downward, his hands solidly upon his chair-arms, he sat there motionless, save for the lifting of his eyes with that white curve of cornea. "You love your father very much," he commented ambiguously. "So much," she cried instantly, "that I can't bear it—to have him go. Help me! Together, we can keep him at home. . . ." "You are . . ." he said, and waited for a long time. "You are a very special pleader. Shall we have some lunch?" "Yes," said Marfa, "a stuffed crab. I don't get them at home." "A stuffed crab," he assented, and followed her. She watched his square figure pose on the curb, his square forefinger signalling a taxi. She thought: "He's nothing. Imagine such a man. . . ." But when in the cab he turned squarely toward her, saying no more than "Where shall we lunch?" she felt herself less than a form of air wavering in heat. She stared at him, saying nothing. He told the man the Edgewater Beach and sat silent. Marfa thought indignantly, "I'm not a child!"—but yet that did not seem to be the exact charge, nor the desired rebuttal.

The table overhung the lake, the surf beat almost upon the hard wood at their feet. The lattices of the walls, the birds in their cages and the sails shining on the blue were to Marfa the mingled properties of a large new place where she sat, and said cantaloupe, salad, ice. For all the high importance of the time, she could recall nothing of the words drifting like vapor between them; could recall only that she saw his collar-button showing a bit beneath

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his tie, and she wished that it didn't show; and that his wrist curved strangely when he lifted his glass; until he said: "I should find it rather exciting to have you take so much interest in my affairs—if I were your father." She said coldly: "One doesn't have to be my father for me to be interested." "But if it were I that you were urging not to go to China . . ." finally forced her eyes from the waters of Lake Michigan, while she asked, "What then?" and he concluded gravely: "I'd stay —like a shot." For the first time he saw her face dissolve with laughter, line, smoothness, lips, eyes dazzling with laughter. She leaned toward him with, "How long have you known this?" saw him start, and concentrate in that strange look with fear in it before she went on austerely: "My father I love very dearly. He's no more fitted for this expedition than—please change your plans in some way so that it won't be possible for him to go. I do beg you. . . ." She thought: " 'Very dearly.' 'I do beg you.' What am I talking like that for? Is it because this man seems to me so old-fashioned, so serious, so adorable?" He frowned: "You're asking me something ridiculous. You're asking me something ridiculous. Your father is old enough to look after his own expeditions." She replied: "No man is—my father least of all." They went on about it enjoyably for a long time, prolonging it, making it their playground. At last he said: "How do you suggest that I go about keeping your father at home?" and again she dazzled him, saying: "Stay yourself." He asked: "On *his* account?" She said nothing, looked at him deeply, until he added, "I'll stay on your account," and asked the waiter for the check.

Before the waiter returned, Marcus said to her without expression: "Mrs. Bartholomew has just come into the dining-room. Will you come over with me and speak to her?"

As if this were a party to which had come a new arrival, Marfa said "Delighted," and went with him. She thought: "I might be in a panic. I might feel sorry. I think it's going to be fun." This sentiment she examined, walking across the room swimming in light, flowers, candy-baskets, color; and she thought, "I must be wicked," but she thought it as one having serene knowledge that she wasn't, but was merely playing with the idea. "See," she said to some invisible inner audience, "I'm too fine to be delighted to be wicked. I'd be sorry to be wicked. And I know that I'm not wicked." With a sense of confirmed innocence she stood by that table, and heard Mrs. Bartholomew say: "Really."

Mrs. Bartholomew, erect, handsome, and with the countenance in vogue in 1900, looked an instant of stupefaction, then smiled up at her husband, nodded at her husband, nodded at Marfa, and presented her to a Miss Melander, who bowed uninterrogatively. Marcus said: "Shall I drop back and pick you up in an hour?" "No, thank you," said his wife—but with too much emphasis, Marfa thought. "We've some things to do"; and she did not include Marfa in the nod on which she returned to her menu-card.

Marfa and Marcus Bartholomew moved on. They sat in the lobby before a fireplace rising in the middle of the floor. "A shrine to fire," Marfa said tranquilly, "on a cathedral scale. And there's a stone drinking-fountain, for a shrine to water." "And we," he said contentedly, "are shrines to earth. But the fourth element is absent, as in any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hotel lobby." They spoke of the unnecessary fire, dwelt on it, Marfa presently felt, too elaborately, too consciously. "Tell me," she said abruptly, "whether you think Mrs. Bartholomew minded my lunching with you"... and realized that she was not up to passing it over in favor of fire or other neutralities, but that she wanted the quiver of talking about this. He said, "God knows," and Marfa cried: "But I thought she'd be modern and casual. If I'd thought she'd mind, I wouldn't have come here. . . ." He smiled a slow smile, looked somewhere else, and said, "I thought *you'd* be modern and casual," and went on, as if there were no more due that subject: "As I was saying, if you ask me not to go to China, I won't go." "But why on earth should I ask you that?" Marfa cried. "Besides, I don't, of course, believe you." He lifted his chin over his collar to look round at her, sat unmoved with his sizable arms locked across his sizable chest, and said: "It's the truth. But in that case, would your father give up going? I don't think so." She forgot her father, cried: "I couldn't let you do that. I couldn't think of that, you know." He said almost absently: "I wish to God you wanted *me* to stay." Marfa thought: "It's like a motif—first a little, then more, then . . ." She said stiffly, "We'll get nowhere. You're very good. I'm going now," and did not move. He began to talk, his voice touching its bass, a voice concentrated, its tones dense, deep, colored—what color, what key, dense with what, Marfa wondered. She heard his voice coming out like a supreme pulsing stream of water, thick, monotonous, and splendid. The voice spoke to her without its words, the voice spoke to some dumbness in her which now first answered, or so she thought. "I'm being punished," the voice said. "I've hated men who've gone whining about being lonely. Well, that was because I've never before seen anybody I wanted to whine to. *I'm* lonely, *I'm* half starved, I'm going to China because there's not a thing on earth for me. Unless you'll ask me to stay . . . I mean, unless you'd a little rather *I* wouldn't go into danger either. . . ." He smiled his odd tortured ugly smile. "I'm trying to get under a corner of your adorable care for your father," he said. "You see, nobody wants me not to go. My wife'll be rather glad of the freedom. This woman she's with . . . I don't like her, they both know that. She's tricky and a sponge. She works my wife . . . well! I was trying to make a life for myself. I thought of China. But if I stayed here and could see you . . ." Marfa looked at the fire, saw it spread its light over carving on stone, carving on wood, roses in a rug, cupids on a wall, leaves on a bowl of light, and said: "Mr. Bartholomew, a girl isn't such a fool as she used to be." She saw that he seemed to be considering the curve of her throat, seemed not to be expecting to consider her words, but he looked up at her now. "Once," she went on, "that would touch her, take her in . . . the lonely, half-starved husband. She'd sacrifice everything to make it up to him for what he'd lost. She'd let him eat up her life, drink up her life, and not even know he was sacrificing her. You'll not find many girls to do that now—they're too independent." He stared: "Too independent—to fall in love? . . ." Now Marfa said: "That's the first time I've heard you mention love. I didn't know that had anything to do with what you propose. It usually hasn't—any more." He said low: "What do I propose? . . ." She drew out her vanity-case, used it care-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fully, leisurely, saying, "A pure and platonic friendship. Spiritual," snapped the case and blazed out at him: "Mr. Bartholomew, you're the sort of man I could have adored. So could any woman. Why do you make yourself so cheap? . . ." Caring nothing for the elderly ladies on the opposite couch, he seized on her hand and shook it. "Marfa," he said, "I'm the sort of man you could adore! You said so! Well, here I am—adore me just enough to let me see you occasionally. . . ." She murmured, but he caught it: "Piffle, Mr. Bartholomew. You're old-fashioned. . . ." He turned on her savagely: "It's you who are old-fashioned! Why did you lunch with me to-day?" "To get you to help me about my father. . . ." He said loudly: "Piffle, Marfa. We both know why we lunched together. We've been pulled toward each other from the minute we met. Be honest. Either that means everything or it doesn't mean anything." She considered for a moment, seemed unable to escape by the door which he had opened, dazzled him once more by her smile, and said: "At least, it must mean something." She thought: "For my father's sake I mustn't let him go. . . ." He sank into his old pose, thick arms crossed on his thick chest, head down, a rim of white showing beneath the iris. "We nearly quarrelled," he said. "Fancy that . . . my quarrelling with the only being on earth who has interested me in years. . . ." She said with a show of humility: "I was nasty. But if you know how bored women get with the rôle you were playing . . ." He said tensely: "You know very well that this is different . . ." but she interrupted him by laughing. He scowled at her, saying: "My Lord, how's a man to tell one of your sort what she means to him—or might mean." She saw the two elderly women looking at her curiously. They were in grays and orchids, and had the refinement that Marfa hated—traditions in every known pattern—yet they gave her once more an abrupt background for the immemorial married man tugging at the leash of his own boredom and begging for life. She said: "You shouldn't have told me. I was terribly excited at the idea of meeting you to-day . . . came away and left my mother with guests almost upon her. But now that you're the same old sort . . . there must be a dozen in there in the dining-room. . . ." He suddenly turned and looked at her strangely: "I believe you're in earnest," he said. "And if you are . . ." She was arrested, asked, "What then?" and he said gravely: "If you're that sort—if you really are that sort, then I *would* be in earnest. Of course I can't deny that I wasn't, just now." Marfa frowned, rose, said: "That won't do, either—pretending you were pretending. I was wrong to have asked your help . . . will you call me a taxi?" He bowed, left her, returned to walk with her to the door, put her in her taxi without another word. She leaned from the door to say: "I'm sorry I troubled you." He answered, "You'll never do anything else," and closed the cab door. "Home," she said, and caught his amused look as he named her station.

Driving down the avenue she asked herself: "What did he mean? What did I mean? Was it all play?" A terrible nostalgia for the simple, the direct, the honest beset her. She saw a baker's cart driven by a sallow youth and thought: "He'd say what he meant. He'd probably be true to his wife no matter how she bored him. And what of that? What's he, after all?" She

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wept a bit, felt annoyed, felt restless, saw a gray stone church and thought: "I wish I could marry a minister and pray to God all day." But upon reflection this did not seem to be either what she wanted, nor yet the usual occupation of ministers' wives.

She had taken her place in her train before she realized that all that ailed her was intense and disabling disappointment in the outcome of her adventure. She was half-way to her home before she thought of her father, and that he was, after all, going to China.

Aunt Phœbe and Uncle Marshall and Ben and Bessie had arrived. Marfa thought as she greeted these four: "They are the sort who visit all over. Every atom of them is a guest." Aunt and uncle she kissed with a rush of tenderness—they had looked like this since she was seven, they were gentle, heavy, with no awareness of past or future, no power of co-ordination, no generalizations of the abstract, and nothing else for the concrete—all this Marfa caught as her aunt's thin wrists folded about her, and as her uncle said: "Here's my little girl." They were the aunt and uncle of the world. Bessie, seventeen, manifestly alternated a vast complacence with squirming agony over some mistake. She smiled, showing the gums above the teeth, and sat with a hand clasping the throat but not successfully covering its rigid structure of bone. " 'Do," said Ben, looking somewhere else with sudden attention. Ben was fifteen. Marfa thought: "They think I'm the way I seem. They don't know." But in the midst of a sense of intense guilt she suddenly thought: "Why, I *am* the way I seem. I *told* him he was doing old stuff." For a moment she felt herself pure, dissolved into something shining and fine, mixed with somebody whom she wished to be; then she recalled that she had told that to Marcus in order that she might be a better lure. "But, after all . . ." she thought, and retained the emotion of complacence, an emotion which the guests, by their admiration, slowly lowered. For they told her what an exquisite child she had been, how gentle and precise. At dinner Aunt Phœbe related instances of great beauty and having a double entendre, for not only were these recollections perfumed, but they were edged for a rebuke to her own progeny, and at them Bessie squirmed and Ben attended on the distance. "Had she been so admirable," Marfa wondered, "and what was she now?" But she had told Mr. Bartholomew . . .

Gathered about this table to restore their bodies were eight beings of one blood. But Marfa's blood was replying not to them but to Marcus Bartholomew fifty miles away; and Louis Manchester's blood, as he served the veal, was flowing toward China; and that of his wife was all in her face, as she looked piteously to his first tasting and not to hers to be sure that the roast was tender; and the blood of Ben and Bessie went pricking in them at those edged tales of Marfa's little girlhood (how good and considerate and truthful *she* had been). And the blood of Aunt Phœbe and Uncle Marshall Ballon looked to lie dry and spent, all save this curious ticking in them as they tried to goad Ben and Bessie to lead the good life. And there was Luna. Luna, amber-colored like Egyptian alabaster, ripe, ready for something, who ate languidly with downcast eyes, lashes black on her amber cheeks, and one hand laid flatly on the cloth. Her blood, rich and dark,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flowed evenly for the whole family. Outside, as it happened, there were noble thunder and lovely lightning—the heavens rippling and glaring, the clouds flowing in black and copper, the air whirling in magnificent violence against the walls. It was orchestration for tragedy, for the passion of giants, or for the highest harmonic perceptions of man. But the blood of not one in the room responded or even attended, save that of Mrs. Manchester, who said that she wondered if the south windows were closed, and sent the maid to close them; and that of Luna, who lifted her eyes to an upper sash and sotto voce used her Spanish: *"Dio mio."* "I didn't quite catch that," said Uncle Marshall. The thunder drowned Luna's explication. Drowned somewhat, too, Mrs. Manchester's exasperated comment on the dessert: "Not a raisin in it. . . ." Otherwise the conversation was slight, while toward China, toward Marcus, toward the good life, and toward tender veal their red blood pulsed to the volley and flame, the breath and brass of its orchestra.

In the "other room" the tempo subtly changed—the blood flowed not so swiftly, deferring now not so much to the currents of these eight souls as to the offices of digestion. China receded, Marcus paled, the good life dimmed, and the veal was nothing. They spoke little, and Luna, who had the eccentricity of never speaking at all while another spoke, observed that she had had an interesting day. Marfa exclaimed, "Luna—you didn't actually . . ." and thought, "Papa is certainly going. Marcus Bartholomew will do nothing . . ." and fell to wondering (again) whether he might not make papa's journey an excuse to see her a second time. Long and amber in a chair, her length of limb, very great from thigh to knee, extended in an abandon curiously contrasting with her tense and tortured hands, Luna replied: "Papa thought I didn't do so badly . . . didn't you, dear?" Louis Manchester looked up from his pamphlet. "She will run the business better than I—before I get back," he explained. "Just exactly what do you expect to find out on this expedition?" Uncle Marshall asked, his head tipped well to one side. "That's what they're going over there to find out," Aunt Phœbe retorted with naked scorn. "Isn't it, Louis?" she nullified her triumph by asking. "He's not going," said Marfa. "When it comes right to the moment, he'll not risk his life and leave us. . . ." She wondered: "Why do I keep on about this? I don't care whether he goes. Is it only to fight with Marcus Bartholomew, to see him again and fight, that I keep on about this?" Ben Ballon shifted his position, legs, arms, head, glance, as if all these were the gears of his voice. "I'd go," he brought out, flushed, and looked with intense preoccupation at a point on the wall. "You would not," said his mother intensely. Bessie murmured, "Mama's joy," and Uncle Marshall conceived his rôle as guest to require him to ask: "Well, what's on for tomorrow?"

There was no pause, marking the instant as momentous, no ceremony of the fatal. As if her particles spoke for her, Marfa said: "Oh, The Dells. Don't you think so, papa?"

"Might have a picnic nearer home," her father objected.

"Oh, The Dells are nicest," said Marfa. She wondered: "Why do I say that? I don't care where we go."

"How about driving to Madison?" Mrs. Manchester asked. "Then we can

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stay there for dinner, and there'll be no lunch to put up," she added hopefully.

"I'll put up the lunch," said Marfa. "Don't you say The Dells, Luna?"

Luna, so inert in her chair, was held in a moment of quiet—or perhaps it was an area of quiet, manifesting as space rather than as time. She said nothing.

"Shall it be The Dells?" Marfa insisted to everybody. No one said anything. It would be The Dells. Speaking naturally for the first time, Ben demanded, "What in time's The Dells?" and was rebuked by his father for asking questions. Ben's "Well, but you . . ." dwindled at a metallic glance from his mother. "Pride of the home," his sister Bessie whispered audibly.

"You'll all love The Dells," said Marfa. She added: "I love to be the one to settle things." She caught Luna's eyes fixed strangely upon her, and wondered: "Why does she look at me like that?"

Bright day and every one in the spell of preparation—nothing seeming as usual; tempo accelerated, haste an emotion, expectation ruling. In Mrs. Manchester the emotion of haste becoming a passion, in Mr. Manchester a futility, in Aunt Phœbe a frenzy, and in Uncle Marshall an unknown functioning. Aunt Phœbe calling "Marshall! Every one else is ready," and he in a kind of sadistic fury slowing down his motions to cause his wife to cry yet again: "Marshall!" And Ben ready first, honking the horn, and chanting: "I gotta see those dingley Dells." And the two cars filled with mixed Manchesters and Ballons, and Luna at the curb, waving them away. And when had she ever halted so many people just as they were starting off by saying: "It's such a nice day, why don't you go to Madison instead?" And when had Marfa been so indignant with her—now that the plans were all made? And they starting off, with the perfect day before them? She shot back an annoyed glance and saw Luna standing on the steps, her look harried and anguished. . . .

Eighteen miles of July, and you looked into the green as into tourmaline whose planes continued indefinitely. Nothing ended . . . the green was a wilderness of planes, every one leading on far into a space long prepared for it, and not resisting it, and mingling with it in some supreme geometry. Plunging down and outward went the shadows, ghostly horses of something driven at terrific speed, devouring surfaces, zoning the earth. A wash of gray glazed the green, glazed the edges of the leaves, edged the farmhouse walls, the red walls of the barns. It was as if on the edge at which these surfaces met space, some straight slim line resulted which might have been the key to a new direction—as the place at which moonlight and candle-light meet might be the key to a new dimension of light. It was to be seen that hills held static a rhythm of surface, that clouds were dynamics of the immaterial, that the sunlight revealed only the grossest texture of its own raiment, withholding all the rest for the secret of a day to come. And color deserted its palpable rôle on surfaces, and was known to have been not applied, but rather to have been evoked from the vital substance. All this was presented to the vision of Aunt Phœbe and Uncle Marshall, of Ben and Bessie, of Bella and Louis and Marfa Manchester; but Marfa

(Continued on page 370 of this number.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Price of Prohibition in Finland

BY ALFRED PEARCE DENNIS

The dour Finn must have his schnapps, and prohibition, imposed by the Russian Czar, has its troubles as does prohibition by Act of Congress and the late Wayne B. Wheeler. The well-known economist, as a result of a trip of investigation, injects a new note into the ever-interesting discussion.

"HERE," explained a French guide conducting Mark Pattison through the Sorbonne, "is where the theologians have disputed for three hundred years."

"And pray, in all that time," inquired Pattison, "what have they settled?"

The dogma of prohibition, like a theological doctrine, provokes endless argument and eludes final settlement.

The writer has not heard an original or piquant contribution to the discussion in the space of five years—the same old truisms darkened into enigmas, the same old platitudes brightened into epigrams—the same old clichés.

"Mind you," cries the disputant, "I'm not what might be called a drinking man, and I'm against the saloon. But what right has anybody to tell me I can't take a drink of liquor when I please? The Volstead law invades my personal liberty—it's an outrage!"

To which one can only reply with sympathetic superheat: "Yes, it's a darn outrage. It looks now as if it were gathering up for more rain."

The writer has no ism to expound, no thesis to defend, no lesson to teach. One may turn from baffling impressions as to the success of prohibition at home and ask what success prohibition is having abroad.

Norway has given up limited prohibition for high license. Russia has abandoned prohibition and returned to vodka. Finland and the United States are the only important laboratories in which the experiment of prohibition is conducted on a nation-wide scale.

As Lord Brougham remarked to the profane disputant: "Let us concede that every one is properly damned and without further preliminaries get down to the business in hand."

Striking likenesses and dissimilarities crop out in comparing the administration of the prohibition law in Finland and the United States. In both countries prohibition was ushered in as a war emergency, but long antecedent preparation had been going on. For some four or five decades temperance societies have been at work in Finland as in this country, and public opinion, particularly in the rural districts, had reached a point where it would support strict legislative limitations on the consumption of liquor. Finland, one is inclined to judge, was in a more advanced state of preparedness for prohibition than the United States.

The Finns are a highly disciplined

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people. For centuries they have been a subjugated race and, except for the Swedish element, are a homogeneous people. Racially they are Hungarian rather than Slavic. Their Russian conquerors have hardly left a chemical trace of Slavic influence. The besotted ignorance of the Russian peasant finds no counterpart in Finland. Illiterates are about as plentiful in Finland as albinos in the United States, and are as much out of their element as a Gila monster on Boston Common.

The Finns are the most omnivorous readers in Europe, and the public bookstore in Helsingfors is second to none on the Continent. The Finns, like the progressive Athenians of Paul's day, are the liberals of their epoch. To the Finn every new social experiment is worth a try-out. The Finns were the first of the Europeans to grant complete suffrage to women, and among the first of the war-distracted peoples to balance their budget and restore their international trade equilibrium. They were the first to boast the presence of a barefoot legislator on the floor of their national Parliament.

Finland is a country of strong men and strong liquors. They obey the Nietzschean theory "Be strong and live." It is also a country of gray skies, cheerless landscapes, gloomy festivities. Nature has dealt with the land in niggard fashion, bestowing neither copper, coal, iron, petroleum, or any prime prerequisite of latter-day industrialism, with the exception of timber. For half the year darkness broods over the land for the better part of the working-day. In midsummer the sun rises shortly after two in the morning, and the flies at least a half-hour earlier. Characteristic of the national school of painting are canvases portraying struggles with forest fires, tempestuous seas, heroic efforts to subdue the wilderness. The favorite type of moving picture in Finland depicts physical struggle with wind and wave or human adversaries. The tragic Finn takes his pleasure sadly. He will sit through a film performance by Charlie Chaplin or Harold Lloyd and never crack a smile.

All this by way of explaining the fact that the Finn is a grim, determined fellow, who, having put his hand to a difficult job, such as prohibition, sees it through. The czarist government gave no support to the temperance movement in any part of the vast Russian domain. With the outbreak of the war, prohibition was decreed for Finland overnight by imperial edict. Prohibition, which came in like a flash, was amazingly effective at first because the Russian police power was behind it. When Finland threw off Russian overlordship some ten years ago, prohibition was continued by act of the Finnish Parliament.

The difficulties of administering the prohibition law in Finland, as in the United States, are partly physical and partly psychological. With respect to physical difficulties, the Finns have much more to contend with than we. With respect to psychology, about the same cleavages of public opinion obtain in both countries.

Finland is set down in the midst of an archipelago of ten thousand small islands. The country has a long coast-line to police, and this coast-line is deeply indented and fringed with a heavy forest cover. More ideal specifications for facilitating liquor-smuggling could not have been devised by the president of the bootleggers' union.

In Poland, eastern Russia, the Baltic States, and Finland much can be done

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dietetically on a snack of fish and a snifter of vodka. Like Java and Mocha, the two are complementary. The fisherfolk having turned liquor-smugglers, alcohol is becoming more plentiful and fish scarcer. Whole fishing-villages have turned smugglers down to the last man, and as their activities broaden, the price of herring rises and that of vodka falls in the Helsingfors market. More, the simple fisherman's standard of living is constantly rising. He is discarding the traditional wooden benches of his modest home for overstuffed sofas, and for the first time in history is interesting himself in savings-bank accounts and rates of interest on bonds and mortgages.

Prohibition has thus created a new profession in Finland. To the three ancient estates—farmers, lumbermen, and fishermen—has been added the fourth estate of bootlegger. These fisherfolk have attained such perfection in their bootlegging craft that they are like to oversupply their market and be driven back to the fishing business.

The comparative ease with which alcohol can be brought into the country is not without its advantages. Smuggling has killed the home-brew industry. Potato-alcohol can be fetched into the country cheaper and better than domestic grain-alcohol may be illegally distilled in Finland. Further, one hears no complaints of poisonous or adulterated alcohol in Finland. Where the genuine stuff may be had in abundance, there's no sense in decocting such counterfeits as synthetic gin.

During the first week of July, when the writer crossed the Gulf of Finland, seven foreign rum-boats could be descried at anchor some twelve miles out from Helsingfors. Captain Brynolf Kari, chief of the Finnish rum-chasers, furnished us with the names and tonnages of these boats. Only one boat, the 200-ton steamship *Hera* from Danzig, displayed any flag whatever. This ship, along with three motor auxiliary ships, two motor-ships, and a steamship from Hamburg, carried all told 1,500,000 litres of 96 per cent alcohol, or enough to provide 3,000,000 litres of proof vodka, or 15,000,000 good stiff drinks. The entire population of Finland is 3,500,000 souls. Here was enough contraband alcohol concentrated at a given time in a given place to provide ten or twelve drinks for every male adult of the Finnish population. The Finnish women, like the Russian peasant women, are not addicted to alcohol, and are almost a unit in their support of temperance movements. Viewing these rum-laden ships, one concludes that in Finland prohibition does not prohibit.

This cheap alcohol originates for the most part in Poland and Czechoslovakia. The alcohol industry of eastern Europe is associated with the potato. Poland leads the world in per capita potato production with an output of nearly a ton as compared to 300 pounds in the United States. Poland is dotted with potato-alcohol distilleries. Before the war what is now eastern Poland found its best market for alcohol in Russia, the output of southern Poland was disposed of in Austria, of western Poland in Germany. Since the consolidation of these pieces into the independent republic of Poland, the facilities for making alcohol remain the same, but the old natural markets have been lost. The country, being long on alcohol and short on markets, finds some outlet for its surplus alcohol in smuggling.

In Czechoslovakia the production of cheap alcohol is associated with the beet-sugar business. This new republic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also has alcohol to dispose of at cut rates. This explains why Poland and Czechoslovakia provide alcohol cheaper than grain-alcohol can be distilled in Finland.

The foreign rum-boats get their alcohol at cut rates. The stuff loaded on ship probably costs less than sixty cents a gallon for 96 per cent alcohol. In the process of distribution some four or five intermediaries take their toll. Each middleman demands a high profit to cover the hazards involved in contraband trade. The rum-ships assume but slight risks. None has ever been captured and confiscated. So long as they lie beyond the twelve-mile limit they are immune.

As hostile troops have been known to fraternize with one another from opposing trenches, so a Finnish police boat finds it perfectly *comme il faut* to hold amicable converse with the captain of a foreign rum-boat as to where he hails from, the amount of alcohol he has aboard, when he expects to discharge his cargo. The captain of the foreign ship will politely inform his Finnish caller that it all depends upon the weather. If Providence will be kind enough to send a fog or obscure the moon by a stormy night or two, he will make a shift to get away in three or four days. If, on the other hand, these confounded clear nights continue, it looks as if peddling out the cargo might be a matter of a couple of weeks or more.

The rum-runners who swarm about the coast in motor-boats pay only about twenty cents a quart for alcohol at the foreign ship's side. This price is trebled to the shore bootlegger, since the rum-runner must have his 200 per cent profit in order to cover the invisible risks of his illicit business. The shore bootlegger doubles his price, charging the customer about $1.20 a quart. He must have a 100 per cent profit because of the risk of losing his automobile; no small loss, by the way, since the bootlegger ordinarily employs a high-powered, expensive, imported car. By the time the customer in a high-class restaurant or hotel orders his schnapps or vodka, the price has been run up to around fifty or sixty cents for a wine-glass of 45 per cent alcohol.

The captain of the rum-chasing fleet informed the writer that his patrol-boats ordinarily capture five or six smuggling-boats per week, but what is this as compared to the number engaged in the smuggling business. The captured liquor is turned over to drug-stores, which may legally sell it on a doctor's prescription. This provides no inconsiderable revenue to the state.

It is against the law for any one in Finland to operate a motor-boat faster than twelve knots without a special license. It is rare that a pursued rum-runner attempts to avoid capture. What he tries to do is to preserve his liquor. The stuff he deals in is imported in ten-gallon tin cans, just as gasoline was distributed some twenty years ago. Some of the shrewder captains transport their cans of alcohol in canisterlike contraptions constructed on the order of a huge canary-bird cage. The cargo is towed behind the power-boat. On the approach of the police the tow-line, to which is tied a buoy and a bag of salt, is cast off. After some hours the salt melts, the buoy rises to the surface, and discloses to the expectant captain the exact location of his jettisoned cargo. It is easy for the fast pursuer to overhaul the smuggler, but one asks in vain: "Where is the evidence?"

Is it a physical possibility for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rum-chasing Finns to mop up their territorial waters?

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose?" the walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

Jurist candidate Venalainen, Director of Prohibition Enforcement, has no illusions about the difficulty of his job. He told the writer that his country was unable to bear the financial burden of adequately enforcing the law. "We can make no pretense of enforcing the law with the limited means now at our disposal. We inconvenience the rum-runners—we do not frustrate them."

In other words, enforcement could be had at a price, but the Finns lack the price. Their present resources are pitifully inadequate. Their hope for the future lies in international co-operation. One hears much talk in Europe of economic and of military disarmament by international agreement. It may be possible to suppress alcohol-smuggling through international agreement. Finland's immediate neighbors, Esthonia, Latvia, and Sweden, are sympathetic and inclined to lend assistance. If Finland is able to secure also the active co-operation of Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia, the problem may be settled by international convention. It is perfectly possible for purveying countries to forbid the export of liquor and unite to close the Gulf of Finland and the Gulf of Bothnia to rum-boats. An outlaw status would thus be imposed upon the international liquor-smugglers.

Of course if the quietus should be thus put on liquor-smuggling, the businesslike Finns will be at pains to revive the dormant home-brew industry. If international commerce in alcohol is stopped, home-brewing will begin. That is exactly what did occur in Russia. In the early stages of the Russian prohibition régime the law was rigidly enforced by the police. The secession of the Baltic States and of Congress Poland cut off important sources of potato-alcohol supply. When an alcohol famine lay heavy upon the land rural geniuses with a talent for discovering the obvious turned to profitable account the fact that surplus grain may be converted to alcohol and that alcohol in turn has a universal appeal and enjoys a wider marketing radius than grain. Accordingly, home-brewing spread like wildfire. The Soviet Government, unable to cope with the difficulties of enforcement, beat an economic retreat and restored the old state vodka trade.

Enforcement of any law is at bottom a matter of public opinion. In Finland, as in the United States, public opinion is mixed. Inquire as to the success of prohibition in America. The weight of opinion in Jersey City, N. J., is one thing, and in Washington, Iowa, another. The opinion of former Congressman John Philip Hill, of Maryland, is not after the similitude of that of former Congressman William D. Upshaw, of Georgia. In Finland urban virtuosos of bibulosity proclaim that prohibition is a delusion and a snare. Most of the country folk have a good word to say for prohibition. "Under prohibition we can get liquor when we need it for a wedding or a christening, and we are jolly well rid of the odious saloon and disgusting drunkenness on the streets."

Of the six principal parties, Liberal, Conservative, Agrarian, Socialist, Communist, Swedish, represented in the Finnish Parliament, four are outwardly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strong for prohibition, one is at heart for modification but is vacillating and timorous, biding a more opportune time. The Swedish party is positively committed to modification. As in the United States, Finnish legislators have been known to vote dry and behave wet.

About one-tenth of the Finnish population is of Swedish stock. This element in Finland knows exactly what it wants. They want the same system in Finland that the Swedes have set up in Sweden. In Sweden the natives don't mind admitting that they have the best system of liquor-control in the world. Under the Bratt system the liquor business in Sweden has been taken out of private hands and vested in disinterested management. Drink is sold on the passport principle. Unless a man possesses a motbook, or pass-book, he cannot legally purchase a bottle of schnapps or vodka in Sweden. To secure a motbok requires more formalities than obtaining a passport in the United States. The claims of the applicant are subjected to rigid scrutiny. He must be an orderly, decent, deserving fellow. Deserving women may obtain motboks, but if a married woman is fortunate enough to obtain a motbok, her husband cannot. In the Swedish restaurants drinking is associated with the purchase of food. The amount of drink is strictly limited. As, for example, in the case of schnapps to a glass and a half. The government must know to whom the restaurants sell, how much they sell, and when they sell. In the case of spirits sold by the bottle or gallon, no transaction takes place except on a motbok basis, and a motbok when once issued is good but for one specified vending-place. Beer is exempt from motbok control under the Bratt system, but it is illegal to manufacture beer stronger than 4 per cent.

In Sweden the government exercises an all-seeing, paternalistic care as to who shall drink, where he shall drink, and how much he shall drink. Doctor Bratt informed the writer that the consumption of spirits had decreased 50 per cent in Stockholm since the inauguration of the system which bears his name. Street arrests for drunkenness have decreased 60 per cent, hospital cases of chronic alcoholism 70 per cent. There are no slums and no extreme poverty in the city of Stockholm.

In the Finnish capital arrests for drunkenness in 1925 were 18,598 as compared to 4,446 before the operation of the prohibition law. These figures are entirely misleading, retort the drys. They have no significance beyond the fact that the police have become about five times more vigilant in making arrests.

I remarked to a highly intelligent Finnish friend, who is perfectly rational on all subjects except prohibition, that in the space of a week I had not observed a single case of drunkenness in Finland. The assertion nettled him, touching some live, quivering nerve of patriotic emotion. He sprang to the defense of the good name and fame of his people as nullifiers of their prohibition law.

"You should have been with me last Saturday afternoon. In a hundred-and-fifty-mile drive from Abo to Helsingfors I ran into drunken brawls in every village. Booze as strong as concentrated lye was being served everywhere. If you want to see drunken Finns, don't look for them in the heart of the city. Visit by night the Brunns House on the edge of town and you will see how good fellows get together in Finland and drink themselves under the table."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I dropped into the designated de-luxe restaurant that same evening, prepared to be shocked by these sons of Belial. I was. The kapellmeister, concededly a meritorious musician, offended one's sensibilities by wearing a brown slouch-hat pulled down over his ears while conducting his orchestra. A gentleman with hair like bristles at the neighboring table had removed a toothpick from his waistcoat pocket and with painful concentration was guiding it mercilessly about its appointed function. Toothpicks in Finland, as elsewhere, are made to pick teeth.

Little groups here and there were partaking of the national dish—cucumbers and sour cream. Be it known that the cucumber-raw-fish zone embraces in its limits Finland, the Baltic States, northern Russia, and Congress Poland. Other groups were sipping wine and beer, and here and there a glass of pale, colorless vodka was in process of being quaffed. By no stretch of the imagination could it be perceived that any of the patrons were the worse for liquor. The only altercation that occurred during the evening was between the writer and a waiter who insisted on substituting an invoice of pallid sliced cucumbers swimming in sour cream in lieu of the requested portion of ice-cream. The evening was as decorously dull as a dirge played on a hurdy-gurdy in a morgue on a rainy Sunday afternoon.

The next day I complained to my friend of the barren quest. He was plainly vexed, lashed out as if he had been scalded, and tried to lay part of the blame on me. "You took the wrong night for going out. You should have waited till Saturday night. If you want to see men perfectly drunk in shoals, Saturday night's the time. Our heavy boozers save up all week for a good souse on Saturday night, just as our people set aside the same evening for a steam-bath. But to test the thing out fairly, you should come around on Christmas or Saint John's Day and you will see Finns drunk by platoons."

As I had missed the annual feast of Saint John by only a fortnight and Christmas lay five months ahead, I was unable to complete the test.

A week later in Reval, Esthonia, where prohibition is unknown, we dined in the mellow light of a fading summer's day at a concert-garden in the lovely Katarina Thal. Birds were twittering sleepily in the boughs overhead. The still air was heavy with the scent of fresh-cut hay. It turned out to be one of those scenes where every prospect pleases and only man is vile.

At an adjoining table sat a family group composed of father, mother, two sons in their early twenties, a daughter, and a daughter-in-law. The family were dining conventionally on a snack of fish and a snifter of vodka. A family discussion broke out with protests, remonstrances, entreaties. The occasion was a quart bottle of vodka which the men had insisted upon ordering against the protests of the mother, who now sat in dull misery with tears glistening on her faded cheeks as the men gulped down glass after glass of the fiery liquor, alternating with huge steins of beer. The young women had nothing to say, but occasionally one of them would lean over and give the troubled mother a reassuring pat on the arm. In twenty minutes the red-faced, perspiring men were gibbering and slobbering, snouting in their plates for food like swine. I have seen mothers leave their little children out on the sidewalk while they stupefied themselves with whiskey in the pubs of London and Glasgow,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but the spectacle was less revolting than these three drunken men sprawled about a public table in the presence of a weeping mother.

After the stupefied men had been bundled into droshkies by robust waiters and ignominiously hauled away, I inquired as to the identity of the crapulous heroes.

"Why, who but Finns," replied the waiter with a contemptuous lift of the shoulders.

The Finns are apparently befogged as to whether prohibition is a good or a bad thing for their country. In 1922 the government attempted a grand inquest into the matter. A commission was named to study the effects of the law, and, after sitting intermittently for four years, incorporated its enormous labors in three ponderous volumes. One of these volumes contains the results of 9,000 questionnaires addressed to business and labor organizations, captains of industry, health officers, welfare societies, and the like, as to the benefits of prohibition. Taken all together the responses indicated that 31.4 per cent judge the results as beneficial; 31.3 per cent judge the results harmful rather than helpful to temperance; 37.4 per cent judge that prohibition has neither improved nor worsened the situation. Thus 68.7 per cent of the responses conclude that prohibition has either not changed or has aggravated the situation. The replies also indicate that the drink evil has increased among the youth of the country, while the adults show less addiction to alcohol.

Ten years ago the per capita consumption of alcohol in Finland was the lowest in Europe, not exceeding a quart a year per person, or about one-twentieth the alcohol consumption of France, where prohibition has never become a national issue. The bulk of the Finnish population is temperate by education and habit, but the Finns who drink heavily are relatively more of a social menace than the inebriates of other European countries. It is an error to estimate the damage reflexes of alcohol by the amount consumed, just as it is a truism to state that alcohol affects different peoples in different ways, and even the same person in varying degrees of health.

Peoples of immoderate alcohol consumption, such as the Spaniards, the French, and the Italians, sip rather than gulp their drinks, and take their alcohol highly diluted in the form of wine and beer. They drink principally for purposes of stimulation, but associated with the ritual of drinking are ideas of relaxation, companionship, human cheer.

The Finn drinks not for sociability but to get drunk, and goes about it in a workmanlike fashion. He gulps his liquor and gulps it strong, and, like the Russian peasant drinking from the bottle in a government vodka shop, ordinarily drinks perpendicularly and on an empty stomach. Now a drunken Finn is a cultured Finn less his cultural inhibitions. In his cups he becomes the Ishmaelitish, warring, primitive man, the avenger of nameless oppressions.

It's not always fair weather when good Finns get together with a vodka bottle on the table. In fact, the chances are for foul weather. The drunken Finn, like Lucian the Roman satirist, possesses a cutting dialectic all his own. With a finish attributed to the Finnish, the Finn cleverly finishes an argument by lunging at his opponent with an inimical jack-knife.

If a drunken row breaks out in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

low quarter of Copenhagen, the Danes with a shrug of their shoulders comment: "Those rascally drunken Swedes are at it again." If a drunken row breaks out in the old quarter of Stockholm, the Swedes set the matter down to "those terrible Finns." There is beauty neither in Finnish drinking-bouts nor in the eye of the beholder. The Finn after a half-litre of schnapps has about as much poise and self-control as a wren. While hard liquor may create in the Anglo-Saxon heart a love for all mankind, it turns the Finn sour and misanthropic. For the average man, the world seems a better place to live in after a good stiff drink. In the case of the Finn, the outlook grows darker as the bottle becomes lighter.

Alcohol and the Finns are not adapted for keeping company. The perfectly intoxicated Finlander is about as romantic a figure as the Finnish bathhouse. The detached bathhouse is a well-known Finnish institution in which the family meats are smoked, the family babies are born, and the home circle, though it may be composed of grandparents, parents, children-in-law, grandchildren, and the stranger within their gates, foregather in a nude condition for an ensemble steam-bath without the shadow of an arrière-pensée. If the flood of alien liquor should ever be shut out through international agreement, the Finnish bathhouse is destined to play an even more important rôle in domestic economy. It would be hard to specify a more delightfully appropriate place for home-brewing.

In appraising the results of any law, one naturally inquires about the intent of the lawmaker. If the sponsors of Finnish prohibition were chiefly intent on wiping out the saloons and driving drunkenness from the streets, they have fairly attained their objective. If, however, their purpose was to wipe out alcohol—that's another story.

The Finnish Director of Prohibition Enforcement estimates that the police seize about one-tenth of the smuggled foreign liquor. Last year's seizures were estimated at 700,000 litres of 96 per cent alcohol. Ten times this amount is about two litres of alcohol for every living soul in the Finnish population, or double the amount consumed in the preprohibition era. If this estimate, which is checked by the captain of the rum-chasing flotilla, is correct, it is clear that England, Denmark, and Sweden have discovered more effective methods of reducing alcohol consumption. In Denmark the price of spirits is about twelve times as high, and in England five or six times as high, as before the war. Largely because of the increased cost, the consumption of spirits in Denmark and England has fallen by 50 per cent within the past seven years. In like manner the consumption of spirits in Sweden has declined fully 40 per cent under the operation of the Bratt system.

The wets say that prohibition, designed to reduce alcohol consumption, has increased it; that it has bred a class of lawbreakers and converted a population of honest fishermen into sneaks and smugglers; and that the state's liquor excise revenues have been flung away for a system that enriches the bootlegger and encourages the contrabandier. The drys respond that patience is needed, that the right thing has been done, and that right will in the end prevail. The world must needs make haste slowly in the education of humanity to higher ideals of human conduct. Any great reform means the slow adaptation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the individual's inner life to the changed conditions of his external lot.

In this connection one may recall an apothegm of the evolutionist Herbert Spencer: "Thus, admitting that for the fanatic some wild anticipation is needful as a stimulus, and recognizing the usefulness of his delusion as adapted to his particular nature and his particular function, the man of higher type must be content with greatly moderated expectations, while he perseveres with undiminished efforts. He has to see how comparatively little can be done, and yet to find it worth while to do that little; so uniting philanthropic energy with philosophic calm."

The law-respecting Finns doing their bit to enforce prohibition realize how little can be done, but are content to persevere—so uniting philanthropic energy with philosophic calm. In the meantime the prosperous bootlegger is entitled to say with boastful Glendower: "I can call up spirits from the vasty deep."

Psychopathic Society

BY CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

I was in Bellevue for a week and spent the most of that time in the psychopathic ward. I entered the hospital as an "alcoholic suicide," though the adjective is a trifle misleading. When I confronted the psychiatrist of Ward 38 he belittled me for the apparent triviality of the motivating causes in my attempt to kill myself. There was even a girl involved, and that was shoddy, like a poet inserting into a composition an additional verse to complete the rhyming scheme. I could not deny the shoddiness. (Yet is the average suicide less shoddy? I doubt it. For usually suicide may not be attributed to one reason but to a thousand and one reasons—Lilliputian threads that bind one to the inevitability of his fate.) He told me that he thought me "crazy" and was going to send me up to the psychopathic ward for observation. That statement alone would have restrained me from confiding in him, but he did not seek my confidence; he called out the next name on the list. After all, he was a busy man.

Being a poet might have had something to do with it. I contemplated suicide even when sober, especially on dark days when the larder was low. At such times every bit of mental energy in me was directed toward a distaste for life. My economic unfitness was apparent and the inadequacy of my poetry became obvious in the discernment of such moments. In the latter it was not alone the almost imperceptible process of evolution toward precise form and delicate word-feeling. It was that the flux of poetry, in its contemporary phase, had shifted from mysticism to æsthetics. Few poets had as yet responded competently to this change; and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though I had the mental outlook of the contemporary attitude I lacked the faith necessary to assign to æsthetics the tremendous importance essential.

Sometimes the effect of bad liquor, assimilated foolishly, sharpened my pathological morbidity into a definite plan of action. Usually my half-hearted attempts at suicide were frustrated by friends or by some unruly hope that persisted. Once a policeman urged me from the neighborhood of the North River docks with the help of a club and several expletives. As a matter of fact, he brought me to myself so thoroughly that I was tremblingly grateful. Yet the morbid inclination was never actually sublimated, and three days spent in consuming bootleg gin resulted in my presence in Bellevue. There it was partly the fear of a subpœna consigning me to an asylum for the insane that caused me to reflect seriously upon the ill logic of my particular fixed idea.

My introduction to Bellevue was through the delirium-tremens ward. The clanging of the ambulance bell (for I had been brought to the hospital in an ambulance) was still ringing in my ears as the attendants tied me to a bed. There was a bad taste in my mouth. Because of my own condition I became aware of my surroundings only gradually. Certainly this was not due to my companions. Most of them shrieked. Some for the *Police!* Some for *Mama!* Some for reasons inexplicably personal! An attendant came in and punched the more boisterous. After that there was more shrieking than ever. It was inconceivably grating. Securely bound to the bed at my left was a middle-aged man with a dark, thin face. He would somehow turn over on his side and expectorate in the direction of the window. This act punctuated intervals of guttural, ironical, vomitous laughter. It was as though what was essentially horrible and morbid was to him Lilliputian and, in fact, quite silly. I could (even then) appreciate his point of view but was unable to share his enthusiasm.

I had been there for about an hour when the night nurse visited the ward. She had an air of graciousness about her, curiously reminiscent of Willa Cather's "Lost Lady." She came over to me and smelled my breath. Then she smiled and went away to get a surgeon.

The nurse and an attendant took me through the main hall and into a double room, to be attended by the surgeon. The hall was by that time crowded with mattresses on which were snoring and tossing about divers specimens of humanity. Most of them were alcoholics.

The surgeon asked me to be gentle. He put a tube in my mouth which he forced down to my innards. It came up promptly. The second attempt I made effective by holding the tube in with my teeth. Quite efficiently, then, the surgeon rid my stomach of its accumulation of bad gin and furniture polish.

"Any harm?" I asked him.

He shook his head. "I doubt it. You see," he told me caustically, "the alcohol was the antidote for this poison."

After that they left me and I thought of my own folly as I fell asleep. Sometimes I would awaken from a light slumber and hear soft voices and the laughter of the night nurse, above the snores and groans of the derelicts in the hall.

On Friday morning the first mess consisted of some porridge, an egg, and the murkiest coffee this side of the detention-camp at Hampton Roads, Va. The majority of my table companions were eating heartily. Most of them had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been picked up in the gutters the night before. There were hulking stevedores, decrepit old sots, one or two young fellows, and some negroes, two of whom were pathological cases. Three long tables were filled with shaky alcoholics eager to settle their poison-ridden stomachs with food. McCleod, an alcoholic who had been the other occupant of my room, wasn't eating much. "Stomach's shot to hell," he explained to me.

After breakfast, while I was sweeping up the hall under the direction of an attendant, I noticed a boy with a braille edition of Stevenson's "Treasure Island." His index-finger moved over the lines rapidly and he mumbled to himself as he read. He was short and wore glasses. McCleod said that he was demented as well as blind. He looked frail and horribly sensitive.

Somewhat after six o'clock two policemen entered, bearing between them a roaring maniac with red hair and a flaming red beard. His head boasted a generous cut, and the blood, still spurting, ran down his shirt and down the legs of his dungaree trousers. His shrieks put the delirium-tremens ward to shame! I looked over at the blind boy. He sat on the bench, following with his index-finger on the raised type the tap-tap of John Silver's wooden leg on the old beach road. He mumbled to himself and seemed quite happy.

We were all given showers prior to the doctor's visit. It was the only shower I had while in Bellevue. After the showers we were given pajamas, socks, slippers, and hospital-robes with hoods —none of which fitted.

When the doctor had done with me I walked out of his office, feeling numbed. "I think you're crazy," had been his words. I had visions of padded cells and imbeciles for companions. The morning sunlight came through the grated window of Ward 38 much as it might through the barred windows of a cell. I saw the day nurse knock down an inmate who had tried to get by her to the doctor's office. I passed the blind boy, mumbling foolishly in his curious world. I was so nauseated by the whole thing that I became physically sick.

At eleven or so that Friday morning a group of us were lined up and marched, under guard, to Ward 28, more popularly known as the psychopathic ward. When we got there we were huddled into the main room of the ward, reached through an outer room where the desks of the nurses and doctors were located. In the main room were some patients whom I suspected of unbalanced mentalities and others who appeared to be merely sots. The room had an unpleasant odor, whether due to lack of sanitation or to the patients themselves I do not know.

The guards left us in charge of the day nurse of Ward 28, a Miss Reilly. We spoke of her as "Reilly." She was an elderly woman with gray hair who was as hard and crisp as her Irish brogue. I shrank from her at first, she seemed so lacking in human sympathy. When she spoke she looked at one with hard, penetrating eyes, and occasionally smiled an extremely hard and mirthless smile.

She ordered us to sit down in chairs about the table while she called off the names on the list. During the course of this roll-call an Italian ascetic whom I latterly called "Fra Giovanni" walked up and down the floor, his arms folded and the hood of his hospital-robe over his thin face, smiling in the humility befitting a saint. His face wore "an inner light." But "Reilly" called the roll,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speaking in a hard, grimly merciless brogue.

East of the main room were the lavatories (including two bathtubs, but no hot water, for the four rooms of the ward) and two sick-wards. West of the main room was the outer room, where the desks and about fifteen beds were located. West of the outer room was a large room which served variously as library, recreation-room, dining-room for certain patients, and contained in addition the therapeutic department.

I was beginning to identify patients by that time. "Porto Rico" was rather nearer the missing link, to my mind, than the late *Zip*. He had a primitively negroid face, receding chin and forehead, obtruding lips, and furtive, animal eyes that lacked the faculty of concentrating on any one object. Irwin was a Jewish boy of sixteen who looked no more than twelve. There was a fineness about his features, a delicacy, that suggested Hofmann's conception of Christ among the elders. One young fellow, definitely an idiot, gurgled foolishly but never spoke. At roll-calls he did not respond to his name in any way. Nor did "Porto Rico," who also lacked articulation. There was, in fact, a third whom I noticed that Friday, a corpulent and extremely untidy person entirely lacking in muscular co-ordination. At night he fell into a low couch which had been prepared for him and even then whimpered like an infant. Aside from this whimpering helplessness he lacked even the manners of a common alley cat.

Nauseated with such impressions I listened to a violinist play Rubinstein's "Romance" at an afternoon concert, given, as I understood it, to soothe the nerves of the mentally deranged! I broke my finger-nails on the arms of my chair! After the concert I talked with Irwin. He spoke shrewdly and humorously about psychiatrists, making rather a game of the whole thing. They had "kidded" him about a children's home, but he knew it was to be Ward's Island or Central Islip. (On the Monday following he was consigned to the former.) From his point of view the joke was on the doctors.

That evening my brother called, bringing with him fruit, cigarettes, a volume of Spinoza, and a literary magazine which was promptly borrowed. I felt some consolation in having the Spinoza that night when I lay on a mattress on the floor of the main room, trying in vain to sleep amid that horrible motley of sound and smell.

At luncheon the following day I found myself at table with Wood, who had borrowed the magazine, and Hans, with whom Wood associated most of the time. Hans suggested the young Faust. He had attempted asphyxiation coldly and soberly and told me that he frankly felt no admiration for my drunken gesture. "Suicide should be hard. Cold. Incontestably intellectual."

There were others at our table. Worth, gentle and well-mannered but disposed to solitude and reading. Friedman, a young German, a bit quick-tempered, proud, bewildered sexually. An epileptic who objected to the food, nervous, irritable, possessed of an inferiority complex that perpetually reacted upon itself. Irwin, always delicate, even to his witticisms. A war veteran, shell-shocked, waiting hopelessly for the attack of insanity which would afflict him after fate had allowed him a maddening interval of sane consciousness. In addition there were the idiot and two or three others.

At our table we made little noise.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We had manners. We conversed about modern music. The conversation shifted to psychology and psychiatry's practice at Bellevue. The hospital was apparently a clearing-house and in deplorable condition, since it was sustained by inadequate funds. In point of fact, Hans had not been allowed a bath since he had come to Ward 28, and he had been there over a week. I found myself exhilarated mentally by the flow of conversation. I remarked to Wood that we at that table were undoubtedly the "upper strata of psychopathic society." This idea had rare possibilities. The main room, we decided, was the "bourgeoisie," and the sick-wards were, respectively, the "idle rich," a clique given to sundry ills and to lying abed, and the "landed aristocracy," the bedridden old guard who died off with amazing rapidity.

That afternoon there were visitors. Their coming saddened me. I was made to realize once more the suspense of my predicament. Even the assurance that potential suicides were kept for a few days merely as a matter of discipline did not relieve me. I depressed them and their coming depressed me.

That night I was promoted to the "upper strata" of the outer ward. Less snoring and more sleep prevailed. Yet one could hear shrieks from the wards up-stairs which housed the female patients and weird, mad sounds from the direction of the "bourgeoisie." Nevertheless I went to sleep more quickly than I had on preceding nights. At about four in the morning I awakened. I heard what sounded like a squeaking go-cart. I heard low voices and chuckles. Through the dim light of the hall I saw attendants pushing the "death-cart." They came into the outer ward and went through the door, telling jokes and laughing while the "death-cart" squeaked like some protesting phantom as they bore away the remains of a derelict.

Sunday there were more visitors. A girl had come to see me. Around us were morbid cases of despair mingled with false hope, the insane and the hopelessly sane. The girl was vivacious, being like a child to distract me and herself also. A Narcissus walked by. He looked at the girl. The girl shuddered.

Monday we watched the new patients enter. One was a youth, perhaps twenty years old, who talked and acted like a child. Very timidly he asked us if one might play the piano. We told him it would be all right and he sat down, running his fingers up and down the keyboard. Some one asked for a selection which was, in reality, a light, happy theme. The boy began to play it. His fingers sought out minor improvisations on the joyous theme that were like shadows of clouds on sunlit expanses. Finally he departed entirely from the piece and was playing the minor theme of his own madness. It was a beautiful insanity, really, suggesting the "delicate, mad hands" in that poem by Dowson, "To One in Bedlam."

Wood and I speculated on his malady. His music stayed with us long after an alarmed nurse had closed the piano. We stood at the window, watching the ambulances unload and joking about the conditions of the occupants. We found entertainment in predicting broken legs or burned faces. Finally our own humor became too much for us and we left off jesting. Humor, we had learned, was too thin a veil for the tragic.

It was then that Wood told me,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mournfully, that he was under observation for sexual abnormality. Since his plight was inherited nothing could be done for him. His ambition was to become a monk, for he felt that that would bring peace. He was hopelessly out of place in the world.

In the afternoon the woman in charge of occupational therapy enlisted my services. I painted little boxes, and she and Wood and I chatted about the current drama, the warmth of spring, and so forth. Sometimes she scolded me for living in Greenwich Village and, in a nice way, reprimanded me for being a poet.

The next day a veritable Hamlet-incaricature came over to where I was reading and started off on a wild discourse of memory associations, beginning with the word Spinoza (I was reading the book at the time) and ending by telling me that I lacked the "secret of life." I smiled and he walked away, looking back at me with an air of contempt. Curiously enough, he was eventually discharged.

At the time of the incident recorded above Hans and Wood were playing checkers. A negro was sitting by them, orating a sermon. He became so active an evangelist that he was taken into the other room by sheer force.

Wednesday Hans was discharged, and Friedman, along with several others, was sent to Central Islip. Wood and I walked over to where Worth was sitting by himself reading. "We're going to annoy you, Worth!" (He kept on reading.) "We've invented a new game." (At this he appeared interested.) "It's called 'Eenie, meenie, minee, moe'—you get out and I go to Central Islip, or vice versa." Worth actually smiled. When we had achieved that we drew him into conversation, which was good for Worth, as he afterward admitted. He was inclined to keep too much to himself. I could learn little about him except that his was a pathological case and that he had had marital troubles.

Later on Wood said that some one ought to be keeping a diary of life in the psychopathic ward. I suggested that possibly the religious fanatic (an emaciated soul who spent hours writing in note-books) was keeping one, but Wood explained that he was merely writing sermons, using variously Latin or shorthand. I asked how the preacher had gotten into Bellevue. Wood shrugged his shoulders. "Mental case—fanaticism, I believe." The fanatic, however, whom I found polite and not given to making converts (as was the Harlem Baptist), was released. Before leaving he came over and shook hands with us. He hoped, in all humility, that we would also achieve freedom.

I was beginning to appreciate "Reilly." Once she even stopped me in the hall (where I was polishing the floor) and said: " What, you here yet, Smith? It's time you were gone." And I would have sworn that she smiled. Otherwise how could I have thought so tolerantly of the weary routine to which she was subjected each day; of the "bourgeoisie" reinforced each day to more than the capacity of the main room? Through all of it she bore herself with a hard but necessary efficiency. In conversations amongst patients I found myself defending her.

The next morning Wood's first comment as he and Worth and I were bringing the breakfast-dishes into the library was: "Ah, behold the peach-bloom curtains!" While we were sleeping new curtains had been put in the library windows. All of us reacted to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them. It was spring! Sunshine sought its way surely through the steel-wired windows. One suspected birds singing in meadows!

Worth was sure of getting out before the week was over. He was going to some city in the midwest to "start all over." I smiled to myself, thinking of Lord Jim's words on the porch of the hotel: "Start out with a clean slate." But in this case Worth was the better man. As for me, I was not sure of my world. I knew there was no beginning again. One only stumbled on as best one could and tried to keep out of the messiness that had brought me to Bellevue.

Wood's spirits had slumped, although he expected to be released shortly. The only hope he could see was the one-way road to the monastery. For him a deliberate mysticism supplied what the world denied him. Perhaps now he has gone to some high hill, to be nearer his professedly imaginative conception of God.

At luncheon I tried to be gay. I spoke of the "good old days" when table conversation included Debussy, Cézanne, and Stirner. I pointed out that our circle had broken up. Wood said: "Yes, some to Central Islip and some to the world out there. I hope the unfortunates find an upper stratum at Central Islip."

Table-talk fell off. We ate silently. Only the idiot gurgled as I poured him his coffee, and a negro whose brain was shot with disease jabbered about a heaven where all men were equal but God was a negro.

That afternoon I was released. Wood and Worth both felt the same about it; they were glad I was getting out but sorry that I was leaving the "upper strata."

"Nothing lasts," Worth commented mournfully, "but I'm glad you're getting out. It's a wonderful day."

Islands

By Elizabeth Morrow

There is no lover like an island shore
For lingering embrace;
No tryst so faithful as the turning tide
At its accustomed place.

The smallest island, with a sentry wave
Dashing bright lances down
To flout all Pharaohs on their chariot-wheels,
Outwatches a walled town.

Here is the loneliness of eagles' wings
Elba and Skyros knew,
Here magic, lotus-leaved Calypso gave
Ulysses and his crew.

So Charon ferries to no far-off star,
Knowing what sea-folk guess,
There is no lover like an island shore
To give forgetfulness.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Educational Fables

BY EDWARD C. DURFEE

I

There was once a rough and uneducated man who had made money and who entered his boy in a swell college preparatory School. The Head Master asked him if there was anything that he was particularly desirous that his son should be taught, and the Uncultured One replied: "Yes, there is. I want him to take Greek."

"May I ask," inquired the Head Master, in considerable amazement, "why you are so insistent upon his pursuit of that particular subject?"

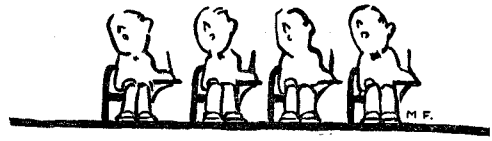
"Well," said the Rude Parent, "there are Three reasons why I want him to learn Greek: First, because it's hard; second, because he don't want to; and, third, because it's no good anyway. If he learns it after all that, he'll show he's got some stuff in him."

Moral: *This fable has morals enough to fill a book.*

There was once an Old Teacher who went to Summer School at a University which shall be Nameless. She was what used to be called a Born Teacher; by which is meant that on the first day her Classes realized that she knew more than they did; on the second day found that she knew more than the Book they were studying; and after that there was no more trouble, except the trouble they had in keeping up with all she made them do. When she had got through with them, even the Parents knew that their Offspring had learned something.

At the Summer School, the Old Teacher read Thornworth and Patrick and Wooddike and Kilroush, and spent seven weeks studying Foundations of Method—much the same as if a steam-riveter were to study the Properties of Pig Iron. But she learned to call things she had already known about by New Names, and in the Learned Professions that is a Help.

Moral: *Terminology is half the battle.*



There was once a Tutor who was trying to prepare four boys for the September College Examinations in English. The boys were good boys, and from four different Schools. Two were Leading Athletes, one was Business Manager of the School Paper, and the fourth was Leader of the Y. M. C. A. and Chairman of the Honor Committee. All were Dumb, and as the June Exam. had required a Paraphrase of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra," the Tutor feared they could not make the Grade.

He tried them on the High Spots of English Literature first, and their Ignorance was Abysmal. So he decided to begin at the Beginning—and he dictated a list of the Very Highest Spots of Ancient and Foreign Authors.

"We'll begin with Homer," he said. "He wrote poems in Greek—two of them— Do you know their names?"

They did not.

"Well, the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey.' Put them down." Then he swept their papers into his grasp, and found six misspellings out of a possible eight. He was not surprised—for he was an experienced Tutor — but it made him peevish.

"Now listen," he went on, "who was the great Latin poet?" Again the same response.

"Put down Vergil," he said.

They did.

"And what did Vergil write?"

Not a sound from the eager four.

"Dead Silence?" he observed sarcastically.

With one simultaneous motion the well-trained and docile quartet wrote "Dead Silence" for Vergil, while the cleverest one gave a half-audible, apologetic grunt, as if to say: "Of course; how stupid of me not to remember."

Moral: *There isn't any; they all passed.*

We do not know very much about the early history of the Italian city of Ravenna, and our only Authority for a Long Period is Bishop (and afterward Saint) Agnellus, who wrote "The Lives of the Saints of Ravenna." In this book Agnellus says in effect: "I have used all imaginable Diligence in gathering Materials for the Work, having consulted the Old Records, and talked with all the Ancient Inhabitants who could give me any information. This material has been incorporated in my Book. But when, with all my Inquiries, I could learn Nothing about the Lives of some of these Saints, with the Help of God I have made it up."

Moral: *There is nothing New under the Sun.*

There was an English Historian who wrote a long book on the American Colonies. It is a good book in many ways, but he settles the Mohawk Indians in Vermont, and says that the French Governor of Canada, in order to impress the Iroquois, sent his Sloop-of-War on a Cruise along the Southern Shore of Lake Erie. The Mohawks didn't, and Niagara Falls must have moved that year.

There was another Englishman who wrote a big Commercial Geography. He mentions eight cities in Ohio, but leaves out Cleveland.

Moral: *Bryces are rare.*

There was once a Caddie at a Southern Resort whose name was Horace

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

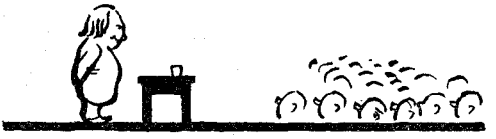
Greeley Williams. His Father and Grandfather bore the same Name, but our Colored Population does not go in for Juniors or suchlike Titles. Horace had a good Eye for a Lost Ball, but a better one for Stray Literature. His practice was to Retrieve any Piece of Printed Matter which he found upon the Course, and read it while the Other Men were driving off.

Once his Employer of the Day found him reading a Yellowed Newspaper from Skowhegan, Maine, which had somehow drifted down into Carolina. Horace was immersed in the County Correspondence, in which Miss Jones of Peoria Center is visiting her Aunt for a Few Days, and other Similar Events are Chronicled.

"Don't you like Stories, Horace?" inquired the employer.

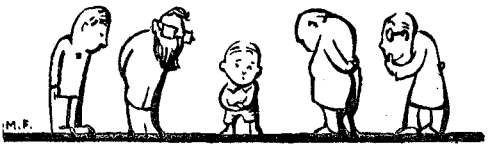
"No, suh," replied Horace, "I don't care much for Fiction. But ever since I went to School, I've liked to read about what was goin' on in the Great World."

Moral: *Most of us are like Horace.*



A Clergyman was addressing a Teachers Club. He said: "The Thing I like about you Fellows is that, just like Me and My Kind, you are Poor." The next month he spoke at a Bankers Dinner, and said: "The Thing I like about you Fellows is that you know how to use your Money, after you have Got it."

Moral: *Inspirational Speakers are Never at a Loss. At Sing Sing he would have said: "The Thing I like about you Fellows is that you have had the Courage of your Convictions."*



Once a Boy had all the Education that Money could buy. He had been kindergartened, and play-supervised, and tutored, and psychoanalyzed, all expensively. Nothing in New York City being quite good enough for his Prep. School Training, he had been sent to an Institution in New England which at the Time was regarded as the Last Word. His Record there was so Good that his Fond Mother made up her mind that when he came home for Christmas he should Possess whatever his Heart desired—no matter what it might cost. She told him so on the first day of Vacation.

"John," she said, "you have done so well, and I am so Proud of you, and so Happy, that I've made up my mind you shall have absolutely anything you want for this Christmas. You have only to Name it, and it shall be yours."

He looked at her, a Great Hope dawning in his Eyes.

"Do you really mean it, Mother?" he Breathed.

"Yes," she rejoined, "I mean it."

"Then," said John, with a long sigh of Luxurious Anticipation, "I'd like Half an Hour to Myself."

Moral: *Better Late than Never.*

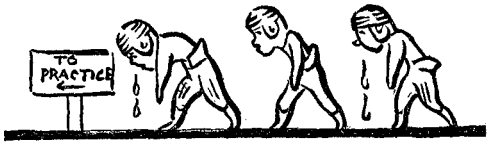
A Self-Confident Freshman, named Bush, wrote an Essay in the Style for-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

merly called Turgid, but now Obsolete. His Instructor had to tell him about it, but did not want to hurt his Feelings; so he said: "I think, Mr. Bush, that you should make a few Revisions in this, striving to attain a Style which the Simplest and most Ignorant Man could understand."

"Why, Doctor Jones," replied Bush, "what part of this don't you understand?"

Moral: *Don't beat around the Bush.*



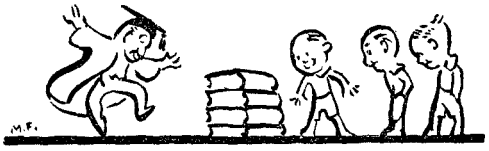
An eminent Football Centre who was an All-American in his locality, and was even mentioned once by Walter Camp, became a physician, and prospered in his Chosen Profession. He retained his Interest in Sports, and never missed a Fight or a Football game if he could help it. Of course he was a Power in the Alumni Athletic Association. A friend who shared his tastes once said to him: "Doc, I want you to tell me the truth—and it won't go any further. Did you enjoy football practice?"

"Enjoy hell," said the Doctor, not too quietly; "Listen to me, man. Many and many's the time I've come to the gate of Memorial Field and seen a nigger driving by on a load of coal, and said to myself: 'O, My God, if I were only that man for this afternoon!' Only a damn fool like you would ask me such a question."

Moral: *This fable must not find its way into that half of the Modern Newspaper which is devoted to Sport.*

There was once (and is yet) an eminent Publishing Firm which gets out Editions of the English Classics for School Use, and the "Pilgrim's Progress" is one of them. My Readers doubtless recall that when Christain is emerging from the Dark Valley he passes a Cave belonging to Two Giants. Bunyan calls them Pope and Pagan, and describes them in his usual Peppy Style. Now in this School Edition these two names are carefully deleted. It makes Nonsense of the Passage, but doubtless Removes the Objections of some School Boards.

Moral: *Business is Business.*



Once a Teacher introduced a New Student's Dictionary into one of his Lower Classes. When the Books came, he distributed them, and everybody was as keen as if they had been new Toys. Suspecting that the Pupils were none too Wise with such Books, the Teacher gave a little Preliminary Lecture on Alphabetical Order and such things, winding up by saying: "If this were a big Dictionary, you would find a lot of Foreign Words after the words you look up. They would show what it was in other older languages. But in this Little Dictionary we shall find only the abbreviation that tells what part of speech the word is, and then the defini-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, in which its meaning is given in the plainest and simplest words possible. Now some one suggest a word to look up." And as no one spoke, the teacher said the first word that came into his Head, which happened to be "Pearl." They all hustled, and found it.

"And now, Charles," said the Teacher, picking by chance the dumbest Boy in the class, "get up and read for us what a Pearl is."

Charles rose and read, or appeared to read, but no words came from his Mouth.

"Hurry up, Charles," urged the Teacher.

"I—I can't read it," averred Charles.

"Oh, Nonsense; don't be stupid," said the Instructor. "Bring it here and I'll read it."

And this is what was written: Pearl *(n)*. A Calcareous Concretion formed by the Deposition of a Nacreous or Mother-of-Pearl Substance around a Central Nucleus.

Moral 1: *It was one on the Teacher, but who would have thought the Dictionary would let him down in that way?*

Moral 2: *Now write a better definition of Pearl in the space provided here. Pearl (noun).*

There was once a School (and is yet) in which no Boy is allowed to play on a School Team in any Contest with Another School during the Half-Year before his College Entrance Examinations—and they have not yet had a Boy fail to Pass.

Moral: *This School is in Switzerland.*

(More Fables in the October number.)

Roads to an End

By Dorothy Collins Alyea

There are two roads to Babylon,
And one is fair and straight and clean,
With running brooks and sunny hills
And little fields between.

But one road turns in to a wood
With brier and thorn and twisted tree,
Where lives the fairy, Oberon,
And that's the road for me.

His face is bright and clear and still,
His eyes are dark with fire and pain,
And they who find and speak with him
Will never care for peace again.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When a Princess Commands

BY THOMAS BOYD
Author of "Through the Wheat," etc.

THROUGH a dusk of late November General George Quackenbush rode his broad-backed sorrel mare into the village where Brigade headquarters were to be billeted for the night. Close behind him on the pale, straight, poplar-shaded highway jogged his complacent, round-faced aide, his adjutant, and a number of non-coms and orderlies; and in rear of the staff came headquarters troop. Knowing from thirty years of soldiering that men at the tail end of a long march are more fatigued and restless under a lagging step than under a brisk advance, General Quackenbush had led a swinging pace for the last five miles. Nevertheless, he had no illusions that this thoughtfulness was appreciated by the rank and file. He knew it was with grumbling that the men kept up their thirty-inch strides and two of them to each second. He knew they were muttering: "Ol' Hikem Quackaduck! By God, the war over two whole weeks and him shaggin' us faster'n we went up to Bel-loo Woods when we gypped the Heinies outa Paris! Ol' Hikem Quackaduck! Like to see *him* get down offa his horse an' pound out his forty miles a day! Damn, boy, but that'ld be a pretty sight!" He knew, too, that behind him his adjutant rode high in his stirrups, favoring a saddle sore, and doubtless thinking with gritted teeth: "'Old Hikem Quackaduck,' and a very good name for him, I must say!" But though General Quackenbush was aware of this feeling which he needfully evoked, and though he felt no malice toward those who held it, he did not smile or think forgivingly that "boys will be boys." He had spent too many years in the service for reflection on such points . . . and, besides, he had a saddle sore himself.

Now the mare's hoofs clicked on the cobblestones, and low white buildings, set in solid rows at either side of the street, were pallid in the soft, dusky haze. The general tightened the rein and gave an order without turning his head: "Call the men to attention."

"Yes, sir." There was the slap of hand on rifle straps and the sound of a more even pace as the column in rear carried out the order for uniform marching. "Hep, two, three, four; hep, two, three, four," a sergeant's voice rose up from above the rhythmic tramp of hobnailed shoes.

In the shadow of the village a military figure walked, nearing the moving troops. A voice called out: "General Quackenbush!" The note was shaky with apprehension.

"Right," said the general. It was his billeting officer, and he wondered why the man had that tremble in his voice, as if he had been running. The billeting officer was pudgy and wore a black mustache; his manner was usually gravity itself. "You found enough billets to go around?"

"Plenty, sir"—the billeting officer hesitated—"that is——"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

General Quackenbush dismounted, asking sharply: "Villagers hostile, are they?"

"Oh, no, sir." The billeting officer was sure of that. "They're very friendly, and I've got places for all the men and most of the officers—there's a good night's sleep for everybody."

"Everybody needs it," said the general, and let the reins of his mare go to his mounted orderly. "I'll walk to my quarters."

"Yes, sir, they're—uh—straight up the street; the lodge beyond the big gate, sir. I hope they'll be satisfactory." The billeting officer kept up with hurried, apologetic steps.

"Usually are," the general answered shortly.

"Yes, sir," agreed the billeting officer; "but then you usually have the best rooms in the town."

The general strode on, making no reply.

The billeting officer continued, as if trying to ease a bad conscience: "Not much in this village except a few peasants' dumps—it's nearly all the princess's estate, and of course I couldn't——"

General Quackenbush understood now: there was a castle in the village, but little else in the way of sumptuous sleeping-quarters. As if he hadn't slept on the ground more nights than his billeting officer had spent in his whole army career! It made little difference where his bed was laid so long as he had one, but it did annoy him to hear a free-born American soldier already beginning to kowtow at the sound of a title. "Fiddle-faddle," he snapped.

By great effort the billeting officer buoyed himself up and explained as one who felt the full value of such things: "The Princess Saxe-Wallenstein; she's royalty, sir. Royalty, you know, sir—" his voice trailed upward.

"Hnrh," snorted General Quackenbush. "Go back"—he jerked his head in the direction of the column—"and see that the men get bedded down. I'll find this stable, or whatever you call it, myself."

"It's a *lodge,* sir." The billeting officer saluted and made off.

The staff and the general reached the lodge. It stood inside and to the left of an enormous gateway made by two huge posts of cement and stone, and was a small, vine-covered building with a spotless, flagstoned kitchen, a middle room in which were several straight-backed chairs, a plain table, a hearth and a lamp, and a bedroom with a four-poster smothered in quilts, pillows, and feather-stuffed comforters. During his army career General Quackenbush had been quartered in many worse places than that, would doubtless sleep in worse ones again before he reached the right bank of the Rhine, where the division to which he belonged was to make up a part of the American Army of Occupation. Sleep was only a part of the lonely routine of life, anyway. He sat down on one of the chairs by the table, and waited with his hands on his knees for his orderly.

The lanky, freckled orderly staggered through the door with the general's bedding-roll, and deposited it at the foot of the four-poster on the floor. Except when a place had to be made for him, the general always unpacked his own baggage.

"Field-kitchens come in?"

"Yes, sir, they been in 'most half an hour."

General Quackenbush nodded. That was well; his men would have an early supper and a long night for sleep.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"They're cookin' your own chow, too, sir. I bring it in to you?"

"You might dig me up a panful of hot water first."

"Yes, *sir*." The orderly went out.

General Quackenbush remained in the lamplight, his hands cupped over his knees, and the toes of his polished riding-boots straight out before him. He was a man in his early sixties, his face pleasantly cross-hatched, his curving nose a little crooked, his lips set in a thin, straight line, and his eyes small and steady and deep beneath overhanging brows. For thirty years he had been in the service, thirty years since he had passed out of West Point as a second lieutenant. Since then he had seen the Boxer uprising, the Spanish-American War, numerous insurrections in the island possessions, and the fiasco with Mexico. Now he was a general with eighteen months' service in France.

Alone, he sat for a while, then arose and, taking off his overseas cap with its silver-star insignia, pushed back his mop of coarse black, uncombed hair. Mindful of his saddle sore, he walked slowly into the bedroom and bent over his bedding-roll. That was a part of his daily routine while on the march. He removed his pajamas and laid them on top of the high four-poster, rummaged for his slippers, and ranged his razor, soap, and tooth-brush over the bureau against the wall. There was left the framed picture of his wife, who had lived most of her wedded years apart from him. He took it out, too.

Usually he set up his wife's photograph without looking at it, the gesture had become so mechanical; but tonight his eyes had the keenness of the distant past. They saw again as they had been wont to see in the days when, as lieutenant and captain, he had religiously inspected those regular, self-contained features for some sign of comradeship and understanding. Once he had believed those qualities were to be found therein and in the prototype as well. But that had been long ago, when nights in unfamiliar camp and barrack had made him in his loneliness turn toward the friendly security that she had seemed to promise. But as the years had come and gone he had gotten over such disappointing nonsense. When he had been made a major he had been raised a little higher and a little further above most of his associates; a colonelcy had limited the circle of his possible friends still more; and now that he was a general he was not thought of as a man but as a high-ranking officer, enabled to have friendship only with men of his own position. Defending himself against this situation, he had formed his life into a strict routine.

It was not in search of friendship that he looked at the silver-mounted picture. He knew very well what he had to expect from his wife. She was wondering and a little grieved because he had a mere brigade when he should have had a division. There were other wives in Washington—she lived there in an old-fashioned brick flat on a shaded side-street—whose husbands had not seen the service that he had seen but had nevertheless gone up from colonelcy through the office of brigadier to the command of a major-general during the war. To her mind, he knew, it was sheer perversity on his part that halted his further promotion. And it irritated her, for she would have been asked to so many more receptions as the wife of a major-general, would have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had preference in so many more purely social affairs.

That was what had set him looking at the picture again, a thing he had not done in months: the mention of the Princess Saxe-Wallenstein. He saw in the frame a handsome, sweeping woman with a manner of cold graciousness and her hair done up like a dowager's. How she would have loved being so near to royalty! How she would have detested spending the night in the lodge! Likely enough, she would have stormed the castle. While he had been with his regiment she had stayed in Washington, where there were lords and counts and ambassadors. He for his part had only scorn for these social flummeries, and was best content to be with his troops . . . only sometimes there was a chill emptiness in the evenings.

In the middle room he heard the sound of his saddle-bags dumped on the floor, and, walking to the door, he saw his lanky, freckled orderly.

"I'll have you some wood for your fire right soon now, sir."

General Quackenbush nodded shortly. He wanted the room warmed, the water for his foot-bath, and his simple dinner over, so that he could get to work on his maps and afterward go to bed. Moving the lamp to one side, he laid one of the saddle-bags on the table and drew forth a detailed map of the so-called neutral state through which his troops were moving on their way from France up to the Rhine. It showed a fan-shaped series of dots, circles, and crosses, each of which represented some battalion ten, fifteen, or twenty miles ahead of him, following on the heels of the withdrawing Germans.

The orderly went out, reappeared with an armful of wood. "Sure is one big house, that castle, sir," he commented as he knelt before the hearth. "Lit up like a new saloon."

General Quackenbush cut in briefly: "I'll have my foot-bath by half past six at the latest."

"Yes, *sir*." The orderly was silent under the rebuff but not too downcast. You couldn't tell; sometimes the old man liked to talk and sometimes he was as unsociable as a wet hen, but it was all in a day's work.

For a time General Quackenbush leaned over his map, studying the roads and hills and villages for the next day's march. But without his supper and his foot-bath he felt uncomfortable and unable to concentrate. He stood up, and taking out his big-bowled straight-stemmed pipe he went to the door.

Puffing at his uptilted pipe, his hands clasped behind his back, General Quackenbush strolled along the gravel path that led from the lodge to the private avenue. At the end of the winding way he paused, looked down to the right where the great wrought-iron gates were barely discernible under the light from two tall, boxed lamps. But up to the left was a different sight—a castle that seemed to have a thousand windows, and all of them glowingly illuminated. Or so it seemed from where the general stood, but, he realized, the castle was far away, and many shrubs and trees, perhaps even a reflecting stretch of water, were between it and the lodge—the brilliance, he felt certain, was false though seen from no matter what perspective.

Slowly he walked back and forth through the crisp November evening. Thirty years of soldiering and here he was, a brigadier, taking a turn around

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the lodge of a royal estate and thinking of his bed and supper. There ought, he felt vaguely, to be more of a meaning in those silver stars, and for a moment he was resentful toward life; but then his temper was soothed again by the peaceful evening routine. For returning to the lodge he found a towel hung over a chair, and a steaming tub of water beside the crackling hearth. He sat down and drew off his riding-boots.

"Ah," he murmured, and closed his eyes in ecstasy over the hot water. It brought peace and relaxation. After a long day's march there was nothing in life so poignantly agreeable as a hot foot-bath. He looked around the room, seeking somebody to whom he could speak this rediscovered wisdom, but the orderly was out after his supper, and his quarters were shared with no one else. He sat steaming his feet and ankles until the orderly returned.

"Here's your chow, sir."

"Ah," began the general, "you know—" He was about to speak of the surpassing luxury of a foot-bath, but that was not suitable comment to make to an enlisted man, for the enlisted man, especially when everybody was in the army as in these days, would look as if he liked to say: "Gloat, you Old Buzzard!" "Now fetch my slippers," General Quackenbush substituted. Sometimes they called him the Old Buzzard, sometimes Old Quackaduck.

The slippers were forthcoming. Drawing his chair up to the table, he sat down before his tray of bread and milk. His men, he reflected as he ate his simple meal, were standing in a line before the field-kitchen, holding out their aluminum pans and cups to be filled with dippers of beef, potatoes, and tomatoes mixed up in a stew; his officers were doubtless in some villager's dining-room around a board replete with platters of steak, omelettes, pomme de terre frits, bottles of wine, and mugs of coffee. He paused, his spoon raised critically above the bowl; the bread was all right but the milk tasted of the stable. He took another mouthful. There, the same flavor again. "That's enough," he told his orderly, indicating the tray.

Lighting his pipe, he leaned over the outspread map. From the door-step came the sounds of a sentry being posted. He looked up for a moment, then went back to his work. The topographical markings made his job a puzzling one: up hills, down valleys, and over streams he had to plan the march of six infantry battalions in a fanwise front that would keep them within the proper distance of the withdrawing enemy, yet not tire the troops by too long a hike, and, to add to the difficulties, so order their route that they would end up in a village at nightfall. He frowned at the map and puffed quickly at the big-bowled pipe.

From outside he was interrupted by the noise of several people talking. There was a clinking of spurs, and he distinguished his aide's voice; that of the interpreter, too. The door was opened and the aide and the interpreter came in. General Quackenbush looked up. "What is it, Beauchamp?"

Lamar Beauchamp, the aide, smiled his round-faced, superior smile. He was a scion of one of the oldest families in America, and knew the symbolism of the figures in all of the various coats of arms of his progenitors. He was a stocky, well-built youth, and dressed splendidly from the balls of his shiny spurs to the tip of his rakishly set overseas cap. Smiling complacently, he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stepped briskly to the general's table and clicked his heels. "I've an important message for you, sir."

"Now what!" said the general, prepared to hear of some tangle which the troops had got in during the long day's march. He laid down his pipe and looked severe.

"Ah-h!" Lieutenant Beauchamp sang mysteriously, "It's from the princess, sir." With a little flourish he held forth a heavily crested letter. He poised expectantly as the general accepted it, ripping the flap with a stubby forefinger.

There was a silence. General Quackenbush scowled and reached for his pipe, but kept his eyes still on the letter. It was written in large-handed and clear English. "When did this come?" he asked.

Lieutenant Beauchamp turned backward toward the interpreter and a servant who stood by the door. "The princess just sent it, sir," Lieutenant Beauchamp bubbled.

General Quackenbush shot a keen glance over the edge of the paper, eyeing the interpreter, who waited with a silly, anticipatory smile beneath his pencilled mustache, and the grave, impassive servant of the princess's household. He felt his pleasant evening jeopardized and was none too delighted at the thought of it.

"Mighty nice, isn't it, sir?" Lieutenant Beauchamp teetered complacently.

"What's mighty nice?" General Quackenbush stared sharply.

Lieutenant Beauchamp kept his poise and his enthusiasm. "Why, the invitation, sir."

"Hrnf!" General Quackenbush snorted.

"I mean to say," continued his unabashed aide, "it was mighty nice of the princess, sir, to extend that invitation." Lieutenant Beauchamp came to a weighty period, then continued: "The minute her servant explained what he had come for, I thought to myself how great it was of her asking us up there and not knowing what kind of people we were and all."

General Quackenbush shook the letter with repressed wrath. To his mind the invitation, far from being "great," was a damned nuisance. He recollected the sight of the well-lighted castle and thought, "Probably a houseful of women chattering a lot of loose talk to a lot of male flirts in fancy uniforms." It was not a pleasing picture to contemplate. His routine, by which he had made his loneliness endurable, was being broken into, his comfortable evening dissipated, and there stood that self-satisfied young jackass of an aide as interested in the answer as if the invitation had been addressed to him.

"Of course you'll accept, sir?" Lieutenant Beauchamp was quietly positive. "I imagine dinner will be at about eight—and if you're going to move your quarters to the castle—" He paused suggestively.

"Comfortable where I am," snapped the general.

"But royalty, sir; to refuse would be almost an international insult!"

"Stop badgering me," commanded the general. The word insult gave him a secret terror.

But Lieutenant Beauchamp, with the bit between his teeth, had bolted too far to draw up short of success or calamity. After all, it was a social matter and a great opportunity; one that Old Quackaduck, because of his flat and limited background, could not appreciate. Therefore it remained for the aide

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to point the way. "But I mean to say, sir," he began with looped eyebrows, "royalty, you know . . . !"

The general clamped down on his pipe-stem and drew trustingly for the solace of smoke. The damned thing had gone out. Royalty: tales of kings and queens saying "Off with his head," shaking empires, crushing individuals like steam-rollers, their words all adamantine laws—this legacy of childhood reading now worked powerfully in his remembrance the scenes stirred up by his aide's awestruck inflection of "royalty." It made him foolishly uneasy. "Very well," he glared; "then we'll *be* there at eight o'clock."

"Yes, sir." Lieutenant Beauchamp's breath of relief was so sudden and came from such deep depths of his being that it sounded almost like a whistle. He grinned serenely, made a formal little bow, and clicked his heels with military briskness. Out he went.

General Quackenbush fumed inwardly, feeling none the better for realizing the futility of his temper. He was abused and put upon, yet just enough to blame for the situation to prevent him from laying all the responsibility on his aide — which made it worse. His peaceful evening was gone, enshadowed by a lot of gabbling males and females. In his acceptance, which the servant was waiting to carry back to his mistress, he unconsciously wrote down the word "regret," and had to destroy the sheet of paper and begin again.

After the servant had gone the general returned to his map, but after working a few moments he gave it up and called bitterly over his shoulder: "My boots!"

"Yes, sir." The orderly was prompt. Returning, he stood by the general's side, coughing nervously as an opening for what he had to say.

"Well?" snapped General Quackenbush.

His orderly held up the boots, and in the lamplight showed the toes to have been scuffed a little since morning. "I put a little polish on 'em, sir?"

General Quackenbush bawled the answer: "No!" He was not to be bullied any further. He was an old soldier, he looked like one, dressed like one, and was proud of it; and let all kings, queens, princesses, and their like make the best of it or be damned to them.

At half past seven by his thick gold watch the general's staff appeared in bright array at the lodge. The gray-faced but jaunty adjutant had plumed his eyebrows and clipped his mustache and looked very stiff and shiny and Sundayfied. But Lieutenant Beauchamp had done even better. His cheeks were sleek from a recent shaving, but made satinlike by the use of powder; his hair was brilliant and faultlessly brushed; his spurs shone; his boots had a dull, rich glow; his cuffs and collar were stiff and gleaming; about his waist his Sam Browne belt had been tightened to the last gasp, strap and buckles were bright as mirrors, and the tip of a fresh handkerchief protruded coyly from the sleeve of his faultless serge coat. He smiled, slightly inclining his head: "You ready to start, sir?"

"I am." General Quackenbush leaned back and uttered those words with firm lips. That much he gave for his aide's obvious disapproval of his mop of coarse black hair, his wrinkled sleeves, and his loosely clasped belt! Lighting his pipe afresh, he put on his cap and stalked through the doorway.

"I suppose," began Lieutenant Beauchamp in the rich, agreeable voice suit-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able for the momentous occasion, "I suppose there will be rather a crush." They were walking along the shaded avenue and could see the great, illuminated castle towering in the distance.

The adjutant, usually so grave and weighty, almost tittered: "So long as *you* don't fall victim to a crush, Lamar."

General Quackenbush looked with loathing through the darkness. That adjutant of his, whom he had always believed a sensible man, now behaving like a long-eared, cross-eyed, bandy-legged ass! Grr-r-rff!

"Pardon, sir?" It was Lieutenant Beauchamp's well-modulated voice.

"Nothing!" The general's heels crunched on the gravel. "Nothing at all."

As they walked on into the night toward the mellowly lighted windows of the castle the expansiveness of the two men at the general's side was almost palpable. For a time only their quick, military steps and their deep, self-satisfied breathing were audible, but then the adjutant ran a vocal trill:

"A little gaiety now and then, bright lights and pleasant society—man, it's a thing for a soldier to relish! A thing to remember after the last eight months of mud and vermin and gas-ridden dugouts."

In the night the general blinked his eyes, but kept his lips tight and silent. That adjutant of his!—whom he had thought of up to this time as a sensible man! Now the general had a revised opinion of him. As if the adjutant hadn't had four days in Paris after the Armistice! As if he hadn't spent a week at Nice the spring before! From the way he talked any one would think he had no more brains than a cottontail.

Lieutenant Beauchamp held a cupped match to his cigarette, and in the steady little flame his face showed an agreeably anticipatory smile. "Europe," he began generously, flinging the charred match with a wide, graceful gesture, "is not at all like what the rank and file thinks it is. There are fine ladies here; as fine as ever breathed."

"Oh, by all means," rejoined the adjutant. He had come back from Nice with a low opinion of Europeans, which he had based on the prevalence of gaudy ladies of joy sauntering along the promenade or sitting provocatively under the bright awnings of the cafés.

Gloomier than ever, the general dug his heels into the gravel and walked on.

The tall, lighted windows were nearer now, and in the glow of two boxed lamps the great doorway was to be seen. Impressively the gray stone mass loomed in the darkness, and the weathered oaken door with its iron hinges was like some mediæval portal behind which dwelt a fairy queen. Lieutenant Beauchamp raised the heavy knocker. It fell, banging on the outside, echoing hollowly within. A brisk step sounded from the tessellated floor of the hall, the great door swung, and a uniformed footman stood aside for them to pass.

Lieutenant Beauchamp spoke with cordial fulness, bobbing his head a little: "After you, sir." General Quackenbush led the way inside.

Many rooms opened from the long, wide hall in which the three men stood, and at the farther end rose a stately stairway with polished rails. Given only a glimpse of this, the guests were taken into a small formal chamber and left there.

Time passed slowly. General Quackenbush found a comfortable chair, but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sat bolt upright, endeavoring to ignore these two underlings who had suddenly become his antagonists. A few well-placed kicks on the posteriors was what they needed.

The adjutant walked uneasily along the walls, his head tilted toward the paintings and engravings. "Not much noise going on," he observed.

Lieutenant Beauchamp spoke from a greater wealth of experience: "The other guests are probably still dressing." Meticulously he snapped a fleck of cigarette-ash from his coat-sleeve.

There was the sound of quick, decisive heels in the hall outside. The adjutant wheeled sharply from his contemplation of the walls, Lieutenant Beauchamp rose suavely. A small woman, definitely old, but still very active, wearing a gray silk dress, her hair gray, gathered closely and parted in the middle, stepped energetically into the room and directed sharp, inquiring eyes at the three men there assembled.

Lieutenant Beauchamp bowed profoundly.

The adjutant advanced one foot and gave a nervous twist to his back by way of a respectful gesture.

Having accepted his exasperating fate, but determined to make it brief as possible, General Quackenbush muttered: "Howd'do, ma'am?"

The eyes of the Princess Saxe-Wallenstein—it was the princess—went past the courtly aide, beyond the uncomfortable adjutant to the general. And ignoring the others, she said brightly but without effusiveness: "You are the General Quackenbush. You must forgive me, but I did not know. The lodge, it is the place for servants——"

"But, your highness," expostulated Lieutenant Beauchamp, "we are perfectly—" He had a long, courtly speech at hand to accompany his polished bow, but her highness ignored these polite protestations.

"There's a good bed in it," said the general feelingly.

"Yes, yes; you are very kind," deprecated the princess, and lifted a thin white hand. She sat down. The general also resumed his chair, and after an interval the others did likewise. The adjutant hopefully watched the door for signs of embodied gaiety. Lieutenant Beauchamp posed bent forward from the waist, politely attending her highness. General Quackenbush matched his stubby finger-ends and invented new modes of violent death for aides and adjutants. The silence was impressively funereal.

By the time dinner was announced Lieutenant Beauchamp's courtly, attentive manner had lost the bloom of a garden flower and was artificial as a wax tulip. He still inclined his tightly encircled torso from the hips, he still carried the coyly peeping handkerchief in his sleeve, but the corners of his smiling mouth drooped wofully, and a glaze had come over his large brown eyes which theretofore had seemed so interested in life. Across from him, at the opposite edge of this small, family circle, the adjutant crossed and recrossed his long bony legs and reflectively rubbed his smooth chin, which had once been held so jauntily. He was frankly bored.

Dinner was served on a long table in a long room bright with highly ornamental candelabra. Her highness sat stiff and silent; General Quackenbush busied himself with the food served by the gray-jowled, soft-footed butler; Lieutenant Beauchamp and the adjutant made unnecessary play with their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

napkins, dabbing at their mouths and sipping from tumblers like inexperienced speakers about to be called on at a banquet.

With the cheese came conversation:

"Do you ride your horses to the Rhine country?" asked her highness.

"Our horses, yes," said the general, spreading Roquefort thickly.

"A good day it must have been for riding to-day," continued her highness.

"The day was all right," admitted General Quackenbush, accenting the second word.

"But cold, was it not?" questioned her highness.

"Not cold for almost December."

"No," agreed the princess, "perhaps not cold for this month of the year."

An expression of tragic pain jerked across the adjutant's pale features. He remained mute while the Princess Saxe-Wallenstein turned toward Lieutenant Beauchamp.

"You found it cold riding, *leutnant?*"

Lieutenant Beauchamp laughed hollowly. "It *was* quite chilly, your highness."

"You like it, to ride?"

"Oh, yes, yes." Then Lieutenant Beauchamp added hopefully: "I ride a real Kentucky thoroughbred, a splendid mare!"

"What is that?" asked the princess. The general answered: "State in America where they used to breed fine horses."

"So." The princess arose. All of them left the dining-room.

"Perhaps," said the princess, "you would care to see the castle?"

Almost hysterical with ennui, adjutant and aide answered simultaneously: "Very much!"

They made the tour. There was a room in which an exiled French king had slept one night, a wing that was supposed to be haunted by the ghost of a famous beauty who had been stabbed there, a crumbling tower left from the fourteenth century, a suit of armor, a cobwebbed library, and at last the suite where the Prince Saxe-Wallenstein, dead these dozen years, had lived and drunk and played. In one of the prince's rooms stood a billiard-table; it was at the sight of it that the aide and the adjutant showed their reluctance for further sightseeing.

"I'll declare," said Lieutenant Beauchamp, "it's been so long since I've played a game of billiards!"

"Perhaps you will play here where my husband played," suggested the princess.

"Well—" Both men looked wistfully at the green-baize table.

While they hesitated, a servant was ordered to make more light. The general and the princess moved on. General Quackenbush may have imagined it or it may have been actual, but he believed he heard the two underlings snicker as the princess bore him off.

They sat before a round-grate fire in one of the sitting-rooms, the Princess Saxe-Wallenstein and General Quackenbush. For a moment nothing was said. Then the general began making tentative gestures toward the pocket in which bulged his pipe and tobacco-pouch. Once, twice, three times his fingers lovingly explored the smooth roundness of the bowl. Then he asked gruffly: "Might I smoke, ma'am?"

"Please," encouraged the princess.

As the blue fumes of the tobacco beclouded the air she sniffed appreciatively, and sat in her gray silk dress looking thoughtfully into the glowing grate. A servant entered softly. "Had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her highness a wish?" She shook her head and the servant disappeared. After a time she turned to the general:

"You leave my village for the Rhine country soon?"

"In the morning," answered the general.

"It is a pity, if you are a horseman; there are so many fields and woods for riding, you should see them by the day."

"You ride, ma'am?" asked the general, his temper well under control now that he was comfortable and smoking his pipe.

"No," her highness smiled mistily, "we—I walk. For many years, first with my husband and then alone, every day I walk."

General Quackenbush looked at her interestedly. Despite her energy she was small and frail, and he said: "Should think it'ld wear you out if you walked very far every day."

" 'Wear me out?' " she queried; "I do not understand."

The general crossed his knees, then leaned forward to explain: "Make you tired, make your legs get weary to walk so much."

"Ah!" She understood. "But, no, it does not tire me. Each evening there is my foot-bath waiting, so refreshing"—she made a clucking noise with her tongue—"so refreshing!"

The general leaned still farther forward and asked quickly: "Good and hot, hot as you can stand it?" His animation was apparent.

Her gray cheeks flushed a little. "Very, very hot," she told him. "And you, you do likewise?" She spoke as if an affirmative would be almost too good to hope for.

"Years and years," said the general. "Don't know how I'd have got along without it." He beamed. "Well, well! Now that's what I call singular." He chuckled, rubbing the bowl of his pipe against his nose.

She smiled, too, and hitched her chair nearer the one in which he sat. "And at night," she said with a tinge of excitement, "hot milk, eh!"

"Yes," he agreed, drawing his chair still closer, "there's nothing like it if you want a good, quiet sleep. I tell you—" he began in a warm, friendly voice.

In the hallway there was a noise, a discreet apologetic cough; Lieutenant Beauchamp and the adjutant, bored with their game of billiards and having no hope of further entertainment, had come to rescue the general.

"Aa-hum," said Lieutenant Beauchamp.

His head bent toward the princess, General Quackenbush looked up, frowning a little at being interrupted.

"Pardon me," began Lieutenant Beauchamp, "pardon me, your highness, but, general, it's eleven o'clock, sir!"

The general lifted his hand, waved it as carelessly as he would shoo away a bothersome fly. "Run along, young man; run along. Never been late in the saddle in my life." He turned to the princess again. "I tell you—" And aide and adjutant went out, leaving two elderly people lonely on the heights but not lonely now for a little while.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Research—the Business Builder

BY SILAS BENT

Big Business has annexed culture and no longer holds "pure science" in disdain. Corporations spend $200,000,000 in research and estimate a return of 500 to 1000 per cent on the investment.

If one were setting out to journey, say, eight times around the world without stopping, a matter of ten miles more or less wouldn't make much difference. Even in driving from New York to Boston we disregard greater distances than that. Eight times around the earth at the equator, it so happens, gives a rough notion of the length of the "light mile," which is the astronomer's yardstick; for as between stars mere mundane linear units, inches and feet and fathoms, become actually an impediment to measurement. In those vasty deeps the thought needs stilts to walk on. And yet the astronomer is disquieted at the reflection that his yardstick may be ten miles wrong, one way or the other, in 186,173 miles!

All of us will agree at once that this is sheer crankiness. It is as though we were to argue about a few threads, more or less, in buying a yard of cloth. And even with a gargantuan unit of measurement such as the light mile, interstellar figures pile up formidably. When we remember that light travels six millions of millions of miles in a year, and that it requires 160 years for light from Omicron to reach this earth, the precise moment of a ray's arrival on our lowly planet doesn't seem to make a lot of difference. If the physicist by some abracadabra has got within ten miles of a unit so large that the human mind falters trying to conceive it, he should be satisfied, Heaven knows. But the dear soul is not satisfied.

Doctor Albert A. Michelson, of the University of Chicago, is the living embodiment of this dissatisfaction. By common consent he is the world's foremost authority on light. Half a century ago, when he was in his middle twenties, he measured the speed of light for a class at Annapolis more accurately than any one had done it before, and leaped straightway into the scientific limelight. Subsequently, in collaboration with another scientist, he split a ray, sent the halves travelling along different paths, and reunited them with results which started Einstein on that train of speculation which was to give the world a new theory of time, space, and motion. Now Doctor Michelson is seventy-five, and he is devoting his final energies, before retiring, to two experiments: one is to test the relativity theory, or law; the other is to make the astronomer's yardstick more accurate.

The second of these experiments, cranky as it may appear to us, may have its practical uses. So Doctor Michelson believes, but that is not what drives him on. The driving force is a love of "pure" science, so called. Presumably applied, practical science has about it some taint of impurity. As a fact all industrial research is the child

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of pure science, for it consists in the application of discoveries valueless (in dollars) when they were made. Faraday spoke better than he knew when, defending himself ironically from a government official who asked what was the use of his experiment with electromagnetic currents, he retorted that some day the product might be taxed; last year a single electrical concern in the United States paid an income tax of about $8,000,000. "Impure" science pays dividends as well as taxes. More, it is now a crutch for research in "pure" science. For Doctor Michelson (and here we get back to our mutton) could not now be carrying on his adventure in the measurement of light-speed if it were not for the help extended to him by an industrial research laboratory.

Consider first his problem: What Doctor Michelson wanted to do was to play battledore and shuttlecock, with mirrors as the rackets and a ray of light as the shuttlecock. He wanted to find out to the minutest fraction of a second how long the shuttlecock was in play between the rackets, and it was essential that he know with incredible precision when the ray of light came into play.

Now, with a camera shutter Doctor Michelson could have regulated the start of his ray of light by one twenty-five-hundredth of a second. But this was altogether too clumsy and gross for his purposes. He needed a finer point of time than that. And he decided that a set of revolving mirrors would turn the trick, provided they revolved fast enough. No university, although many of them have competent machine-shops for the manufacture of laboratory apparatus, could possibly supply him, for he required such a high rate of speed that the ordinary manufactured article would fly to pieces from centrifugal force. And so he turned to the Sperry Gyroscope Company, which has won fame and fortune by putting into practical use the principle of the small boy's spinning-top. If anybody could make what he wanted, the Sperry people could do it; and from them he got what he needed, gratis.

Fancy to yourself an octagonal disk, nearly three inches across and about an inch in thickness, forged of specially hardened chrome steel. Each of its eight faces is a polished mirror. This is the core of the device; but with it there is a 920-candle-power light, separated from the disk by a wall pierced with a slit so narrow that a sheet of this magazine could not be inserted in it. A ray of light is thrown from the powerful lamp through this slit onto the revolving mirrors. And the mirror-disk is revolved by a compressed-air turbine.

Doctor Michelson's experiment is being carried on at Mount Wilson Observatory, and consists, baldly, in throwing a ray of light from the top of that mountain to the top of Mount San Jacinto, eighty-two miles distant, where it strikes a mirror and rebounds. Its round trip is thus 164 miles, and the trick is to learn how long it takes to travel this distance. By repeating the observation under varying conditions, with due account of atmospheric changes, Doctor Michelson hopes to achieve that goal of all scientists, an approximate truth.

The actual time the ray of light is moving through the ether, you perceive at once, is considerably less than one-thousandth of a second, although it travels nearly as far as from Chicago to Indianapolis. To time it, therefore, is a delicate matter. The Sperry device meets the difficulty by turning com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pletely around 47,000 times a minute. It presents 6,600 mirror-faces every second to the thin ray sifting through the slit from that high-powered lamp. Therefore the ray cast through the darkness to Mount San Jacinto, despite the speed of its return, strikes a different mirror; and Doctor Michelson, knowing precisely the speed at which the disk is revolving, can calculate the time of its journey.

If you have ever played crack-the-whip as a child, you have a faint notion of centrifugal force. The mirror-disk turns so fast that, although it is but a little more than three inches across, the "pull" exerted on each of its faces is equivalent to nearly three tons. The facets, normally flat, become slightly concave under this tremendous tug. A complicated calculation is necessary, in order to make allowance for this deviation.

A captive balloon, equipped with instruments for recording temperatures and barometric pressures, hovers above the pathway of the ray of light as it flashes back and forth from the mountain tops. Tireless scientists clock its journey. They are lonely outposts on the frontier of human knowledge; and they are there because the steel timepiece, which makes possible their vigil, was manufactured in a commercial laboratory.

That is an example, by no means exceptional, of the dependence pure science acknowledges to its offspring, industrial research. Not long ago an erudite philosopher, referring casually to the research staff of a great corporation, observed that no American university could muster such an array of learning and culture. The laboratories of Big Business are often as highbrow as any academic grove. Here, on some lonely salient of the boundaries of knowledge, a worker or a group of workers may pursue for months or years a faint clew which, in the end, may lead nowhere. There are many of these slender peninsulas into the unknown; and always there is the effort to straighten out the line of attack, and to consolidate such gains as have been achieved.

It is estimated that $200,000,000 a year is being spent in this country on industrial research, and that the government spends about one-third of this sum. Not long since your Uncle Sam was engaged in 553 separate projects, 360 of which were co-operative, with eleven hundred concerns sharing in the expense. What is known as "the new competition," under which allied industries band together to capture markets from other trade associations—such as brickmakers from lumber dealers—means also a new co-operation. The co-operation is within the trade association, and manifests itself, for one thing, in research for the good of the whole industry.

Two hundred million dollars is an eye-filling figure; but it amounts to only $1.74 per capita for the United States, whereas American industry spends $11 per capita for advertising, in the creation of markets and the search for them. Advertising appropriations, well placed, have an economic justification; but think how much money we spend more or less foolishly: $27 per person for joy-riding and pleasure resorts, $11 for candy, $5 for cosmetics. Corporations which maintain large laboratories assert that the return on their investment ranges from 500 to 1,000 per cent. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company estimates that comparatively small improvements in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its equipment, through three years' research work, save it $12,000,000 annually, and expects this saving to be manifest year after year, so long as the present type of equipment is in use. Fifty years ago this corporation had a research personnel of two men; now it has nearly 4,000 at work in its laboratories. The Western Electric and the Bell system share the expenses and the benefits.

And research men work nowadays in groups. Time was when the scientist went off into a room by himself, fitted the door with a lock and threw away all but one of the keys. Then he tackled his problem in solitary grandeur. There are still a few who work alone. But it has been found that life is rather too brief for that sort of thing. Problems are too complex for one brain, functioning only through the span of mortal life; and there are times when more than one problem must be carried along simultaneously with others, progressing *pari passu* if the end is to be consummated. Thus a new technic has been evolved, whereby problems are divided and subdivided; their elements are assigned to individuals or to small coteries; so that chemists, metallurgists, mechanicians, and engineers may unite in a sort of shock troop to invade the no man's land of natural law.

It was as a result of group work that the Western Union recently laid a cable from New York to the Azores which, although it looked like any other cable, was different in this, that messages could be transmitted over or through it five times as fast as over the old type, using the same size conductor. This seeming impossibility was accomplished by "loading" the cable. The loading of land lines, through reinforcement by magnetic electric coils at intervals, was a commonplace; but how are you going to load a cable five miles under water? It couldn't be done with Norway iron, until recently the most magnetic ore known. Something with much greater magnetic properties was required. Electrical engineers, metallurgists, physicists, and mechanical engineers attacked the problem as a group; and their labors produced a new alloy of iron and nickel, to which was given the trade name of Permalloy. It is new not only as to the control of the constituents but as to the treatment of the material during the process of manufacture; and it has a magnetic permeability one hundred times greater than Norway iron. It is so sensitive that it is saturated by the feeble magnetic field around the earth. It is so sensitive that it measures one dimension when pointed north and south, another dimension when pointed east and west. With this singular composition the loading of cables became possible, and thereby the elfin messenger who wings his way along the copper strands increased his speed fivefold.

Such research applies, of course, to soap and shoes and textiles, as well as to typewriters and automobiles and telephones. It has put the imperial Tyrian purple within reach of the shop-girl. The newer industries, many of them founded on research (such as radio), have been the most eager in its development; it is only recently that the older industries, such as steel and textiles and the fisheries, have begun to see the laboratory's light. And it may as well be said here as elsewhere that they might have seen the light sooner had they not perceived that industrial research, like many other American activities, had its own special ballyhoo. Most laboratories employ publicity agencies; and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

publicity men soon learned that a gullible daily press would give first-page space to "miraculous" yarns about bolts of artificial lightning and robots and suchlike. Probably these spectacular exploits do no harm to the newspaper reader, and they are beguiling; but serious-minded research workers resent them.

A chemical element was relegated not long since to limbo. It was called nebulium, and was the discovery, back in 1864, of Sir William Huggins, an English astronomer, who predicated it from certain new lines in the sun's spectrum. Each element of the sun's nebula writes its own John Hancock into the spectrum, and it was assumed that these new lines must mean an element so far undiscovered on earth. But a research worker in Robert A. Millikan's Pasadena laboratory demonstrated that nebulium was merely a mixture, under conditions never duplicated on earth, of the gases which make up our air. And so, after living half a century on the ledgers of the scientist as a possible element, nebulium went into the discard.

But you must not suppose that the theoretic assumption of an undiscovered element often proves so flat, stale, and unprofitable. In just that way helium was discovered, long before the gas was found here; and the research worker has applied this non-inflammable element to the dirigible, to certain tubes used in electric advertising, and to the relief of sand-hogs, tunnelling beneath the East River, when they were attacked by "the bends," a sort of temporary paralysis from working under high atmospheric pressure.

The industrial research laboratory, which wipes the slate clean of a theoretic element, may also cripple or kill a whole industry. The Victor Talking-machine Company, for example, paid dividends for eleven years on its common stock of $42 a share, and in 1922 threw in for good measure a 600 per cent stock dividend. But with the development of radio in the research laboratory, and the broadcasting of musical programmes, the demand for victrolas fell off and the company passed its dividend. Only by pitting Greek against Greek could the day be saved. Research workers created a new and much improved talking-machine, capable of imitating the range and quality of the human voice and of whole orchestras in an unprecedented way, and the laboratory thus saved an industry which the laboratory had come near destroying.

Research workers have not only accomplished such modern miracles as the transmission of photographs through the air and over telephone-wires, they have stretched out helping hands to the eye-ear-nose-and-throat specialist, so that he may now determine with precision the acuteness of his patient's hearing. He no longer strikes a tuning-fork, holds it at varying distances, and inquires whether the listener can hear a watch ticking. Nowadays he uses an electrical device which measures minutely the volume of sound and the acuity of hearing. And research workers have supplied the physician with an electrical stethoscope which makes possible the detection of heart murmurs and other chest sounds with an accuracy until recently out of the question. They have supplied to university laboratories a mechanism for measuring electric currents which are too feeble to be detected by the ordinary equipment. And not infrequently,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when a group of students is engaged on an inquiry necessitating instruments of exceptional ingenuity and delicacy, they turn to the commercial research laboratory for help. It is seldom that the Macedonian cry goes unanswered.

Throughout this discussion I have used the term research much more loosely than research workers themselves would use it. (Nowadays if we merely look through last month's newspaper files we call it research!) The dictionaries tell us that we are not researchers unless we add to the sum of human knowledge, and it is well to bear this in mind; industrial inquiry of this sort is but a link in a chain. Maurice Holland, director of the National Research Council's division of engineering and industrial research, sets down the successive stages in this fashion: First, there is the discovery in pure science, which may never be convertible into dividends; then there is the scientific application of this discovery, if it can be applied; then there is the invention of a device (Mr. Holland says the inventor need no longer starve in a garret, praise be!); then there is the employment of the device in industry; then there is a process of standardization; then there is mass production. This he calls "the cycle of research"; and he has attempted to work out, in various industries, the "time lag" between the first step and the last. A reduction in the period between discovery and mass production means, of course, a saving in proportion to the market for the commodity. In the electrical industry the cycle of forty-three years brought a growth from one plant to plants with a book value of $25,000,000,000 and a generating capacity of 20,000,000 horse-power. The automobile industry is but thirty-three years old, the telephone less than fifty. The "time lag" has now been reduced to less than half a century. One task ahead of industry is to reduce it still further.

It is a singular fact that the upshot of all this patience and toil is not merely to shrink time and space but to present this world daily in some more insubstantial guise. Captain T. J. J. See, an inquiring outrider at the government's Mare Island station, now reduces the visible and invisible universe to waves. He explains all the forces of nature by the wave theory: magnetism, gravitation, electrodynamics, tension, cohesion, adhesion (a force of which the physicist knows surprisingly little), chemical affinity, even explosive force —all these are explained by Captain See as the products of waves. It is thus that he explains the roundness of raindrops, a mystery for 2,000 years; it is thus that he explains the lightning-bolt, the atom, and the molecule. Not substances these, says our scientist-philosopher, but waves through the ether, or products of these waves. And what, pray, is ether? Doctor See says it is a tenuous substance present throughout space, sufficiently elastic and strong to hold in place the sun and moon and stars.

A prodigious acquaintance with what the world has thought and done in the realm of science is not enough for the research worker. Mastery of differential calculus is a small part of his equipment. He must have also a differential imagination.

Germany, which was far in the vanguard before the World War, still holds the lead in industrial research. The United States is a not very good second, and England ranks third. German labo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ratories are generously subsidized, for the government believes in them now as firmly as before the war; and the same thing is true of Japan, which ranks fourth. It is a race not merely for knowledge but for markets. We had an example of this when certain of our industries took fright at the prospect of competition in their own markets with methanol, a German-manufactured synthetic wood-alcohol, which could be sold here much more cheaply than our own product.

This was a lesson in tariffs as well as a lesson in research. It must be clear that no tariff wall can be built high enough to keep out the goods of a country which excels sufficiently in the economies and superiorities which come from successful and ingenious scientific investigation. International debts may do less than research in the long run to level international trade barriers. Research will level them, if at all, by making them useless for protective purposes.

The industrial laboratory has thus its political potentialities, aside from its commercial uses. More, it has educational implications. It may influence, it may even deflect, the curricula of our higher institutions of learning. One of the problems now confronting great corporations is the problem of research personnel. Where are they to find men competent to fill the ranks of their expanding laboratories? Unless Young America can be interested in the work for itself, there will be a shortage of the chief raw material, which is human brains. Fat pay-checks are not enough. The research worker must be animated by something other than a desire for ample living. He must burn with an inward fire which money can't kindle. He must be so immersed in his task that he becomes, at times, jumpy and temperamental and hard to manage. (Research staffs might well include expert psychologists.) And there is a large question in the thought of some of our captains of industry whether the American university is turning out enough young men with inquiring minds and a passion for the enlargement of knowledge to meet the increasing demand.

Between scholasticism and industrial research there is an interaction and an interdependence. The commercial laboratory lends a hand to "pure" science and to university investigators. Will the university reciprocate? Despite the tendency to overpraise, despite the naïve credulity with which "marvels" are received by press and public although in fact they are no marvels at all, it is still true that commercial research has a future as well as a present. And there are those who say that no war ace has ever known, in the physical realm, so much excitement as is offered by research in the field of intellectual adventure.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Many Men?

BY JOHN FRAZIER VANCE

How many men
Have come and gone
Where you see a path
Worn smooth in stone?

Who laid the wall
Bounding this field?
What can an acre
Of granite yield?

How many feet
Have climbed this hill
Above the Village
Dark and still?

There lies Gloucester,
There lies 'Squam.
Between them the sea
Is never calm.

How many maids and men
Have lain
Where we lie now?
Was an Isaac slain

On that altar of granite?
Horrid thought!
Paschal lamb
In a pasture lot.

Slow, slow,
The Dipper swings
Around Polaris.
Furry wings

Of bats from Dogtown
Beat the night.
The light on Thatcher's
Flashes bright.

A thousand flashes more
We'll stay.
But we must go
Before it's day.

What rapture to be lying
Still,
Beside you
Here on Pigeon Hill!

Open your eyes,
Come back to town.
See, the Dipper
Is upside down.

We must go down
From Pigeon Hill,
Back to the Village,
Dark and still.

How many lovers
Have come and gone,
Wearing this pathway
In the stone,

Treading softly
On midnight feet
Along the twisting
Narrow street?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

In 1920 Rose Macaulay made a literary sensation with "Potterism," one of the most brilliant and diverting satirical novels of the present century. The satire in it is universal, because there is a certain percentage of potterism in every man and woman; all intelligent readers, instead of applying the moral to their neighbors, felt the dint of it themselves. It is a truly antiseptic book. Since that time the author has produced many other novels, which I found sadly inferior to "Potterism," but now with the appearance of "Daisy and Daphne," I feel like saluting her again. This also has the air of disillusion, which seems to be the atmosphere in which Rose Macaulay lives; it is not therefore a cheerful book. But there is in it much humor, much keen observation, and some rather remarkable portrayals of character. The central idea, that there are two personalities in every human being, is exceedingly well developed. It could of course be carried much further. There are at least a dozen personalities in every human being, as Sir James Barrie showed with such skill in his enchanting play "The Legend of Leonora." Every man is both childish and mature; both trivial and significant; both vulgar and sublime; both good and evil. Bernard Shaw thinks it a pity that we have to die at seventy, because then, he avers, we have only just begun to live. He thinks men are really playboys up to that time; fond of sport, and such follies. But I feel certain that if we lived five hundred years longer, we should be the same combination of folly and wisdom, childishness and maturity.

I do not think that any boy at school or any man of the world should be compelled to indulge in athletic sports unless he chooses freely to do so; the essence of games is fun, and to take them as one takes a doctor's prescription is as bad as eating food for health, instead of eating it for enjoyment. But I think the attitude of those who hate sport is fully as intolerant as that of the schoolboy-sentiment which attempts to compel worship at the shrine of athletics. The late W. H. Hudson and the living G. B. S. regarded devotion to golf as idiotic; which means simply that these individuals preferred to do something else. For my part, if I had to choose now between taking my ordinary human chance of disappearing from the planet at a normal age, or being given the alternative of living five hundred years longer on earth, with the proviso that I must play golf every afternoon with congenial associates, I should gladly choose the latter. I rate first, the weather; second, the company; third, the game. Time was when I wanted to play well, or at all events regarded the *summum bonum* as victory. Now I had rather play a rotten game in fine weather than a fine game in rotten weather.

But to return to Rose Macaulay and her "Daisy and Daphne." The conversations in it are full of wisdom. Here is an illustration to prove it. Daphne and her fiancé are talking about the dif-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ferences between men and women, an eternally interesting theme. After agreeing that most of the generalizations are inaccurate, and that both men and women are attacked unfairly, Daphne muses:

"Some things one can say. Men—taking the average, I mean—are enormously abler, for instance. Really enormously, both in body and mind. Stronger all round, in nerves and muscle and brain, more creative and inventive, with more sense. They carry heavier guns. If the woman-baiters would stick to baiting us about our frail intelligences, they'd be right all the way. Oh, dear, women seem to be very nearly imbecile often."

"They are pretty often imbecile. But so are men."

"Oh, yes, often and often. But not so often. Men should stick to that. They do tell us about it a good deal, of course, and point out how much less well we've always done nearly everything than they have, but they spoil their case by going on to all the other things, that aren't true a bit. It's like kicking people when they're down, for things they've not done. Why can't they let us alone? Women on the whole are so nice, so generous and decent."

Such comments on certain characteristics respectively of men and women, written by an acute observer, are worth thoughtful consideration, which is more profitable than thoughtless resentment.

Rose Macaulay comes honestly by her literary ability. Her father was a distinguished scholar, the late G. C. Macaulay, who wrote a work on Francis Beaumont which was an important contribution to Elizabethan scholarship. Doctor Macaulay was the first to distinguish evidentially in the famous partnership of Beaumont and Fletcher the separate work of Beaumont.

A romance that I found both diverting and inspiring is "Tall Men," by J. S. Montgomery. It opens in an original manner, and in a way that piques the reader's curiosity. Soon we are taken on the high seas in the days of the American Civil War; and we run the blockade off Charleston. Finally we take part in the memorable sea duel between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge*. The story is told with spirit, and the ingredients of love and blood are skilfully mixed.

A beautiful work of the printer's art is "A New Portrait of James Boswell," written by Professors C. B. Tinker and Fred Pottle, and designed by the accomplished craftsman Bruce Rogers. It comes from the Harvard University Press, and let me urge collectors to secure a copy quickly, as it is a limited edition and very few are left.

To all interested in Boswell and Johnson I should like to recommend R. W. Chapman's excellent edition of two works in one volume, "A Journey to the Western Islands," by Johnson, and "A Tour to the Hebrides," by Boswell. This is the first time these two books have been bound together. Mr. Chapman has carefully collated the texts of all the early editions, has written a delightful preface, and supplied scholarly notes. It is interesting to read an account of the same expedition, written first by Johnson and then by his disciple. I hope most persons will agree with me that in this instance the disciple was above his lord. Johnson makes many moral and philosophical reflections on the places and people visited, but Boswell—that greatest of all journalists—tells us exactly what we want to know; everything he writes has "news value."

It is a pity that Mr. Vere Collins did not have at least a touch of the Boswellian genius. His book "Talks with Thomas Hardy" interested me greatly, because every word about Hardy attracts my attention. He was not only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the foremost English writer of these latter days but also a personality of commanding importance, all the more impressive because so unassuming. A series of conversations with him therefore should be of the keenest interest; but I fear this book will attract and hold the attention only of those who, like myself, are worshippers.

King Louis XVIII did not seem heroic to his contemporaries, and has never appealed to historians as a romantic figure. But he was a shrewd and able man, a good judge of human nature, and a first-rate political barometer, which is more than can be said of most monarchs. Napoleon did not take him seriously, but after the body of the great commander was a-mouldering in the grave, Louis was "sitting pretty" on the throne of France. Stevenson said it is better to be a fool than to be dead; King Louis, while without genius, was assuredly no fool. Modern biographers have avoided him, because he affords a poor target for their wit, and his personal characteristics were not sensational. He was fat and scant of breath, but in quaky times he managed to maintain his seat in the royal saddle, which is more than either of his brothers succeeded in doing. One lost his head and the other his job.

Those who prefer novelized, ironical, slanderous, or fantastic biographies to a truthful, unbiassed report of the facts may not care for the latest account of this king's life and career; but to all who love history I recommend "Louis XVIII," by J. Lucas-Dubreton, translated by F. H. Lyon. Those who have not yet seen this book may have their proleptic faith in the author aroused if I quote the last two paragraphs:

> Louis XVIII's chief merit was that, after living for twenty years in exile, he was able to place his hand on the heart of his dismembered country, and to understand, despite his education and family tradition, that the only hope lay in a policy of prudence and moderation.
>
> He must be placed in the proper setting—his own time, the hour of his accession. To succeed Napoleon, at a moment when France was invaded, was a fearful test for a feeble old man. But the old man went steadily on, gradually rallied the Imperialists to him, as Napoleon had rallied the Republicans; he averted the calamities which threatened the country and left France rich, orderly and at peace with Europe. If we look further on, past his tomb, and see how his work was ruined, foolishly and almost frivolously, by his brother Charles X, our respect for him is strengthened, and the figure of Louis XVIII becomes greater as it recedes.

In my native town of New Haven we are bearing an increasing resemblance to London in that our theatrical season is now the month of May. New Haven is the best city in the world in three respects: the people, the situation, the climate. (You must not judge the people by me. I am far below the average.) During the winter in our theatres we have a superabundance of musical comedies; but in May we have excellent plays with all-star casts. During this last month of May we had "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Otis Skinner, Mrs. Fiske, and Henrietta Crosman; we had a charming all-star performance of "She Stoops to Conquer," with Fay Bainter, Glenn Hunter, and others; we had a thrilling presentation of "Diplomacy," with William Faversham, Margaret Anglin, and others; Walter Hampden came with "Caponsacchi," "An Enemy of the People," and "Hamlet," and Professor George P. Baker produced at the University Theatre an admirable performance of Ibsen's "Brand."

Jeffery Farnol, who has written of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jousts and mediæval tournaments, has now produced a book on champions of the fist. It is called "Famous Prize Fights" and is copiously and quaintly illustrated. The narrative begins with eighteenth-century bruisers, and closes with the battle between Carpentier and Dempsey. There is a good chapter on the most famous prize-fight in history, that between the Englishman Tom Sayers and the American John Heenan, called the "Benicia Boy." This historic contest took place in England on April 17, 1860. Apart from the dramatic excitement always attending a battle between heavyweights, this fight affords a particularly good illustration of the unreliability of human testimony. Although it was witnessed by a large number of persons in all walks of life, and although it lasted for a number of rounds, it is impossible to discover what actually happened. There are plenty of detailed reports, but they are conflicting.

Mr. Tunney is quite right in praising the cynical wisdom of the speech of Ulysses in Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida." Those whose happiness depends on public opinion might just as well let it depend on a weather-vane. When Dempsey fought Carpentier, nine out of every ten Americans wanted the foreigner to win—Dempsey being one of the most unpopular men in America. I earnestly hoped at that time that Dempsey would win, not that I had any dislike for Carpentier, who was and is a good fellow, but because I knew the trough of sentimentality in which we should all be compelled to wallow in the event of a victory by Carpentier. His wife and child were in France, with passage engaged on the steamer for America; a triumphal tour through These States was to follow the Frenchman's triumph. It would have been an appalling and nauseating slough of slush. We were saved from that by Dempsey's fists. To-day, although Dempsey has not changed, he is wildly popular.

An excellent biography, "Doctor Arnold of Rugby," has just appeared from the hand of his great-grandson, Arnold Whitridge. Lytton Strachey used Doctor Arnold not as a subject for biography but as a punching-bag. So it is well to have a clear picture of the real man and of his career. It is possible that Mr. Whitridge is overcareful not to err on the side of panegyric. Surely no one can complain that he has permitted ancestor-worship to influence his judgment.

It is so common nowadays to see small-town folk and country cousins ridiculed that it is almost refreshing by contrast to see a terrific picture of certain sections of New York society painted by Thomas Beer in his strange novel "The Road to Heaven." This book is only for tough-minded and sophisticated readers; it is written not with ink but with vitriol. What should such fellows do crawling between earth and heaven? Such characters are not fit to govern, because they are not fit to live. I have always maintained that for sheer boredom, for unalloyed, intolerable dulness, there is no place equal to a night-club; compared with the regular followers of such resorts, the members of foreign missionary societies are like the stars of a French Parisian *salon*. Mr. Beer has portrayed an uneducated, athletic young man who wanders among these metropolitan degenerates in a state of well-earned depression. He is homesick for the farm, and at the end reaches the desired haven. Mr. Beer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

commands a style all his own; it is the opposite of simple, but though complicated, it is not insincere.

The worst disservice a publisher can do for an author is to print on the jacket of the new book words of praise from any source whatever, no matter how influential. The average book-reviewer, the moment he reads fulsome language on the outside of the new volume, determines to slate it. He does not like being told in advance what he is to think and say of the new book; the surest way to secure a bad press is to puff it in advance. The paper jacket might contain a portrait of the author, if the face be fit for publication; or, if words must be printed thereupon, let them be words of merely impartial objective description, setting forth without flattery the purpose and scope of the work. Many book reviews begin by quoting the puffery of the publisher and then go on to ridicule both the advertisement and the book.

The literature of scholarship and criticism that has accumulated around Shakespeare's Sonnets is an ever-increasing cloud, not to say fog. But I do not remember to have seen anywhere any allusion to what is one of the most remarkable illustrations of the irony of fate that can be instanced. Shakespeare repeatedly and confidently affirms in these gorgeous poems their immortality; scholars are divided on the question as to whether he really meant that seriously, that is to say, was himself conscious of the supreme and lasting quality of this verse, or whether he merely followed a current convention. I incline to the latter view.

But at this moment I cannot recall any allusion to the fact that while Shakespeare in these Sonnets repeatedly prophesied immortality for the friend he was addressing, immortality that was to be gained through these poems, in reality no person in the world is more obscure to-day, more hidden from knowledge than this very individual. No doubt contemporaries who read these sugared poems knew perfectly who W. H. was; but to-day he is the man nobody knows. Could there be a more striking illustration of the irony of fate? Here is the greatest poet of all time enshrining a personal friend in the greatest sonnets ever written; and at the same time predicting that these same poems will make this friend's name known and familiar to all successive generations of men. And to-day there is not a man in the world who knows his name. Destiny after all is the foremost satirist.

"Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die;
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie."

A friend sends me a cutting from a recent issue of an English newspaper that has an oddity all its own. In a column of literary gossip occurs the following:

> An obscure American poet once said "Lives of great men all remind us we may make our lives sublime" (or words to that effect). I would rather say; "Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime only if we organise and discipline our mental and physical outfit." It does not quite scan, but it is better sense.

Which reminds me that an obscure English poet once wrote: "To be or not to be that is the question" (or words to that effect). I would [not] rather say: "To be or not to be that is the question only when you are not thinking of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something else." It does not quite scan, but it makes no better sense.

A genuine, realistic novel of extraordinary merit is "Day of Fortune," by Norman Matson. The novel impresses the reader from beginning to end as being absolutely true; true in its characterizations, true in its narrative. It is written in a straightforward, unpretentious, but exceedingly effective style, and the author should take a high place among contemporary American novelists.

Stark Young, the accomplished poet, dramatist, critic, and novelist, has written a story combining life in a Southern small town with the crazy night life of the New York theatrical crowd. This book, while of course written with distinction, like everything from the hand of Stark Young, is chiefly notable for the leading character, a Southern girl, who goes from the quiet life of gentility to the glaring spot-light of stardom in one night. Lena is a triumph of characterization. Her physical beauty and a certain modest grace of character fill the book with radiance. She is so charming in fact and so essentially good that I do not myself see how she could possibly have done what she unfortunately did.

Archibald Marshall, the famous creator of the Clinton Twins, has published a delightful book called "Simple Stories." They are nearer to "Alice in Wonderland" than any other book of our time that I know. They are full of delightful surprises of humor and imagination.

I mentioned that the late Thomas Sergeant Perry learned Russian after he was seventy; and now Clarence E. Tullar, of Arlington, Mass., writes me an interesting fact about Doctor S. F. Smith, the author of "My country, 'tis of thee," who was

> . . . a great linguist, having a fairly good working knowledge of fourteen languages at the time I came first to know him, when he was about the age of seventy-five. By the time he reached his eighty-fifth birthday he had developed a very strong desire to take up the study of the Russian language, since up to that time he had never familiarized himself with that tongue.
>
> I learned, in a very singular manner, of his inability to secure a grammar in English and Russian, from any source whatever, and seeing what I recognized as an unusual opportunity to render him a service, I volunteered to secure for him such a grammar. Two years prior to this time I had gone to Moscow, with Mr. Edward E. Bradley, of Stonington, Conn. on a business errand, and Mr. B. was there again on a similar errand, and all I had to do was to write and ask him to do me the favor of bringing home a copy of the desired grammar, which he very gladly did, and so Dr. Smith was presented with it in about sixty days. Dr. Smith secured a copy of the New Testament in Russian, and during the two and one half years before his death read the gospel of John.

The death of the novelist Basil King, on June 22, is a loss to American literature. Apart from the excellence of his novels and essays, he was a man of such immense fortitude and courage in the face of almost insuperable obstacles that he was an inspiration to every one who knew him.

With reference to my remark pointing out the similarity between "Deluge" and "The End of All," Theodore M. Plimpton, of West Roxbury, Mass., writes me that the latter story appeared in the Sunday *Herald* for August 25, 1889. The author's name was given as Nym Crinkle.

A clergyman is properly distressed by hearing more and more frequently the expression "every so often." This

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expression, together with "alright" and "anywheres," is never used by cultivated or educated persons; so I thought until last evening, when I found "every so often" in the works of William Ellery Leonard.

Herbert M. Clarke, of Syracuse, writes:

You may remember that some time ago you raised the question how the gender of foreign words taken into German is determined. Sometimes it is changed, e.g. *der Keller* comes from the Latin neuter *cellarium*. There is a paragraph on this subject by Otto Behaghel in his small but very learned book on the German language (4th ed. p. 186). He says: "In ihrer Beugungsweise schlossen sich die entlehnten Wörter im allgemeinen den deutschen Wörtern an, mit deren Endungen und Bildungssilben die ihrigen am meisten übereinstimmten, und traten gleichzeitig in das Geschlecht derselben über.

"Französisch *le groupe, le rôle,* und all die Hauptwörter auf-age sind im Deutschen weiblich geworden nach dem Muster von *Bitte, Gabe,* usw."

It must seem strange to a German to find that in French *étage* and *courage* are masculine, when his own language has *die etage* and *die courage* with French pronunciation.

Miss Isabella E. Bosworth, of Bristol, R. I., writes:

About twenty years ago, some neighbors of mine had an exceedingly cross-eyed cat. At times the pupil of the eye seemed almost to disappear behind the nose. The cat was a female Angora tiger with very rich dark stripes, and barring this optical defect was a very handsome cat. It gave her the same odd facial expression that it gives people. I belong to a family which is mildly insane about cats, but this one about which I am writing is the only one I ever saw or heard of, thus afflicted.

Miss Maude Oyler, of the Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles, writes:

I was professor of Economics recently in a native Chinese University for men in Shanghai. Among its several organizations was a sizable Anti-Christian Association. Prompted by curiosity entirely, I asked a silk coated gentleman of campus affluence, how many that group might be. Jumping to apologetic and quite unnecessary defense, he said: "Professor Miss Oyler, I am not a Christian myself, but then, you know, I *am* the President of Y. M. C. A."

A student of English in the same University, assigned to reply to a client's letter, complaining of clerk's discourtesy, wrote as follows: "We are happy that you told us our clerk was discourteous to you. The clerk is now finished."

Wrote another, who was a student in my class in Property Insurance, in which I had labored to explain operation of various policy clauses as adjudicated in our courts: "There are three parties to all of insurance contracts, —the insured, the company, and the court."

Mrs. Gilmore Scranton, of Harbor Beach, Mich., sprained her ankle in Japan, and on her return to America received a letter from a charming Japanese gentleman: "I write to enquire as to the health of your honorable shank."

The Fano Club is enriched by the admission of the Contessa Ottavia Borgogelli Avveduti Bracci, who writes "ossequi di persone riconoscenti per il suo interesse verso Fano."

Also by Emma Bernoulli, of Florence; Alice Mary Connor, who saw the picture on the feast of Corpus Christi; Mrs. Elizabeth C. Robinson, of New Haven.

On Tuesday, May 29, I started on an interesting journey to the South. I began by dining at the top of the Lyceum Theatre in New York as the guest of my friend Daniel Frohman; the other guests were Channing Pollock, Louis Anspacher, and James M. Beck; we had much good talk, and it was a queer sensation to look down through a trapdoor at the stage far below and see a play in progress. That night I took the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

train to Bowling Green, Ky., where I gave the commencement address in the open air at the Western Kentucky State Normal School—a fine-looking assemblage of young men and women were graduated, all of whom are to enter upon the adventurous profession of teaching. At a luncheon I met Mr. Nahm, the father of the novelist Emanie Sachs. From Bowling Green I jumped north to Detroit, where I made the dedication address at the opening of the new building of the Grosse Pointe High School, the most beautiful school edifice I have seen. Then I jumped south again to Greeneville, Tenn., where I gave the commencement address at Tusculum College; this college was founded in 1794 and has had a continuous activity ever since. It is the oldest American college west of the Alleghanies. It has a noble history in giving education to the mountaineers. Any millionaire who wishes to give some money to a college which needs it and will make a splendid use of it could not do better than help old Tusculum.

From this country came John Q. Tilson, the present Republican leader of the national House of Representatives. In the course of my speech I nominated him for Vice-President, although I have no political influence; the nomination, however, was greeted with such acclaim that if the Republicans of Tennessee could have named the next Vice-President, Tilson would have won.

Greeneville was the home of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States; his tailor-shop is piously preserved with its implements and memorabilia, as it should be, and the house where he lived is marked with a tablet. His grave is on a commanding eminence, and the town in every way does honor to his memory.

TALL MEN

Some dozen years ago a man walked into my library at New Haven; I was impressed by his appearance. His name was Charles Oliver Gray, and he was and is the president of Tusculum College. I remarked that they raised fine specimens of tall manhood in the Tennessee mountains, if he represented them. He asked me to wait a moment, and there followed him into the room his three sons, all of them taller than he, and the tallest six feet five. One of them is now professor of music at Tusculum, one is in the office of the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, engaged in financial and economic research, and one a lawyer at Greeneville, who has already served in the State Legislature. This father and three sons are magnificent specimens physically and mentally of the mountain manhood of Tennessee.

Many have wondered that Lindbergh has such simple, unaffected manners. The explanation is easy. Lindbergh is one of the plane people.

For current announcements of the leading publishers see
the front advertising section.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Present Status of the Barbizon School

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

At a time when ideals of art, like everything else in our modern world, are challenged by the demands of a new generation, it is interesting to examine into the fortunes of a school once held extraordinarily high in public favor. I refer to the group loosely but familiarly known as the Barbizon school, the group embracing Corot, Rousseau, and their friends, and I am especially concerned to note its status in the eyes of the American collector. Back in the 80's these painters rode the crest of the wave. The foundations of their vogue have been well and securely laid by certain enlightened connoisseurs and dealers. Their pictures were the great prizes of the auction-room. Meanwhile, in Paris, something like a formal consecration of the subject had been organized. The exhibition there, in the Rue de Sèze, in June, 1883, of a hundred French masterpieces, had been peculiarly strong in works of the historic figures to whom I allude. "Here were assembled in a spacious gallery some eighty of the choicest pearls of the greatest period of modern art. Never had such a representation been seen of the phalanx of 1830. It was the final ceremony that proclaimed and fixed the domain which had been conquered and shared by Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Millet, Daubigny, Fromentin, Delacroix, Troyon, and Decamps —the art of modern France." There was a printed memorial of it, of course, the "Cent Chefs-d'Œuvre," and part of the significance of the words I have just quoted lies in their source. I take them from the introduction to a little volume which the late Henry M. Walters, of Baltimore, had privately printed in 1886, a translation of the text that Albert Wolff wrote for the memorial volume just mentioned. An eager collector of Barbizon masterpieces, Mr. Walters characteristically did what he could to establish their legend here. The printing of his brochure was in some sort an act of faith. For him—and for many other American collectors—the trivialities of the Paris Salon had gone down the wind. With a landscape painted at Ville D'Avray, along the Oise, or amid the oaks of Fontainebleau, a new heaven and a new earth had been ushered in. American taste had achieved another landmark.

◇ ◇ ◇

How did it fare? For some years it was apparently unshaken. Then the Impressionists came more and more into view, Monet and Manet, Degas and Renoir. They did not, for they could not, discredit their predecessors, but a new fashion never comes into being without lessening the sway of an older one, and in more recent years the cult for Cézanne and the varied developments of modernism have served to make Barbizon seem, in some quarters

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

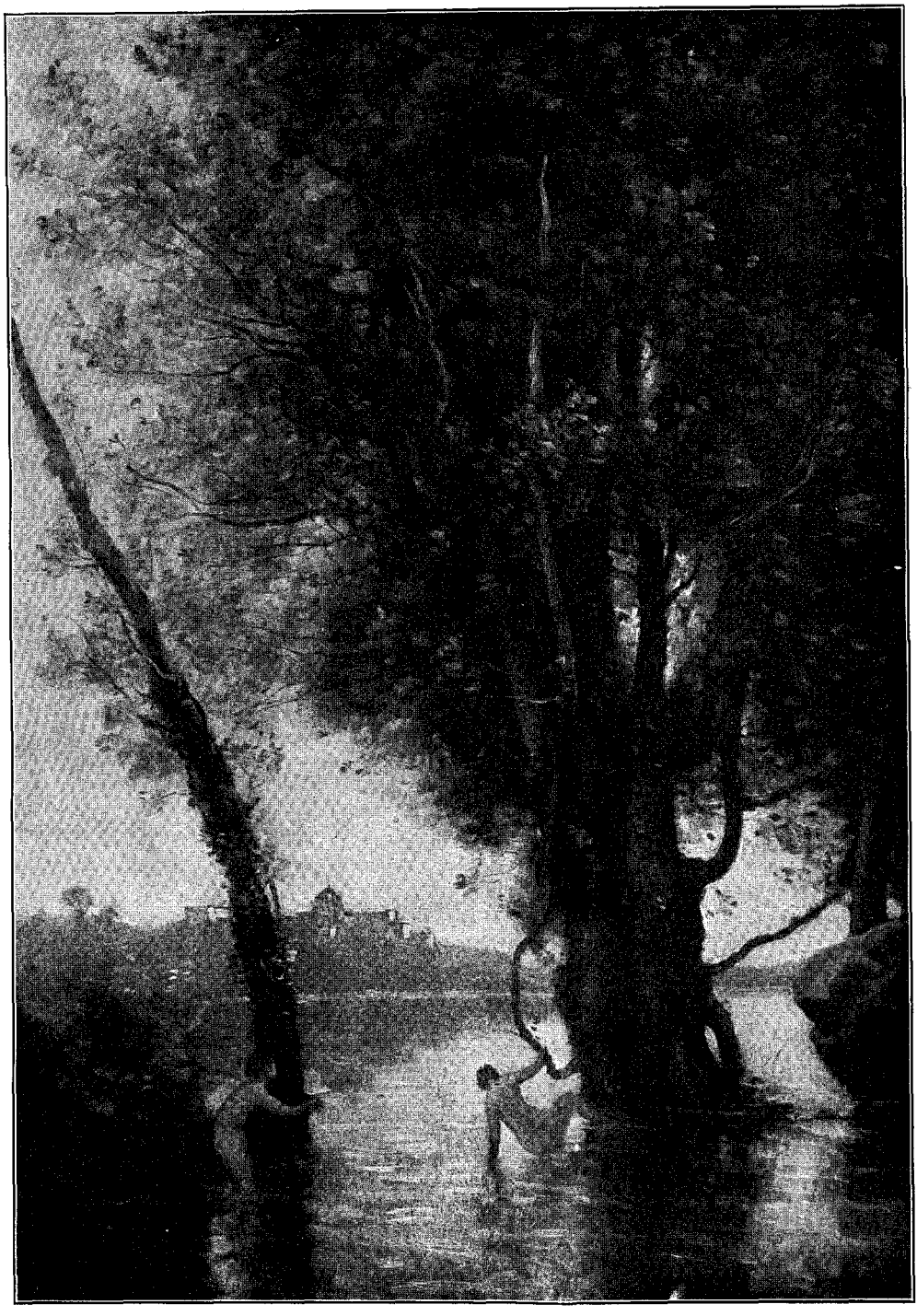
at least, "old hat." I have had many an occasion to observe a subsidence of that enthusiasm which I have indicated as formerly rampant. Only the other day a distinguished collector said to me that in his opinion Corot was the sole man in the group to "stand up" under the passage of time. I shall presently have circumstances to mention which would seem to sustain his contention But there are further views to be taken of the matter, light on which may be drawn from the field in which the pre-eminence of Corot is particularly marked, the field of the auction-room. The appeal to figures in the domain of art may easily be overdone, may easily be made gravely misleading. Nevertheless there are cases in which it has its just function, and this, I believe, is one of them. Briefly stated, if the prices paid in the auction-room are to be taken as reflecting the taste and confidence of collectors, then the Barbizon painters have, on the whole, held their own. I say this in spite of the fact that instances of depreciation are undoubtedly to be cited.

◇ ◇ ◇

The question of the stability of the school in the market was first brought conspicuously forward, in the last few years, when the collection of Mr. C. K. G. Billings was sold in January, 1926, by the American Art Association. Fourteen of the thirty-one pictures disposed of were works of the Barbizon men, and they fetched a total of $290,000, nearly three-quarters of the $401,300 paid for the entire collection. I give first some of the figures for Corot. Les Baigneuses des Iles Borromées brought $50,000; Le Cavalier dans la Campagne, $30,000; Le Lac—Effet de Matin, $21,500. Rousseau's Bosquet d'Arbres was sold for $25,000, and Daubigny's La Saulaie for $12,500. Millet's Haystacks rose to $26,000 and Troyon's La Charette de Foin to $16,500. I might cite other good prices, but these are enough to characterize the testimony offered by the Billings sale. They show that, "old hat" or not, the painters of Barbizon were still appreciated, still valued, still prime factors in the market. They have been rivalled, as I have pointed out, by the Impressionists, and both groups, I may add in passing, have been portentously overshadowed by the old masters. But when $50,500 is paid for a Corot, $25,000 for a Rousseau, and $26,000 for a Millet, it is plain enough that the public of these artists has not disappeared.

It was duly on the scene, at the Anderson Galleries, in March of the present year, when the paintings assembled by the late Charles H. Senff were dispersed. This amateur had bought most of his pictures in the period from 1889 to 1899. He had about thirty Barbizon works, all of them good and some of them very fine. The Corots, as my friend's remark suggests, "stood up." Thanks to a table in *The Art News* comparing the prices received with those which Mr. Senff is understood to have paid, I am able to record some curious mutations. The eight Corots, without exception, registered an advance. The superb Woman Reading had cost the collector $4,000. His niece, Mrs. Louise Senff Cameron, bid on it at the sale so that she might present it to the Metropolitan Museum, which she has since done, and the competition was so lively that she had to pay $31,000 for it. Governor Fuller paid $26,000 for the Nymphs Bathing, which had cost Mr. Senff $18,000. Turning from the old figures to the new, we find that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Les Baigneuses des Îles Borromées.

From the painting by Corot formerly in the Billings Collection.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

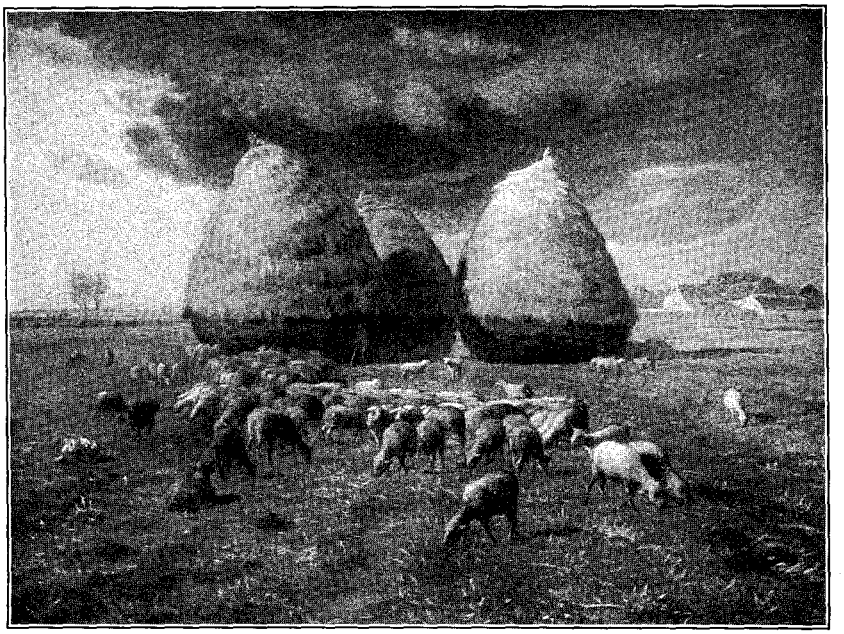
Un Matin: Étang de Ville d'Avray.

From the painting by Corot formerly in the Gary Collection.

Eventide.

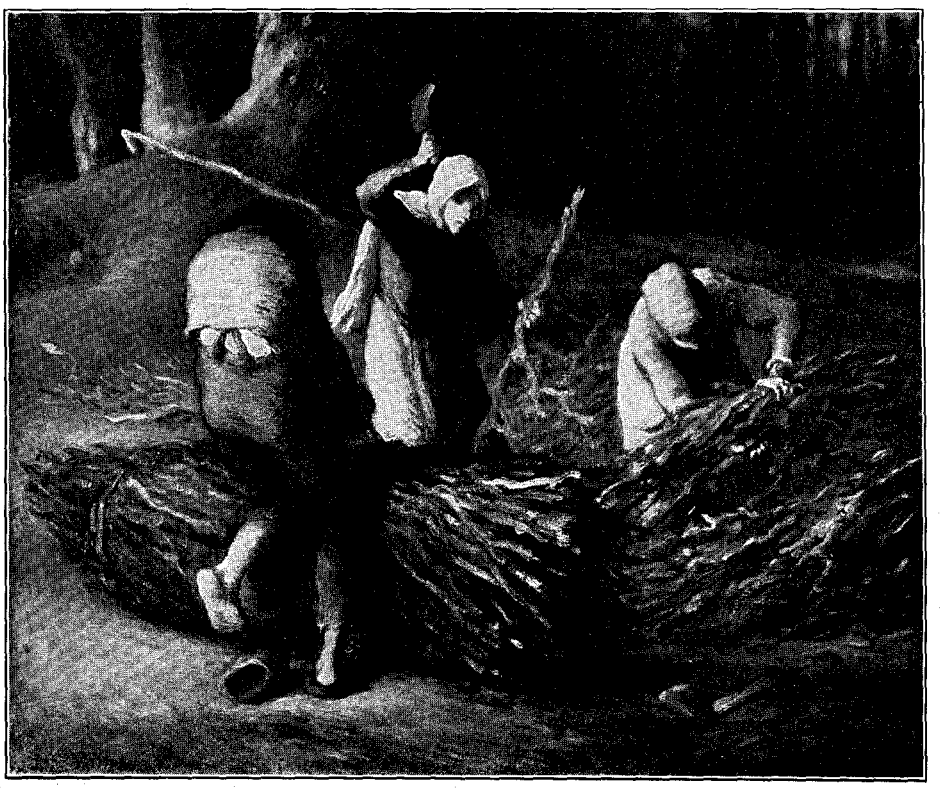
From the painting by Corot formerly in the Senff Collection.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Haystacks.

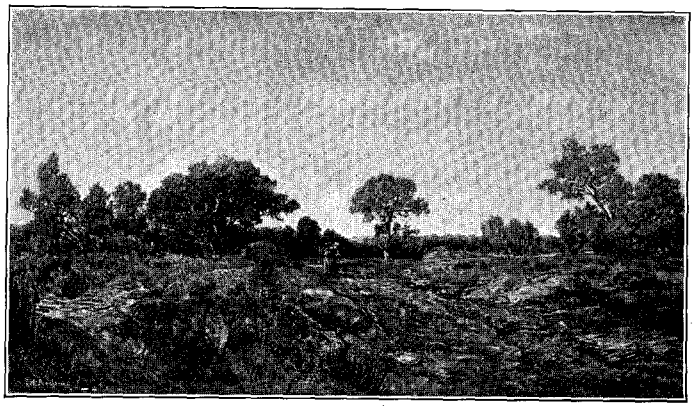
From the painting by Millet formerly in the Billings Collection.



Les Bucherons.

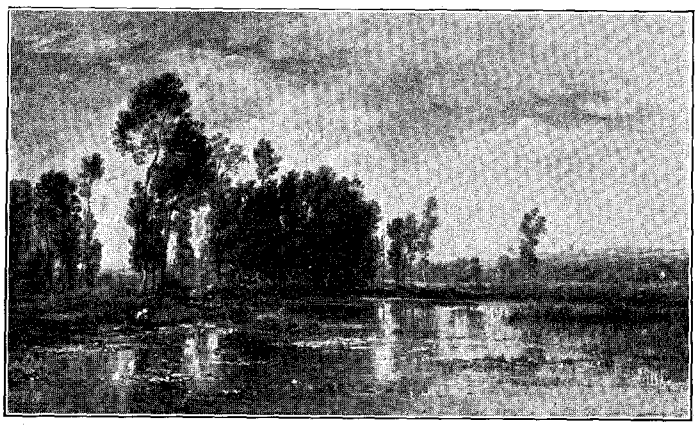
From the painting by Millet formerly in the Gary Collection.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



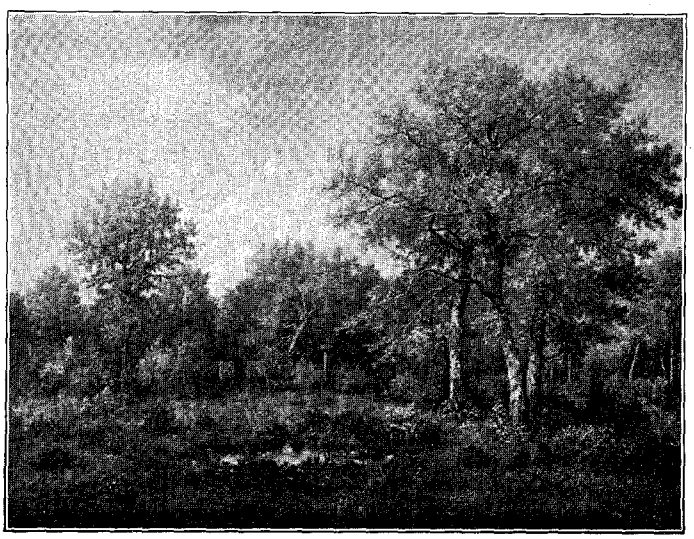
Earth, Trees, and Sky.

From the painting by Rousseau formerly in the Gary Collection.



Summer Day on the Oise.

From the painting by Daubigny formerly in the Senff Collection.



Le Parc Aux Boeufs.

From the painting by Diaz formerly in the Billings Collection.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Morning Fisherman jumped from $6,000 to $12,500, the Lake Albano from $6,300 to $12,500, the Eventide from $16,000 to $21,000, and so on. One of the six Duprés showed a trifling advance, but the others marked serious losses, and the highest price given for any one of them was only $3,300. Daubigny was in much the same case, though one of his pictures, Summer Day on the Oise, fetched $7,600. The high-water mark amongst the three Rousseaus, $6,000, was rather disconcerting, in view of the fact that Mr. Senff had paid $10,000 for the picture, A Red Sunset After a Rainy Day. Diaz, too, going as high as $4,500 in one instance, was none the less the victim of a drop. Millet stood fairly firm. Mr. Senff had paid $1,600 for the Maternity, a drawing, and it brought $1,800. The net effect of the affair was not, however, depressing, especially as the collection was not one of uniformly important pieces. The lowest prices were not contemptible, and the sale left Barbizon, as it seemed to me, still with its place in the sun.

I watched with a certain confidence for the prices to be attained by the six or seven paintings of this school in the Elbert H. Gary sale held by the American Art Association in April, 1928. Corot again was to the fore, the Matin: Etang de Ville D'Avray selling for $32,000, and his Souvenir du Bords des Lac de Garde for $19,000. A Daubigny, Bords de l'Oise à Conflans, went for $23,000, and another picture of his for $8,000. The two Rousseaus commanded only modest prices, one going at $4,300 and the other at $4,600, the latter being rather difficult to understand, for the Earth, Trees and Sky bringing that price struck me as a really notable example. Millet once more, as in the Senff sale, maintained himself. Les Bucherons sold for $10,000.

◇ ◇ ◇

What is the moral of these diverse figures? That some Barbizon pictures, as has been shown, are not, commercially speaking, what they once were, but that in the main they remain living quantities. Taking all the elements of the situation into consideration, the change in fashion, the varying desirability of this or that example (a crucial point), the virtually complete alteration in the key of light in landscape art which the influence of the Impressionists brought about, it must be admitted that the Barbizon school has lost nothing fundamental. Its period may not seem to-day, as it seemed in 1886, the year of the exhibition aforementioned, "the greatest period of modern art," but it is one which the world obviously will not let die. It is worth while to reflect upon the reasons for this.

The solidarity of a school is not the primary cause of its success. That is attributable essentially to the individual traits of the men who make it. A great school does not regiment its members. It leans, rather, upon the original force which each has to contribute. It is the original, profoundly personal quality of Corot that keeps him so magnificently alive, that and his adherence to what makes the ground-swell of any golden epoch in art. He was, I suppose, what some commentators to-day would call an old-fashioned type. "Never paint a subject," he was wont to say, "unless it calls insistently and distinctly upon your eye and heart." I can hear a certain sort of modern painter asking what on earth "heart" had to do with it. But Corot knew what he was about, and especially he knew that a work of art is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the product of the whole man, of his character as well as of his dexterity, an expression of emotion as well as of æsthetic principle. His biography is dotted with sayings that point to a pondered, constructive habit of painting. *Vive la conscience, vive la simplicité!* he exclaims, and when you come to close quarters with the craftsman in this seemingly spontaneous, lyric poet you find that, as befits a countryman of Poussin, he is nothing if not a builder of design. "I never hurry to the details of a picture," he declares. "Its masses and general character interest me before everything else. When those are well established, I search out the subtleties of form and color. Incessantly and without system I return to any and every part of my canvas." How French all that is, and how traditional! It gives, too, the key to Corot's liberation of an intensely personal inspiration. He can speak for himself because he knows the language of art, the sane, ordered language which runs through French painting for centuries. He has an ardor and a magic all his own. He sees nature exquisitely. His approach is imaginative. But he has a heart and a mind as well as an eye, he has a conscience, and so he is all for a sound, truthful method of picture-making. The tremulous foliage so characteristic of him, the shimmering silvery light that is almost a mannerism, is subordinate to a structural purpose. This master, whose soul is as free as a bird's, whose pictures are, indeed, like so many songs, is at bottom a stanch conservative. Listen to this outburst of his: "Ah, *Messieurs les artistes modernes,* God is not pleased with you, far from pleased! Ah, how could He be! He gives you the beauties of nature to see and paint, and you change them, you spoil them. Very well then, my friends, to punish you God will turn your hearts into hearts of cork. God has given you the most beautiful canons, and you bungle them, He will not give them to you any more."

◇ ◇ ◇

Strange talk, I am sure, this must seem in the ears of your devout follower of a Cézanne, or a Picasso, or a Matisse, but the genius behind it will long win its way with the mere lover of beauty. For that genius was firm-founded upon the integrity of art, on fidelity to nature, on sound technique, and on the divine sanction of style. It is so with the whole valiant company. They all have things to say, interesting, characteristic things—and they all play the game. Rousseau is as fresh, as new-minted, a personality as Corot, as brilliant a dramatizer of the splendors of sunset as his colleague is tenderly sensitive in the interpretation of twilight, and he, too, carried into his work the immemorial French custom of "conscience" and thoughtful research. He is the outstanding master of ground and tree forms. I love the title of that picture that figured in the Senff sale, Earth, Trees and Sky. Whether Rousseau himself invented it or not it exactly expresses the primitive elements in which he dealt. Like Corot, he was a shrewd builder of compositions, and even more than Corot he was wont to hunt down the last nuance of form in the elusive fabric of his theme. There is something amazing about the discretion with which he adjusts this to the demands of the "masses and general character," about his fusion of analytical with synthetic ideas. These two masters are the giants of the landscape men in the group. There is a little drop in the matter of central, individual

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power when you turn from them to the chromatic glamour of Diaz and the pastoral serenities of Daubigny. Millet alone is of their potency. He, indeed, reaches in his massy handling of human types a Michael Angelesque grandeur of style which gives him a noble place apart. But he also, and with him the lesser workers in that famous band, may be cited in illustration of the virtue which to my mind is as significant as any in the durability of a school as a school.

They were all, in their differing ways and in accordance with their differing degrees of power, united on the principle of painting a picture interesting to mankind. None of them stooped to please. Even the bejewelled web of Diaz, which might seem to be deliberately addressed to a popular audience, is really validated by the temperament of the man. No, they painted with heart, with human sympathy, with solicitude for charm and beauty, with dramatic or poetic or merely truthful intent, because they knew that art is made for the world at large. To judge from much latter-day talk, it would appear that a picture should be painted not so much for the *cognoscenti,* as they were broadly designated in earlier time, as for an even more limited circle, composed of a few dogmatic leaders, the emulators of their pattern, and a number of crassly doctrinaire critics. Such a picture, supposed to be a matter of "self-expression," actually conforms with deadly docility to some current mode. Above all things it disdains the art of pleasing. The men of Barbizon were wiser in their day and generation. I have glanced at the honest, traditional principles underlying their works and preserving their vitality. Besides these things, I think that the reason why thousands of people to-day—including a due number of collectors—are persistently faithful to them, is that their pictures are, simply, good to look at.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Borgia

(Continued from page 312 of this number.)

looked as the others looked—upon the polished or shadowed sides of a world. Only once, a faint light came raying through its crust and smote on Uncle Marshall, and he burst out in a loud voice:

"The foot-hills of time. The foot-hills of time."

"What's that, Marsh?" Aunt Phœbe inquired.

Her mate looked dazed and muttered: "It come to me."

Marfa thought: "He saw something for a minute—like this that I see all the time . . ." but when she looked about her, she still saw only the polished or hadowed externals of the world. She wondered: "What do I see all the time more than he sees?" And did not know. However, she kept her feeling of complacence.

In a green launch gay with awnings they cut the current of the Wisconsin River between shores young with leaves and old with rocks. These Dells, a mood of a river, opened and let in the people but were not intense enough to lay upon the people their mood. Travelling salesmen in the launch kept their own mood and talked of mackinaws, citizens of The Dells village told of the seven hundred thousand pieces of tourist mail that passed through their post-office in a summer, the guide pointed out Napoleon Bonaparte's profile in the rocks, and Ben looked at the water and said, "Gee, I'd like a swim," and when told that he'd drown like a shot, gazed sceptically at a point on the horizon before him. Artists' Glen, Cold Water Canyon, Witches' Gulch. Wings of gulls, flash of berries of the mountain-ash, ripple of the paddle of the side-wheeler plying by, rocking of the launch in the big boat's wake, nasal swell of the luncheon-horn at a resort, warm breaths from banks of wintergreen, cool breaths from deeps of stone. Uncle Marshall said that it was a magnificent spectacle; Bessie used her vanity-case, realized that she was inappreciative and squirmed; Marfa watched the pulse and quiver of the water and thought: "He's here much more than they are." The launch nosed the sand, they landed and penetrated clefts and fissures wide enough for foot-passage, the sandstone, save for a blue aisle of sky, meeting overhead; and below the flimsy walks went the wild water of a brook. For ten thousand years, fifty thousand years, it had lain so, empty of life, filled with the Winnebagoes and the Foxes; filled with the French, fur-traders, trappers, explorers, settlers; filled now with travelling salesmen, villagers, Aunt Phœbe, Uncle Marshall. A magnificent spectacle. Artists' Glen, Cold Water Canyon, Witches' Gulch. Marfa thought: "Much more than he's in his office, he's here. He must know. . . ." Ben thought: "I'm going to lose 'em and have a swim."

They spread their lunch in the warm alcove of a little grove. Marfa tried to tell them about Black Hawk, but she knew very little. Down at the Narrows was the point at which the chief had leaped the river before his enemy—they ate tuna sandwiches and heard how he had leaped the river, before his enemy; heard of the adventures of the Winnebagoes and the Foxes with the white men—which, Marfa said, bore all the tone color of "adventures with wild men." But Aunt Phœbe observed stiffly that no white men were wild except in their youth, and that this was dying out. On that she eyed Ben. Ben at once stretched his neck, examining a spot on the opposite shore. Louis Manchester said joyously that he should soon be envying them these green and restful scenes. His wife cried, "Oh, Louis . . ." and in exactly the same tone: "*Didn't* I put in any fruit-knives?" Bessie had dropped her sandwich on her frock and was tense from head to foot, stony, glazed. Withdrawn, with a plate of plenty, Uncle Marshall's bulk propped itself against a sapling while he ate and studied the scene. "A magnificent spectacle," he said, around an olive. This was the picnic. The silent blaze of noon bathed them; but the sun seemed to come from one plane and the wind from another; and color—green, blue, and color of water—from a third plane; and then there was consciousness issuing from another plane—and all these planes met and passed and intersected, permeating one another, so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the hollow scene of the little alcove in the grove was an airy mass resembling beryl or chrysoprase, made of infinite planes; and every plane might be infinitely extended, to mingle with space and with still stranger manifestations. Especially the consciousness of the picnic party, a consciousness which being one was yet lightly crystallized, so that no consciousness was quite articulate but was held, caught, netted in indefinable substance that shut off one from another, prisoning them as light and color and wind were prisoned and conditioned. And it was so that the Manchesters and the Ballons had moved through The Dells—not once able to flow into and mingle with Artists' Glen and Cold Water Canyon and Witches' Gulch.

After lunch they stretched on the warm grass, save Aunt Phœbe, who strayed about. Marfa lay, eyes closed, body singing in the warmth. She thought, "This is heaven—a little," and then knew that this singing was not made of the warmth and beauty and ease of that hour, but made of a background of Marcus Bartholomew. She thought: "He is not like the man I want to love." However, nothing within her seemed to hear these words. Uncle Marshall stared at a cotton cloud and said, "When I was a boy I used to want to live in the country," and this sentence seemed to have for him a spell, for he repeated it and stared about, amazed that he was fifty-odd and a wholesale jeweller in town. "The country," he said, "the country." You saw spangled pastures and fall fields. You saw miles of gray empty road and rich apple-trees with ladders. His wife said, "Too many milk-pans," and walked about. Bessie was drying the sandwich filling off her skirt, and Marfa said: "You and Ben look alike." Where was Ben? They wondered idly. He had gone as a star sinks, and no one had noticed.

Mrs. Manchester now had the basket repacked, and Mr. Manchester had dug out a bit of rock which looked pre-Cambrian, he said, and every one asked, "What's that?" and didn't listen. They made a movement to go, generated in the particles, one would say, for no one proposed going—a kind of explosion of time-to-go after a smooth flow of merely staying. Where was Ben, though? His father called him—a sonorous "Ben!" In the pause which followed, the little grove moved its leaves innocently, their shadows flowed and formed, and the boughs feathered in the wind as if they were drawn through water. A sewing-machine bird stitched in the stillness. "Oh, Ben!"

Ben. They expected him, hardly looked for him, followed a vague trail among bracken and wild geranium. They expected him, he would disengage his shadow from oak trunks and move toward them. They crossed a place where the wintergreen was thick, and they thought about wintergreen, moss, a hickory-tree, a boulder. Mrs. Ballon said her feet were giving out. "Where's Ben?" she inquired irritably. "Oh, Ben!" his father called. Still they looked among the near trees. "Ben!" Now they looked farther away, peered, mistook for him an alien picnicker. "Ben!" Now they looked at one another.

The trail ran down to the water, grass slippery, sandstone teasing the soles. Where was the boy? There was the launch, rocking and dipping at its rotting pier. The steamboat whistled—the *Dell Queen* far down at the Narrows. Now Ben would come running to leap in the launch, and be rocked in the wake of the big boat. They reached the pier, handed in the baskets, the lolling guide came from under his cap and cut loose. They looked up and down the river, green and glossy in the sun, black and surfaceless under the shore rocks. Nothing was sinister. A wren was singing. "Ben!"

A voice came up-river, hardly more than the voice of a picnicker at play. Another voice, voices, one thin and lifted like a blade. Then a voice slashing out of the clamor in great gouts of tone, the indrawn breath flowing like blood: "Help, help, help."

Ben's voice. From a jut of rock his bobbing head. An arm upthrust, wild, taut, angled. Then the water covered them. . . . Ben's head, Ben's arm, Ben's voice. The launch—put it about—Ballon's heavy body rolling into it, he shouting to the guide, "Quick! God! Quick!" and to the others: "Don't come." The nose of the launch wheeled leisurely—it knew its business, it was a picnic launch, a holiday launch, it wheeled leisurely. The voices, black figures on that lip of white beach, black figures hurling themselves into the water. Then another voice —the guttural of the *Dell Queen,* coming up-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

river, coming round the green bend. And in its path, for the second time, that head, that upthrust arm. And then that torn voice choking from Ben's throat.

Two black figures dived. The *Dell Queen* passed, majestic, preoccupied, complacent. Her passengers shouting at the rail were like ants on a sleeping animal. In the wake of slashing foam once more Ben's white face showed not like a face at all. The brown launch was a big boat's length away, the two divers rose and beat about and dived again. The brown launch was there, on the very spot. Foam and bright slapping waves, and gradual quiet. The dream of the diving and the cries ashore went on. These confused shouts came to the Manchesters and the Ballons, huddled on the gay green shore. They moved and rocked their bodies and their arms. But Marfa stood bent forward staring at the river. She was more calm than the others, saying, when it was all over: "It couldn't happen. Such a thing . . . you see, it isn't possible . . . why, we all came up here together. Wait . . . wait . . . you'll see . . . it couldn't happen. . . ."

A cottage at The Pines chanced to be lying vacant, and the women huddled in there, hearing the shouts of the searchers, hearing the campers who passed the door and said: "They're in there—his folks are." Ballon and Manchester were down with the men who were beginning to drag the river. Their shouts rose to the cottage, and as the dark fell, their torches and flash-lights trembled on the opposite shore, white on the green, white among the broken rhythms of the leaves This cottage had two small rooms and a wide fireplace, there were cretonne and reed, and story magazines; it was a small gay place equipped for leisure and happiness, and not for four women, pale, moving little, peering out at the river, and retreating when the campers passed. Of these, several came to the veranda, inquiring, offering; and Marfa saw them and said, "Nothing, thanks, nothing," and heard them tell how it had happened: When a person didn't know the river, when a person didn't realize how deep it was and how cold. . . . And "Is it deep?" Mrs. Ballon asked in a voice without substance. Apparently relieved to have some definite service to give her, some definite information to impart, the campers told how very deep it was: Fifty feet, some had heard, with the water raised from twelve to twenty feet after the dam went in . . . a shame, too, they added, covering up so much river-bank; but some said you could go into places in the rocks where you couldn't go before . . . yes, and the young man dived right in where the bathers mostly didn't go, but nobody told him. Nobody noticed him. He went into a quiet place account of no bathing-suit. The first *they'd* heard, they were in the pavilion, having a game, was his scream, just after the boat whistled, and they hadn't thought anything of it till he screamed the next time, and then they'd seen his head. They asked questions about Ben, and Marfa answered—since the others were crying; but Mrs. Manchester kept saying: "To think it happened when he was our company. And I almost wrote you not to come, on account of my nervousness. . . ." The kindly campers now told Marfa that it seemed so sad, because these cottages were mostly used by brides and grooms—a couple had just gone out that morning. And now this poor young man—they looked at the long reed couch as if his body were lying there. They went away, saying: If there *was* anything . . .

Marfa went out on the little porch. The Norway pines, very slender, swayed against the late yellow of the west, pale above the black shore. It was a home of whippoorwills and they were calling, their three-toned notes pulsing together, or in a broken synchrony Below the Narrows the *Dell Queen* whistled and presently passed—its fore-lamps silvering the water, its decks unlighted and ghostly; and the touching of strings and the laughter of the people not ceasing, since no one knew that the boat was churning over the spot where they were dragging for Ben. Far up the river the Winnebago music began—some Indians, taught to give again their tribal dances for the tourists. Their red fires blazed above the trees where they posed against the rocks, the tom-toms beat, and the strange high voices patted on the air their monotonous exhaustless cry. Marfa heard them, heard the music and laughter of the retreating boat, the shouts of the men resuming their search, the sobs and shaken words of Ben's mother, of Bessie; her own mother's self-accusation, and the whippoorwills. She thought: "Mama's absurd. Doesn't she re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

member that it was I who insisted on The Dells? Mama wanted to go to Madison so she wouldn't have lunch to put up. It was I who wanted to come to The Dells. It was I who did this to Ben. . . . I killed him, just as much as I killed Paul. . . ."

Luna sat in the strip of garden. Marfa saw her, long and pale, doing nothing, turning an expressionless face as she heard her sister coming toward her. Luna began to speak: "It isn't as if I'd urged against it. If I'd only spoken, I shouldn't feel to blame. But I did no more than suggest your going to Madison instead. Something told me Madison, but I didn't urge it. It's I that am to blame as much as you." Marfa sat down in the green right angle made by two garages greenly vined, and said: "A week ago to-morrow they came for their visit. A week ago to-day at this time they were on their way, happy. Yesterday after the funeral, when I was waiting for my taxi, I thought about them, starting off, leaving that house. Then they came here and I was here and I killed Ben. . . ." "Marfa!" "I did. I insisted on The Dells—you know yourself that I did, again and again. I don't know why. I wish I hadn't. . . ." She felt like a little girl, felt pitiful and little. She thought, "Marcus Bartholomew would sympathize with me," and asked: "No one came —no one telephoned to me while we were gone?" Luna said absently and as if, in the glare of the tragedy, no other light, candle, or star could matter, that there had been a call from town, that a number had been left on the back of the pad; and went on dully with her remembrance: "I know when you first said 'Dells' something caught me, said for you not to go. Why didn't I listen? I didn't listen." Marfa said, "Luna, you're just as you were about Paul Barker . . ." all the time getting up and moving away, thinking about the pad with the number on its back. Luna sat up tensely, raising her body all together, as a dead body is raised, and said sharply:

"There's something else. Do you remember Mona? Mona Bradley?" Marfa thought. Against a blur of inner forms and surfaces there emerged a sallow skin and scanty hair. "The one I found to do the cleaning . . ." "She said she was going in the country. You persuaded her to come and clean here, and she lost the country job. She was working here when somebody came about the lights, she said—and took her out, and then they were married. Marfa—he's been sent to the house of correction for something—Mona was here, with her two babies. She said she knew it wasn't our fault, but she wondered if we'd help her. . . ." Marfa said: "Our fault! I should think not—just because she met the man on the premises." Luna continued to look at her. "But you urged her to stay and clean—or she'd have been safe in the country. . . ." Marfa called this ridiculous and moved on up the path, and Luna stopped her with: "The babies, though, Marfa—skinny little things. They're alive—they're alive! They began to be because of us. . . ." "That's morbid," said Marfa. "But if Mona'd gone in the country to the Strongs—you can't tell. She might be married to Bud Strong. . . ." Marfa laughed, said she wasn't God, spoke angrily, and then laughed. Luna got to her feet, moved before her in the path, asked: "Marfa, try to remember. When you met Mona and persuaded her to stay and work for us, did you feel all right about doing that? Or did you feel—well, guilty? . . ." Marfa cried impatiently that she didn't remember, that she must telephone, that Luna mustn't be silly; and ran away to the house. At the porch door she looked back. Luna stood still in the path. Luna was looking slightly upward, as if great dim walls were closing her in, as if she stood in a place of twilight while high walls of the darkness, like fog, extended up save in her little area of the clear. The garden flowers showed massed and papery, blue, white, blue. A leaking hose gurgled in the grass. All these seemed fluid and arbitrary, as if a word would dissipate their arrangement and occasion other relationships. All these seemed not fixed and physical, but abstract, mental, so that like acts and occasions, marriage and birth and death, the things of the garden might lose their certainty and flow, the one within another, at a word. Marfa looked, wondered, and hurried away to the pad with a number on the back.

It was his number. She was to call him, at his office, before six o'clock. And she had reached home in time, but no one had remembered to tell her. Now she must wait until morning to know what he wanted. She felt irritation at Luna, who had not told her; at the maid in the kitchen, who might have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taken the number; and she went to the kitchen, for the pleasure of the only available emotion, and asked Erralee sharply why she was not given her telephone calls, making the plural enhance her grievance. The black maid in the bright kitchen, the clean paint, the enamel, the odor of oilcloth, the grinding of a food-chopper, the ticking of the wooden clock, these gave her the peace of home, of routine, of the familiar, and she smiled.

The smile included a slim beautiful brown girl who was turning the chopper—Marfa looked at her, seeing her beauty, pathos, shyness, hope, despondency, while Erralee poured out halting, forced words—curious words to be tearing through the bright safety of the kitchen: Words about a tragedy which had left this girl, Effie, with no one but Erralee to look to, a girl with the longing to learn, to "make herself sumfin'," the woman said over and over. Her voice rose in a chant, rose and beat wildly and awkwardly about the kitchen, among the stereotyped blue dishes and the tinware. In this crystallized, set, and certain air her voice was like a cry from a dark planet, hanging invisibly below the safe earth and sending up its plaint and plea: "Less'n she get away from me, she cain't nevah make herself sumfin'." The girl herself lifted to Marfa eyes of anguish and stood motionless beside the food-chopper, said, "Yes'm, school somewheres"; said: "Yes'm, for to teach my folks." Marfa replied, quite kindly, that she would see what she could think of, received the shock of the black woman's thanks, saw the dumb cry in the face of the brown girl, and left the kitchen. But she was thinking: "This Effie—no. I've had enough of doing things to people's lives. I don't *dare* help her. I don't dare. . . ." The telephone rang and her heart beat; but it was only a neighbor, saying that she had been away and had just heard of their trouble and wondered if there was anything . . . Marfa thought: "She doesn't know I took Ben to The Dells and drowned him." She sat in her room, remembering Ben, weeping. In the midst of a passion of tears she looked again at the memorandum torn from the back of the pad. Perhaps he had said eight. When she saw that it said six, she wept again.

Early the next morning Mr. Manchester was about, beginning to pack his old black portmanteau, beginning to make a list. His wife told him not to be silly, that even if he went, those old shirts wouldn't do, but he kept on, packing and assembling. Marfa said: "Mother, don't. Don't you see that he's just glad to be doing something that he knows about instead of seeing Ben dead?" "I'd be ashamed," cried Mrs. Manchester, as if it were bad enough for her, as hostess, without being reminded of it. Her parents kept accidentally haunting the two telephones. At last Marfa went boldly to the one in the upper passage and called Bartholomew's number. Her mother said: "Papa may be able to feed the family, but he never can meet your long-distance bills."

Again he was on the wire, as if he had been waiting. And when she heard his voice Marfa also heard her own, quite as impersonally, crying: "I must see you—I must see you!" In her tone were all the tension of her terror as she had looked on Ben, Ben in the water, Ben carried in, Ben in his coffin. She remembered his tie, as she remembered Paul Barker's tie; those curiously living ties, in the coffins. "Any time . . . anywhere!" she answered Marcus Bartholomew. "I'll drive over to-night," he said, and then, as if he had thought of this before: "I suppose you wouldn't want to come across the bridge to meet me—at about seven?" She said of course, and that one couldn't talk there at home. She cared not at all who heard her, but no one appeared to be noticing her, for her mother, from the stairs, was asking her father if he expected to go to China with two collars.

She passed his door and he called her—"Pussy." She went in, veiling her distaste for the name. Her father turned from the bed where his things lay in little piles, and he held her by both arms. "His effects," she thought. "These look like his effects." He was looking shrunken, harrowed, white. "Marfa," he said, "don't feel so bad about Ben. I know you proposed The Dells, but it might have been the same in Madison." She said: "Don't try to comfort me, father. We both know." His eyes dilated somewhat and he thrust forward his head. "You mean, you still think you killed him?" She nodded—a gesture which might have been an assent to a request to be confirmed about a telephone number. Her father fingered her col-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lar. "I hate to go away and leave you feeling like this—knowing there's something in it, too. Not as much as you think, but something." She looked puzzled: What did his going or not going have to do with it? "Daughter," he said, "would *you* rather I wouldn't go?" She looked up at him. "Say the word," he said, "and I won't go and leave you, now this has come on you."

She regarded him, lightly frowning. "What would that have to do with it?" she asked.

His arms dropped like weights and he turned away. "I didn't know but it would," he muttered. Something pushed at her uneasily from within. She had been honest, direct, as he would have had her be, yet something pushed and clawed at her, as if she had committed a mortal act. She looked at her father's back as he went on laying out cravats. "I couldn't have you staying at home on my account," she said. "But I wish you would on your own." He said: "I thought you talked before Bartholomew as if you didn't want me to go." She blushed, said only: "I wasn't used to the idea then." He muttered, "No. It's settled. I understand," and went on counting his cravats. She left the room, her mind saying that she had been sensible and direct, but something within her continuing to claw.

She stood in the passage and looked at a torn place in the paper, high up. "Is there something in me that wants to act differently from the way I act?" she wondered. This she dismissed as improbable. She went down the stairs, her hand passing smoothly over the rich soapy smoothness of the walnut handrail. "Then am *I* that, or am I the one that acts so?" she wondered. She stood in the door, looking out into thick green, thick sun, all slow and thick and golden. "Then which one was it that killed Paul and Ben?" she asked aloud.

Her mother's voice called from an inner room. "Raspberries," she was saying, with something more; and again: "Raspberries."

The telephone tinkled, and at her "Yes?" a leisurely voice came: "This is Max Garvin. I have some fine calendulas in bloom—I wondered if I might cut some and bring those books to your father to-morrow night . . . this is Miss Marfa, is it not?" She wondered how he knew that, pictured his lean lounging length at the telephone, saw his garden, his bunch of calendulas already in his hand. There had been only that glimpse of him, when Marcus Bartholomew's car had stopped at the Garvins' door on Sunday morning; since when she had not once thought of him. But now she felt pleasure that he had called, had recognized her voice. She was aware that Luna came through the passage, paused, wavered, hovered near. Marfa heard herself saying:

"Yes, indeed you may. Or couldn't you get over to-night, Mr. Garvin?"

"Delighted to come to-night," he amended. "I'll motor over toward eight."

She thought: "Why on earth did I say to-night? It was precisely as if something in me spoke for me, and not I at all." She stared about the passage as if it too, like herself, held another, an unsuspected aspect; but no, the passage presented a single front and kept the faith—rack, rail, and rug. "Still," she thought, "to look at me, one would not suspect that some one else inhabits me—some one who utters unexpected words." Once more she wondered: "Or am I in there, in me, safe enough—but this outside, this skin and bone, speaks up without consulting me. . . ." She was aware of Luna at her elbow, a shadow, saying irritably: "Why did you tell him to come to-night? I'm too tired to dress. I wanted to tell you not to leave it at to-night." Marfa looked critically in her vanity-case, found that outside aspect singularly to her liking, and rouged her cheeks. "The raspberries are getting poor now," she heard her mother going on.

But when Marfa had left the house, had gone through the town, had crossed the bridge, had entered the long tourmaline corridor of the river road and saw Bartholomew's car standing under a locust, the thick crouched figure of Bartholomew himself regarding the river, her mood toward him had changed, she was annoyed at his having asked her to meet him there.

"Well?" she said quietly when they met.

"I know," he said, "I've seen the papers. Horrible for that to happen to you—a guest in your house. . . ."

"Even if I hadn't killed him," she put in.

To his incredulity she opposed her explanation, added the story of Paul Barker, offered all this with her curious adult quietude.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He stared at her, and instead of the sympathy for which she was bidding, he said only: "You must understand this. You live no emotional life. You're making up your quota by pretending to yourself these crimes." And this she burst out about in angry denial. He didn't understand, she said many times. "A murderer gets a great kick," he defended, "for a little while. You're after that vicarious kick. No—not vicarious, real. You are pretending reality and stealing the kick, to make up to yourself. Surely you see that?" She cried: "But it is the truth that matters, whatever I feel! Well, the truth is that I've led both these boys to their deaths." "Once," said Bartholomew, "they would have called that morbid. Now I'm inclined to think it's a signally healthy sign. You poor little starved creature. . . ."

She beat at him with a tumult of words. The river ran glassy and yellow, silken waves and silken light, velvet sand-bar, jewels cresting the water movement. Upon the air the tumult of her words fell with no more effect than upon the slow fabrics of the water, the sand, and the leaves. "That's not morbid, that's healthy," was all that he said.

She cried: "Morbid! That's what Luna is! Luna thinks that I'm to blame for Mona Erralee. I asked Mona Erralee to stay and clean when she was going in the country—she stayed for a half-day—met a man and married him. Now he's gone to the house of correction—there she is, with her two sick children. Luna says all this is my fault, because I asked her to stay and clean for that half-day. It isn't my fault—that's ridiculous."

Bartholomew said cruelly, and without the grace to turn away his eyes: "There's no kick in that. Nothing clean-cut and terrible, like murder. Nothing but compassion for the mess."

She sat down on the green by the river. He remained staring at the current. She began to cry out brokenly against what he had said. He said no more, let his former words hang in the silence.

"Why did you think I said that I must see you?" she demanded at last.

"For the same reason that I wanted to see you," he answered.

She cried: "I wanted comfort, in this terrible situation in which I find myself."

He protested: "You wanted the emotion of blaming yourself and having me defend you. Well, I do neither. I know what is affecting you. Your life is nothing. Come and make it something with me. . . ."

She cried furiously: "What a way to make love! Do you think I can love anybody who pulls to pieces my motives like that?"

He said: "My dear girl, I've not said much about love. I don't think that the attraction which pulls at us is enough for that. Can't you face things honestly, without the decorations that the rest of the world needs?"

"What do you propose, then?" she asked curiously.

"Europe, I'd say—when the party goes to China."

The sun shone full on him, the square figure, the thick face, the scar on the upper cheek. "What a man," Marfa thought. "He is ugly, uninteresting, stupid, cruel. Why am I here with him?" She rose.

"Let's drive back to the house," she proposed. "All this used to amuse me. Now I'm not amused unless I'm in earnest. Anyway, Mr. Garvin is going to drive over. . . ."

She moved toward his car. He came beside her, his grasp on her arm hurt her.

"We've had no time," he said. "There'll be no time before we go—the expedition. Do you realize that if I go then, when I come back we'll have nothing? It'll all be over—rubbed out by the distance and by time. What we have may not be enough—but what *is* enough? This is more than most. It devils me and it devils you. Marfa, let's gamble with it. Marfa! Ask me not to go to China."

She stared at him. "That's what father said—should he stay behind. He left it to me—you leave it to me. I'm to say the word!" She laughed. "You don't leave it to me, really—you are getting your fun in seeing whether I believe you. Well, I don't." He said gravely: "On my honor. If you ask me to stay, I'll stay." She looked at him, thought: "I like this man better when I'm not with him." She got into his car. "No," she said, "I'll give you no excuse to stay at home. They always want to back out, on the brink of expeditions!" "The expedition," said he, "be on your head."

As they came to the veranda Mrs. Manchester announced querulously, "Erralee has been asking for you, Marfa. Every five minutes. Would you mind seeing what she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wants?"—and began to tell Mr. Bartholomew about her kitchen troubles, her garden troubles, her digestive tract. Marfa went through to the kitchen and found Erralee with the brown girl Effie. "Oh, Miss Marfa," Erralee began, her eyes, her head, her lips rolling, "Effie, she got to give her word tonight for a good job cooking. Effie, she say she go ef'n she don't go to school. Miss Marfa, I got fif' dollars she can have for school, but she say it won't send her. I don't see how come fif' dollars won't send her. Miss Marfa, ef'n you help her out, I'll work it out with your ma." Marfa stood staring at Effie, the beautiful brown creature, her face rich in shadow, lustrous in light, her eyes like Spanish eyes, her figure, her grace, her startled look all exquisite. That girl, set at large in the city, limited only by the only school open to her . . . "I cannot risk it, Erralee," said Marfa with decision. "I cannot decide her life for her like that." "You *are* decidin' it, Miss Marfa, ef'n you don't help her to go," said Erralee low. "That is absurd," said Marfa sharply. "I'm sorry—you both know that. But I can do nothing to interfere in the course of Effie's life." "Yes'm," said Effie, and slipped from the door into the other shadow. Erralee left the room, muttering; her muttering, the other's silence, and vanishment, the abrupt sharp silence of the kitchen, smote on Marfa like powerful positives. She thought, "What have I done?"—remembered how often she had thought that, felt the strong urge to return to the veranda. "This is nothing," she said aloud. "Nothing at all."

On the veranda her father and Mr. Bartholomew, with bright eyes, were discussing the transportation of light luggage in the interior of China. Marfa said a preoccupied good night and left them. Marcus Bartholomew called after her: "You would better ask us to stay at home, Miss Marfa."

As she crossed the hall some one came running up the steps. A messenger, a telegram for Mr. Manchester. At once, and before he had opened the envelope, Manchester cried out: "It's Garvin!" And it was Garvin; or it was an orderly at the hospital where Garvin lay, his car having collided with a truck a short distance from the Manchesters' house.

Marfa lay in the darkness. Not only Paul Barker and Ben, she thought; but now Mr. Garvin, with his legs broken and an injury to his back. Two men dead, one man perhaps crippled, because of her quite careless suggestions. Suppose Mr. Manchester was right and that Mona Erralee's wretched life and the existence of her miserable children were likewise traceable to light words of her own. "Can you stay and clean this morning, Mona?" . . . and there hung Mona's miserable life and there stood the two blue-lipped children alive, alive—with blue-lipped progeny of their own to follow. What did one make of a world like that, wherein a chance word bred death, misery, existence, futures?

Now she saw a room done in green, with books on the walls. She was there, at nineteen, and Lina Burrell. The fire was low, an ash, breathing flame. "Stir the fire, Lina," she had begged. She remembered the languorous movement, the snap and glitter, the cry, the recoil of Lina's body. Long weeks for Lina in a darkened room, who then emerged and lived her years, the left eye smooth and sightless—because of the spark that had flashed from the gray ash and had cut the pupil, left gray and ashen too. "Stir the fire, Lina . . . stir the fire, Lina." Over the fire in that fireplace spread an Adirondack lake, oily and sullen. And while the house-party weighed going out in the yacht, she—Marfa—had cried a gay affirmative and they had yielded. At four that afternoon, when they had made the pier, storm-beaten and terrified, it was with the news that the cook, a fine Swedish lad, had been washed overboard. . . . Grave or gay, accusing or withdrawn, other lads came by her eyelids—and of them she would not think—boys who had loved her and whom she had pierced through their open hands. Yet a refusal that she did not wholly mean—a promise that she had not kept—a love that had cooled—were these mortal sins? And why then had lives torn or thwarted led so straitly from her lips? . . . There was a neighbor's child who carried on his cheek the mark of the fangs of a wolfhound, because she had taken the baby into her car one day. . . .

All these evils were of her creation. And she had meant to be so right.

"Paul, let's go to see Stella." "Oh, let's decide on The Dells." "Stay and clean this morning, Mona." "Stir the fire, Lina." "A sail—let's go for a sail!" "I love you." "I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

don't love you." "Do you want to go with me in the car, darling?" and "Oh, Mr. Garvin, bring the calendulas to-night!" But these were not sins. These were innocencies of routine. These were nothing.

Early next morning she went to the hospital. Max Garvin was in the operating-room. She sat for an hour waiting for news of him, and went away with the word that it might be a matter of months before he would walk again.

"You see," she explained to her family tersely at lunch, "he wanted to come here to-night. It was I who changed his plans. I am responsible for what's happened. . . ."

Luna leaned forward, her hands tense on the cloth. "You don't know," she said wanly, "I came through the passage—I heard what you said to him. Something told me not to let you leave it at last night, but I disobeyed. I said nothing. It is I who am to blame."

"Luna, how idiotic!" Marfa cried hotly.

"It was I—you must see that it was I," Luna insisted.

"How can you be so stupid. . . ."

"It was most certainly I. . . ."

Mr. Manchester interposed. "Anybody," he said, "would think you girls got something out of having smashed Garvin's legs."

They exclaimed against their father with indignation, and reverted to the dull round of their lives; to their mother saying that she knew the raspberries wouldn't be good so late, and they weren't.

When she was first admitted to see Garvin, Marfa spread a mass of lemon lilies on his bed, and told him tensely that it was she who had done all this to him. "Nonsense," he said; "trucks are everywhere. I picked out that one—that's all. I hoped you'd come to see me."

She regarded him. This was not Garvin of his own door-step, as she had seen him between rhododendrons and the cut-leaf birch. Here was a being robbed of his mask, of his "side," his tension; here was one lax, without defenses, idle, absent, drained of some of his power to be an *I*.

She sat down by his bed and looked at him, across the lemon lilies. The bluish unshaven face, the eyes drawn deeper by shadow, the faintly ironic mouth—Garvin. She had hardly heard his name until the day, less than a week ago, when she had met him. She had seen him briefly, had thought of him not at all, had heard his voice over the telephone, had settled his fate. Garvin. There he was. Alive, sentient, breathing; and, by her, bound. She felt stupefaction; she heard him saying: "The way you press your hands together and keep looking about the room—are you in pain because you think I'm in pain? I'm not, you know. I'm stiff, but normal." She said dully: "If I had let you bring the calendulas to-night instead of last night . . ." He laughed. "Oh, for that matter, if the calendulas hadn't bloomed so early this year! You and God and the sun and the rain. . . . And then, of course, if the truck hadn't been so late in getting home. He'd broken down, I believe, and then started up and came round the corner smartly in a hurry for his dinner. If the truck manufacturer had done a better job—well, you see!" "But," she said, "I see that all that would have mattered nothing, save for my proposal amending yours. . . ." He frowned: "Don't be absurd. Everybody does those things. It's nothing that one can help . . . all at once." By those words she was abruptly caught, and she turned to him swiftly, as if he had spouted up some giant fountain of fire. "All at once?" she asked. "What does that mean?" "It means that you are not to blame yourself in the least," he said gently. "Talk to me about your flowers." But she had no idea of talking about flowers. She began: "All night I've thought of the shocking things that I've done to people through chance words. Why, there was a boy whom I urged to go to Chicago, gave him letters, dozens of them, arranged a place for him to stay with some friends of mine. He got into work, got into trouble, went insane—I tell you, insane. Well, who did that to him?" "You mustn't be morbid," said Garvin; "you're far too pretty." Marfa hardly heard him. "They came to me all night, processions of catastrophes that I've brought down on people." Her voice dropped and she closed her eyes: "Do you know that I once tried to get a prisoner paroled—a man who had served in a state's prison an endless term, for something that now he would have been given only a few years' sentence for. He was on the point of his parole—and I sent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a petition signed by some people here, and one of the signers was an enemy of the parole officer. He denied my prisoner's parole—that was six years ago, and for those six years he has me to thank. . . ." "I say," said Garvin, "you *have* got a list. Yours is worse than mine." Marfa regarded him and cried: "Yours! Have you some people like that, too?" "Well, hasn't everybody?" Garvin demanded. "What else is it that gnaws at us all when we wake at three in the morning—what else but regret for the people whom we have made miserable?" "But not everybody!" she cried hopefully. "Everybody save the saints, I'd say. There's no one who hasn't made somebody miserable at some time, voluntarily or involuntarily, consciously or unconsciously. I remember . . ." "Tell me!" Marfa cried out, as he paused and looked doubtfully at the lemon lilies. "Well, my mother," he owned. "I was coming home from Chicago on the night before Thanksgiving—coming home for dinner. But the train was late, and I ate dinner on the train. When I got home, there was the turkey and all the rest—she'd prepared the dinner herself and they'd waited. I tried to eat, but she knew. She spoke sharply in her disappointment, and I answered stupidly. I was due to leave next day—and I never saw her again. I expect it's asinine, but that incident has power to torture me. . . ." "Oh," cried Marfa, "but deaths and insanity and prison . . ." She stopped short of cripples. "It'll take you a long time," he seemed to concede. "But what does that mean?" she pressed. "I mean to do my best—I mean to be right! It isn't as if I were willing to do injuries to people, or wrong them at all. I'm not! And yet these hideous things happen just when I'm doing my best." He was silent and she repeated: "What do you mean—about it taking me a long time? And that I can't do it all at once?" He closed his eyes. "Would you read to me a bit?" he asked. "And send the lemon lilies to be put in water?"

She sat reading to him, her lips running over an Italian translation, her mind on her own case. She was a murderer and a monster, a destroyer. . . .

She read:

Some flowers, some clouds, some words
Are masculine and pierce the world,
Begetting poison, tornado and misery,
Peopling the green, the town, and the event
With sorrow.
Peopling the people with seeds of death.
Some flowers, some clouds, some words
Quicken and nourish life
Like a woman.
Destroyer, conserver, let me learn
The uses of man and woman words,
Flowers, clouds, policies, relationships,
And their correspondencies. . . .

Marfa looked over the book. "I am the destroyer," she said. "If I were any of these things, I should be destroying everything that I touch." He looked at her squarely: "Don't disregard this," he begged. "That you have also a genius for giving life. You look like a life-giver." "You don't deny the rest," she cried, "that I'm a destroyer—one of the human race who prey on the rest, when they mean to help them?" He replied gravely: "I don't deny that you are one of those whose good motives seem sometimes to breed evil—no, I don't deny that." "But how do you explain it?" she cried. He lay silent, saying nothing. "Am I a kind of werewolf?" she said, "marked for some fearful future, after I've sent a few more to disaster?" "Don't take it too seriously . . ." he began, but she cried out and rose with a gesture of passion. "It's a curse," she said; "I know that now, since I've talked with you. . . ." "It is not," he said sharply. "How absurd of you—how mediæval. No, indeed. It's a most interesting example of something else." His blue eyes burned up from his pillow. "Come back and let's talk about it. . . ." "It's a curse," she said, "and I mean to run it down!" His weak amused laughter followed her as she left his ward.

On the day that Mr. Manchester and Mr. Bartholomew left Old Town to join the main body of the expedition in Chicago, Garvin had his report from the surgeons: the spinal cord severed, paralysis from the waist down. So his life lay before him.

They told Marfa in the waiting-room. She drove her car out to the country, went into a field lying against the sky, trampled the barley in a zigzag path to the crest of the slope. Standing there facing the afternoon, she saw only darkness, and herself against the darkness. She was not thinking of herself

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now, only of Garvin and his life that lay before him. Her anguish was greater than any that she had suffered. Paul Barker and Ben and the cook, they were at least safely dead; but Garvin had years of suffering to pay for her quite involuntary words. As Lina had her semiblindness, as the child wore the scar, as Mona had her misery. So she came back to herself again.

"God, God, what's the matter with me?" she demanded. "Why do I bring suffering to everybody I touch?"

Her own words came back. "It's a curse. I'm some terrible creature living again. I'm Borgia. . . ."

She lay at the bottom of life as she had known it. Everything had fallen from her. Her father and Bartholomew had gone, her mother and Luna were remote from her; every one else, she told herself, she had killed or brought to wreckage. She had no longer even herself, her lovely, commanding, confident self. She had nothing.

When she went into the house, her mother and Luna spoke to her and she did not answer. When her mother told her that Cousin Malvina Beach had written, wanting her or Luna to come to stay with her, that Luna could not go "on account of the store," and that she would better go, as Cousin Malvina was so rich, Marfa did not answer. For some days she lay on her bed, speaking with utter gentleness; smiling weakly when her mother whispered to Luna that Marfa must be going to die, she was so good.

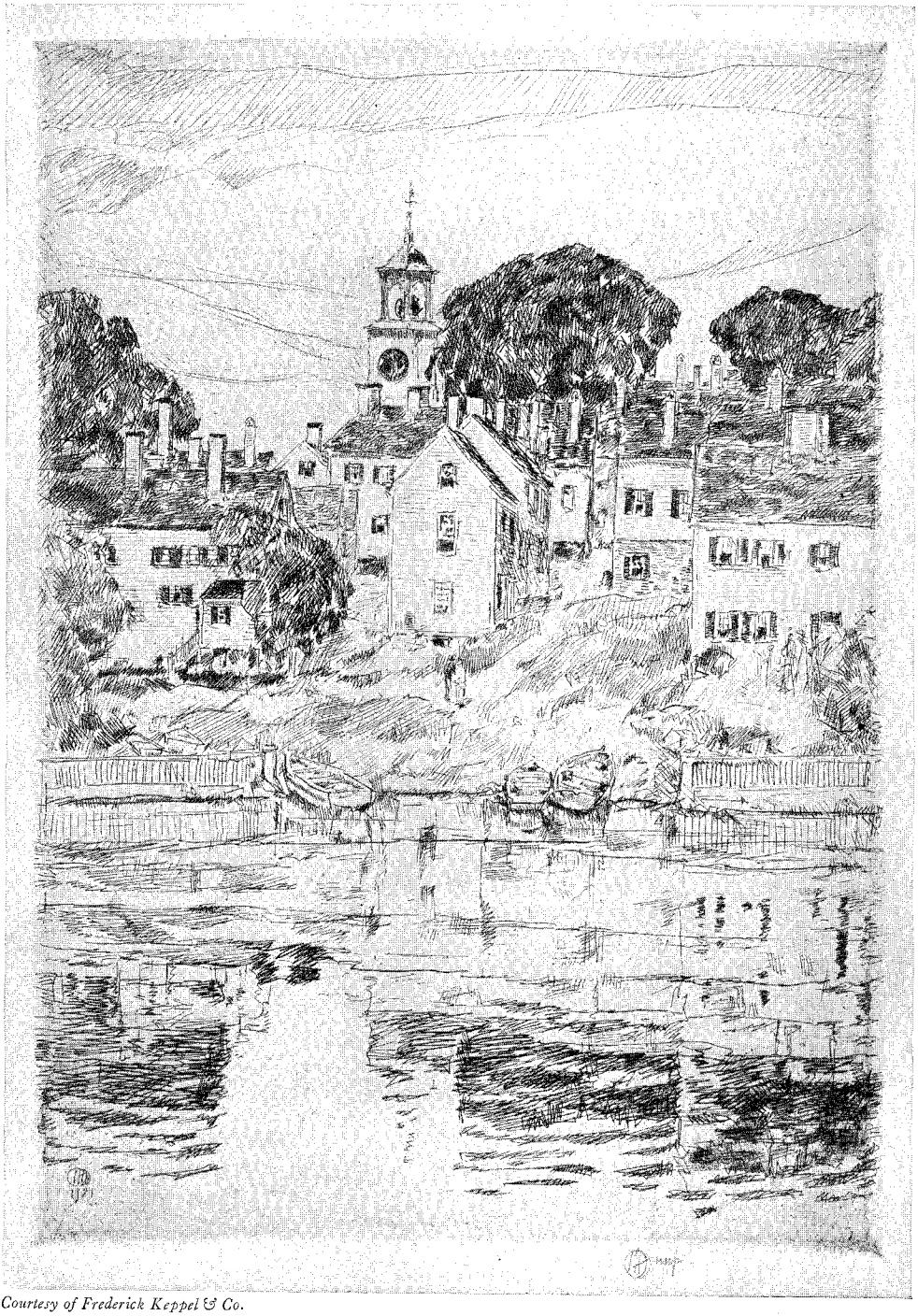
She had a sense of waiting, but nothing happened. No bolt, no light, no word, no shadow. Eventually she got up, went to see Garvin, said little, pierced him by the grief in her eyes, the absence of life in her voice. She seemed drained of all but the habit of motion. He was cheerful, casual, but he dared not comfort her now. At last they sat silent, on the brink of their two abysses.

"I am going to my cousin's for a time," she brought out stiffly, then burst into passionate weeping, went weeping into the corridor. She met Garvin's nurse, who said:

"Now, now, miss—*you* couldn't help his auto accident."

(To be continued.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

Church Tower, Portsmouth, N. H.

—See "The Etchings of Childe Hassam," page 415.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED